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THE year which is just commencing promises to be famous in English history. In the course of the ensuing summer Her Majesty will complete the fifty-ninth year of her reign; in the course of the following autumn she will have reigned for a longer period than any monarch who has ever occupied the throne of these islands. A reign of nearly sixty years—a period almost covering two generations—is in itself sufficiently remarkable. But the length of the Queen's reign, noteworthy as it is, is the least memorable thing about it. In no other sixty years of the world's history—we might almost say in no six hundred years of the world's history—has there been so much moral and material progress as the people of this country have experienced since the Queen came to the throne.

Let us try, in the narrow limits of an article, to recapitulate some of the more striking features in this progress; and let us take, in the first instance, the population of our own islands. When the Queen came to the throne there were some 26,000,000 persons living in the United Kingdom, nearly 18,000,000 of whom were in Great Britain and 8,000,000 of whom were in Ireland. In the middle of the present year there will probably be some 39,500,000 persons in these islands, of whom 35,000,000 will be in Great Britain, and 4,500,000 in Ireland. The population of the larger island will have almost doubled, the population of the smaller

island will have dwindled to nearly one-half its former numbers, in the fifty-nine years of the reign. In such an article as this we naturally desire to avoid any allusion to controversial politics. We shall not, therefore, attempt to consider the causes which have led, and are still leading, to the gradual reduction in the numbers of the Irish people resident in Ireland. We simply record the fact that, taking the United Kingdom as a whole, there are 75 people living now in these islands for every 50 who were alive when the Queen came to the throne.

The growth of the people at home, however, sinks into insignificance compared with the expansion of our empire abroad. We too often forget that the thin red line which marks its boundaries on our maps has been constantly extending during the Queen's reign. Without reckoning minor acquisitions, in 1843 we subdued Scindh, in 1848 we conquered the Punjab, in 1856 we annexed Oudh, and, in more recent years, we have added Upper Burma and the dependent Shan States to the ever-increasing dominions of the Queen. These annexations have increased our Indian empire by some 275,000 square miles of territory—an area considerably greater than that of Austria. During the same period we have occupied Aden; we have almost created Hong-Kong; we have undertaken, either directly or indirectly, the administration of Labuan, Sarawak and considerable portions of North Borneo. We must add another 80,000 square miles—say a territory as large as Great Britain—on these accounts. In Africa the red line has made even greater advances. When the Queen came to the throne, we had some 100,000 square miles of South Africa: we have now some 300,000 square miles. In other words, we have added to our possessions in South Africa a territory as large as Germany. We believe we are right in saying that the countries administered by the Royal Niger Company and the British East Africa Imperial Company comprise together 1,000,000 square miles, or a territory one half as large as European Russia. In addition, we are administering Egypt and occupying Cyprus.

A mere recital, however, of the vast additions which have been made to the empire during the Queen's reign gives only an imperfect idea of its growth. In area, and perhaps in capability, our North American and Australasian colonies are our most important possessions. Together they cover more than 6,500,000 square miles, or about one square mile out of every nine square miles of land on the surface of the globe. When the Queen came to the throne, Canada had a popula-

tion of about one million; she has now considerably more than five millions: in 1837 she was seething with rebellion; she is now one of the most loyal provinces of the empire. At that time she was broken up into different colonies, administered under different laws by different governors. Her provinces have now been confederated, and have been placed under one governor-general. In 1837, moreover, chronic difficulties, respecting disputed boundaries, disturbed the relations between Canada and the United States. The line which divides our great colony from the kindred republic has now been laid down for all time.

If we turn from the West to the South, the advance is even more striking. When the Queen came to the throne only sixty-seven years had passed since the British flag was first unfurled on the eastern shores of Australia. Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, owes its name to the first Lord Sydney, better known as 'Tommy Townshend,' the brother of the Charles Townshend whose fatal tea duties provoked the American Rebellion. Few men at that time realised that one brother was giving his name to the future capital of a colony which was ultimately to be developed into a group of colonies as large as those which the other brother had driven into rebellion. The extent, the boundaries, the resources of Australasia were unknown. Swift, indeed, earlier in the century, had given the latitude and longitude of his imaginary Lilliput; and the site which he assigned to Lilliput may be found at the intersection of two lines drawn due west from Sydney and due north from Adelaide, or, in other words, almost in the heart of Australia. During the earlier years of the century Australasia seemed only useful as a penal settlement. Before the Queen came to the throne, indeed, a happier beginning had been made. The convicts, who had been originally sent to New South Wales, were gradually giving place to free colonists. Some two thousand white people were already living on the banks of the Swan River in West Australia; South Australia had just been colonised, and its future capital had received its name of Adelaide, after the Queen of William IV. Every other step in the progress of Australia was taken in the Queen's reign. New Zealand was only settled in 1839, two years after she came to the throne. Victoria, named after the Queen herself, as Melbourne, its capital, derived its name from her first Prime Minister, was only separated from New South Wales in 1851. Queensland—the land of the Queen—had a similar origin in 1859.

Yet the facts which have already been stated only constitute a small portion of the history of Australasian progress. In 1837, when the Queen came to the throne, there were not probably 175,000 white persons, of whom nearly 60,000 were either convicts or pardoned convicts, in all Australasia. There are now probably more than 4,250,000 persons. Four persons are now living in Australasia for every five persons who were living in the United States at the commencement of the present century. We have seen in the course of a hundred years the United States expand from some 5,300,000 to some 65,000,000 people. Who shall say whether a similar rate of progress may not be in store for Australasia during the twentieth century?

It is also worth remembering that in 1837 none of the great Australian colonies enjoyed autonomous institutions. It was not till five years after the Queen came to the throne that a partial measure of self-government was conferred on New South Wales. None of the other Australasian colonies received a similar advantage till 1850. Parliament, in conferring these powers, endeavoured to prescribe the constitutions which the colonies should receive; but, by a happy accident—for no one seems to have foreseen the consequences of an amendment which was grafted on the original measure—the colonies were empowered to alter their own constitutions. In consequence, our great dependencies, in practice, obtained the elastic institutions which the mother-country has always enjoyed, instead of the more rigid constitution which is the heritage of the United States.

Thus, in the fifty-nine years which have elapsed since the Queen came to the throne, the British Empire has been steadily growing in size and population. It now embraces an area of 8,500,000 square miles, or, if the subordinate Indian States and the possessions of the African Companies be included, of 10,000,000 square miles. It contains a population of some 350,000,000 people. Nearly one person out of every four on the earth owes allegiance, directly or indirectly, to the Queen. Russia is the only country which can compare with the British Empire in size. Yet its area is larger than that of Russia. China is the only country which can compare with it in population. But it is very doubtful whether China, populous as she is, supports so many people as the British Empire.

The growth of the empire is, however, the least important circumstance connected with its developement during the present reign. Far more striking is the manner in which

it has been welded together by the great inventions of the age. When the Queen was born it was literally true that man could not travel faster than the Pharaohs. She had completed her eleventh year before the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway demonstrated to a previously incredulous public the capacity of steam for the purpose of locomotion. Up to 1837 Parliament had not authorised the expenditure of more than 55,000,000*l.* on the construction of railways, and probably not one-half of that sum had actually been expended. None of the great arterial lines of communication had been completed. Even the London and Birmingham line—the first of the great trunk lines—was not opened till 1838. No line had been constructed, or even contemplated, in any other part of the British Empire. Far-sighted as some of the first railway projectors were, none of them had foreseen the growth of travelling which the new invention was to produce. It was the policy of every railway company to force people into the more expensive carriages; and, though Parliament insisted on one train every working day being run by each railway in both directions, conveying passengers for a penny a mile, the 'parliamentary' trains were run at the lowest rates of speed, at the most inconvenient hours, and the 'parliamentary' passengers were conveyed in open trucks, frequently without shelter from cold or heat. Even in 1844 a third-class passenger leaving London at 4.30 A.M. did not reach Exeter till 9 P.M. In 1842, five years after the reign had begun, there were only 18,000,000 passengers. The railways of the United Kingdom have now a mileage of more than 20,000 miles. Their capital exceeds 1,000,000,000*l.* They convey, without reckoning season-ticket holders, more than 900,000,000 passengers a year. More than eight out of every nine of this vast army of passengers travel third class. Almost every train, as a matter of course, conveys third-class passengers. The third-class passengers are carried at a speed, and with a comfort, which first-class passengers could not command in the early days of railway enterprise; and they are carried at fares which in no case exceed, and frequently fall short of, one penny a mile.

Striking as has been the progress of locomotion on land, the advance on the sea has been even more remarkable. The steamship preceded the locomotive. But the railway was already a fact and a success before steam was applied to any great extent on sea. It was considered impossible to

build a steamship which could make a long voyage. Two years before the Queen came to the throne the President of the Board of Control declared in the House of Commons that the monsoon blew with so much violence in the Red Sea that no steamer could be built large enough or strong enough to face it. 'It was proved by fluxionary calculus,' wrote Carlyle, 'that steamers could never get across from 'the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of New-'foundland.' Yet in 1838, the very year which succeeded Her Majesty's accession, the 'Great Western' and the 'Sirius' both crossed the Atlantic; and in 1840 the same minister who had declared it to be impossible to build a steamer capable of facing the monsoon had to acknowledge that steam on the Red Sea had shortened the journey to Bombay to thirty-eight days.

Great as was the progress to which these facts point, it was destined to be eclipsed by the advance of later years. The 'Sirius' took eighteen days on her first passage from Cork to New York. The distance is now completed every week in a little over five. The thirty-eight days journey from London to Bombay has been reduced to fourteen. The 'Sirius,' moreover, was a little vessel 178 feet in length, of 700 tons burden, with the power of 320 horses. The 'Lucania' and 'Campania,' the largest liners of to-day, are 600 feet in length, have a burden of more than 12,000 tons, and their engines indicate the power of 30,000 horses.

Individual instances make an impression on the imagination which is not always produced by large figures. It seemed, therefore, desirable to contrast the 'Sirius' of 1838 with the 'Lucania' of 1896. But we must not consequently neglect the general result. The whole commercial navy of the nation in 1840 consisted of about 23,000 vessels, with a capacity of 2,800,000 tons; our steam fleet at that time comprised only 770 vessels, with a capacity of 87,000 tons. At the end of 1894, the date of the latest return to which we have had access, the commercial navy of the United Kingdom consisted of 21,000 vessels, with a capacity of nearly 9,000,000 tons. But the tonnage of the sailing vessels was only 3,000,000; the tonnage of the steamers was nearly 6,000,000 tons. The ten preceding years had reduced the tonnage of the sailing fleet by 500,000, and had increased the capacity of the steam fleet by 2,000,000 tons. These figures tell only one portion of the story. In 1837 our ships were almost exclusively built of wood. Every vessel of any size is now, as a matter of course, constructed of iron or steel. At

the present time it is our boast that our vessels are the finest in the world. In the beginning of the Queen's reign they were described as 'the most unsightly in Europe, and, what 'is of far more consequence, they sail badly, and are very 'unmanageable in bad weather and on a lee shore.' We do not wish in any way to underrate the dangers to which our seafaring population are still exposed. But things, in this respect also, are at any rate improved since the Queen came to the throne.

Steam has, of course, drawn the various countries of the world into closer communication, and by doing so has strengthened the bonds which unite the various portions of the British Empire. But even steam has hardly done so much in this respect as electricity. It requires an effort of the mind to realise that, when the Queen came to the throne, no electric telegraph existed in the United Kingdom. The first experimental wire was erected in the year in which her reign commenced. No cable was laid under the Channel till 1851; the Atlantic cable was not successfully laid till fifteen years later. Since then, the progress of telegraphy has been increasingly rapid. Up to 1870, when the internal lines were worked by private companies, the charges for a telegram varied with the distance, ranging from 1*s.* to 2*s.* in Great Britain, while the messages from Great Britain to Ireland, and from Ireland to Great Britain, cost from 3*s.* to 6*s.* each. Telegrams were so costly that they were only used for business purposes, and the masses of the population were unable to avail themselves of this means of communication. On the acquisition of the telegraphs by the State, these varying rates were swept away, and a uniform charge of 1*s.* —since reduced to 6*d.*—was made for each telegram of a certain length. In consequence of these reductions, and of other facilities offered to the public, the number of inland messages has risen from 10,000,000 to more than 70,000,000 a year. And this vast increase has been effected at a time when a new invention has diverted a large quantity of business from the telegraph to the telephone.

The increased use by the public of the telegraph has, in its turn, led to inventions for increasing the carrying capacity of the wires. In 1870, when the State assumed the control of the business, it was only possible to send one message on one wire at a time, and to telegraph from 60 to 80 words in a minute. By the adoption of the duplex, the quadruplex, and the multiplex systems, it is now practicable to send six messages—three in each direction—on the same wire at the

same time; while a speed of 600 words a minute has been attained, and a speed of 400 words a minute is usual.

The policy which the State pursued in charging a low and uniform rate for each telegram, irrespective of the distance it was transmitted, logically resulted from the great reform which was introduced into the postal service in the third year of the Queen's reign. In 1837, the charges made on each letter varied with the distance it was conveyed. For example, a letter from London to Windsor could not be sent for less than 4*d.*; a letter from London to Edinburgh cost 13*d.* The communications of the country were shrivelled by these charges, and less than 100,000,000 letters were delivered in the whole of the United Kingdom. In addition to the letters, some 70,000,000 stamped newspapers passed through the post in 1839. The people of this country are now sending nearly 3,000,000,000 postal packets—of which nearly 1,800,000,000 are letters—annually through the post. This enormous increase of correspondence, almost entirely due to the institution of cheap postage, has occurred in a single reign.

The volume of our trade has increased almost as rapidly as the volume of our correspondence. In 1837 the whole value of our exports and imports amounted to about 140,000,000*l.* We have been passing through a period of contracted trade and low prices, which of late years have affected the volume and, still more largely, the value of our trade. Yet, in 1894, our exports and imports exceeded 680,000,000*l.* in value. At the beginning of the reign, moreover, commerce had no opportunity of developement. It was fettered and restrained by a tariff which enumerated 1,200 articles liable to Customs duty. At the present moment, the whole of our Customs revenue is raised from less than a dozen commodities, and

> 'The time *has* come when, free as seas or wind,
> Unbounded Thames *does* flow for all mankind.'

Whether, then, we look at the expansion of our empire, the growth of our population, the rapidity and ease of our communications, or the increase of our trade, we have the same story of constant progress to relate and to repeat. Are, however, the people better off than they were in 1837? Are their lives happier, richer, brighter, than they were then? Have the rich, and have the poor, profited from the tide of progress? These are questions of more moment than even the spread of empire or the increase of population. And we should leave our purpose unfulfilled if we did not attempt to reply to them.

It is not very easy to give an idea of the wealth of the upper and middle classes at the beginning of the reign. The income tax, which was repealed in 1816, was not reimposed till 1842, and in the interval there was no actual test of the exact amount of incomes liable to taxation. In 1842, when Peel reimposed the income tax, every penny of the impost was found to produce 700,000*l.* a year. The tax has since, of course, been extended to Ireland. On the other hand, many of the smaller incomes have been exempted from its operation. But every penny of the tax now produces 2,250,000*l.* a year. The lesson which may thus be drawn from the income-tax returns can be confirmed by other figures. In 1838, for example, the amount of property on which probate duty was paid was about 50,000,000*l.*; in 1894 it exceeded 164,000,000*l.* While the population of the United Kingdom has increased by some 50 per cent., the wealth of the country is apparently more than threefold greater than it was in 1837.

One class, indeed, has not participated in the general improvement. The rapid extension of communications has made the whole world one market, and commodities can be transported from the distant West or the remoter East almost as easily, and, in many cases, more cheaply, than they can be carried from one part of the United Kingdom to the other. In consequence, the people of this country are no longer dependent for their daily food on the produce of its soil; and their corn, and even their cattle, are brought from distant parts of the world, where other circumstances enable them to be produced at a minimum of cost. The unfortunate British farmer has found it impossible to compete with these distant countries; and the rents of agricultural land have everywhere fallen, while land, in some places, has actually been thrown out of cultivation. We have no desire to overlook the grave difficulties to which the landed classes have of late years been exposed. But we may remind them that agriculture, at the commencement of the reign, was passing through a period of depression almost as severe as that which it has lately experienced. It was, in fact, the despair of the agricultural classes in those years which furnished Mr. Cobden with some of his most telling arguments for free trade in corn. We may also point out that, though rents have of late years largely fallen, they have not yet reached the level at which they stood in the earlier years of the reign. When the income tax was reimposed, in 1842, land in Great Britain was

assessed, under Schedule B, at about 46,000,000*l.* a year. The assessment in 1894 slightly exceeded that sum.*

These figures seem to indicate a doubt whether even the landlords of England are worse off than they were at the commencement of the reign. It seems tolerably certain, on the contrary, that their rent-roll is as large now as it was then, though they have not shared in the general improvement which has affected every other class in the community. But, whatever conclusions may be drawn from the figures which we have quoted, there can be no doubt that the masses of the people have prospered to an extraordinary degree. It is difficult, indeed, at the present time to realise the miserable condition of the working classes at the commencement of the reign. Those who desire to appreciate it must compare the accounts, which they may derive from official publications, like the Report of the Commission on the Employment of Women and Children, with the striking pictures which great novelists have given us in 'Mary 'Barton,' 'Sybil,' and 'Alton Locke.' In the earlier years of the reign masses of the people were unemployed, and without prospect of employment. Masses, almost as large, unable to adapt themselves to the novel conditions of labour which the introduction of machinery was creating, were vainly endeavouring by the unaided work of their own hands to compete with the steam-engine. From 1839 to 1842 the roll of paupers in England and Wales alone steadily rose from 1,137,000 to 1,429,000 persons. In the last of those years, out of a population of 16,000,000, one person in every eleven people was a pauper. At the present time the population of England and Wales has increased to more than 30,000,000, yet there are only some 800,000 paupers in receipt of relief. The people of England and Wales have nearly doubled their numbers, yet there are only two paupers for every three at the commencement of the reign.

The heavy weight of pauperism was apparently crushing the energies of the nation at the beginning of the reign; but the conditions under which the industrious poor lived were as serious as the constant increase of poverty. In every large manufacturing centre many of the working

* Perhaps it is fair to recollect, however, that the assessment has been partly maintained (1) by the reclamation of uncultivated land, and (2) by heavy capital outlay on much land previously under cultivation.

classes had no homes but cellars. Life in a cellar, horrible as it would be now, was more disastrous then because none of the great towns had any regular system of drainage. In wet weather the filth from the street inevitably ran into the dwelling-rooms of the poor. Other sanitary precautions there were none. The old churchyards, which were surrounded by the tenements of the poorer classes, had not been closed. Interments constantly took place, even in the churches themselves; no steps had been taken in any large city to make the supply of water either adequate or pure. And the poorer classes, and especially their children, could not hope to escape from their vile surroundings. There was no excursion train, no pleasure van, no bicycle, to carry them even for a few hours to green fields or the seaside. The few parks, situated near the homes of the wealthier classes, were reserved for the rich. A man in a labourer's clothes was not allowed to enter St. James's Park.

The lot of the poor, moreover, was aggravated by the conditions of their labour. It would not be true to say that there were no Factory Acts in existence; but there were no Acts of general application, or which regulated the employment either of women or of children. The Queen had been on the throne for more than ten years before the legislature saw fit to prohibit the employment of little children, under eight years of age, in a factory, and of young persons, under eighteen, for more than ten hours a day. Even outside the factory the hours of labour were horrible. Mrs. Browning's 'Cry of the Children,' Hood's 'Song of the 'Shirt,' the description in 'Alton Locke' of the work done for cheap tailors, are well-known protests against 'the 'sweating' which existed, and which was, perhaps, the natural result of the craze for cheap labour, on which the prosperity of the nation was supposed to depend.

It was the inevitable result of their surroundings that the poor were vicious. They had no means of raising themselves from the hopeless conditions of their existence. They had no rational amusements to occupy their few leisure hours. There were no People's Palaces, mechanics' institutes, or free libraries. There was even no public bath and wash-house in all London. Some of the cruel sports, which had been their recreation in the days of the Georges, had been put down. Prize-fighting, indeed, was still tolerated; but bull-baiting, ox-driving, and cock-fighting were no longer legal. But nothing had, as yet, taken their place. The public-house was the only refuge for the working-man.

According to the late Sir Archibald Alison, one house in every ten in Glasgow in 1838 was a spirit shop.

It was natural that such conditions as those which we have just described should have led to a large increase of crime. In 1837, the first year of the reign, 23,600 persons were committed for trial in England and Wales. In the fifth year of the reign the committals rose to 31,300. In 1893 the number was reduced to 12,300. The population had nearly doubled in the interval; the committals had diminished by 60 per cent. It is no doubt true that a change in the law, which has enabled magistrates to deal summarily with offences, which in former days they would have been compelled to send for trial, has had its influence on these statistics. We, therefore, purposely support them with others. According to Sir E. Du Cane, the convict population of Great Britain consisted in 1833—four years before the reign began—of 50,000 persons. The population literally doubled in the succeeding sixty years, while the convict population was in the same time gradually reduced to 4,345 prisoners, and to perhaps 2,000 others on tickets of leave.

The increase of crime at the beginning of the reign was partly attributable to the defective machinery for dealing with it. It is difficult, at the present time, to realise that when the Queen came to the throne no effective police force existed in any part of Great Britain except the metropolis. The constabulary forces in Manchester and Birmingham were only constituted in 1839, while in the same year Parliament passed a permissive Act enabling the magistrates of any county, if they thought proper to do so, to constitute a local police. While, therefore, poverty was organised against property, property had no effective means of defending itself against the attack. In such circumstances, it was not very surprising that crime increased. The committals, we have already said, exceeded 23,600 in 1837, and rose in the fifth year of the Queen's reign to 31,300. Happily, after 1842, the horrible tide again began to ebb, and the committals gradually decreased. But, if we recollect that 1842 was the date at which crime and pauperism both attained their actual maxima, we shall probably be justified in regarding it as the most melancholy year which England has passed through during the nineteenth century.

Crime and pauperism, however, were not the only results of the miserable conditions in which the masses of the people passed their lives. The lower orders were every-

where seething with discontent, and their leaders were assuring them that their position could only be improved by the concession of political reforms. The great Reform Act had just enfranchised the ten-pound householder; but, as the ordinary working-man could not afford to pay a rent of 10*l.*, it had done nothing for the labouring classes. It was necessary, so it was argued, that the work of 1832 should be completed, and that the franchise should be extended to every adult male. The demands of the working classes were embodied in a document which is still recollected as the People's Charter. It is instructive, at the present time, to remember that the charter was drawn up in the first year of the Queen's reign; that the monster petition to the House of Commons, which incorporated its demands, was presented in 1839; that the riot in the Bull Ring at Birmingham, consequent on its rejection, occurred in the same year; and that the rising in South Wales, which resulted in something like a pitched battle at Newport, the last occasion on which two armed bodies have fought on English soil, also took place in 1839.

How different is the England of to-day from the England which we have endeavoured to describe! We have already shown how rapid and continuous has been the decrease both of pauperism and crime. But the whole conditions of life are altered. The wages of the industrial poor are higher than they were sixty years ago. The necessities and luxuries of their lives, moreover, are all cheaper than they were at the beginning of the reign. Their food, their clothing, and their fuel are all attainable for a lower price than they were sixty years ago. Petroleum has given them a less costly and better light than they could command at that time. Commodities like soap and sugar have been freed from the taxation which added to their price. The tax on tea has been reduced from 2*s.* to 4*d.* in the pound. But the advantages which can be illustrated by statistics represent only a portion of the improvement which the working classes have experienced. Legislation has practically prescribed the conditions of their labour; it has prevented the employment of little children; it has regulated the employment of women and young persons; it has drawn up regulations for ensuring the sanitary condition of factories; it has required dangerous machinery to be fenced; it has even insisted on the inspection of workrooms which are not factories. Legislation, moreover, has done much more than this. It has forbidden intramural interments; it has closed urban churchyards; it

has insisted on every town being properly drained and provided with adequate and wholesome water; it has made provision for the demolition of crowded and unhealthy buildings, and the erection of suitable dwellings for the poor. The efforts of the legislature have been nobly seconded by local effort and private enterprise. Improved workmen's dwellings fitted with proper sanitary conveniences may be found in every large town. Hardly a quarter passes in which the newspapers do not announce the provision of some new park in some populous centre for the recreation of the people. The very graveyards have been made bright and useful by being planted with flowers and furnished with seats. Every well-governed city provides itself with public baths and washhouses, where the poorer classes may clean both themselves and their clothes. The free library is becoming an almost universal institution ; while mechanics' institutes, people's palaces, public museums, and picture galleries are being provided, as a matter of course, in populous cities.

While the condition of the labouring classes has been raised by these changes, their power has been increased by the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884. For good or for evil, government has been transferred from the middle classes to the democracy, and the labouring classes have been given a preponderating influence in every election. One consequence has resulted from this great change which no one foresaw at the time that it was made. Government by the People for the People, whatever merits it may possess, is a more expensive machine than government by the middle classes. There is a constant desire that the functions of the administrative departments should be enlarged; and members of parliament who used, under the old system, to be regarded as the guardians of the public purse, are now chiefly occupied in suggesting fresh expenditure. On the other hand, the advantages which have resulted from an extended franchise are obvious. Chartism has died; Reform associations have perished from having nothing to do. There is no danger of a fresh march upon Newport, or even of a new upheaval of the railings of Hyde Park. Universal content has succeeded universal agitation. Politicians on either side of the House may demand 'one man, 'one vote;' or 'one vote, one value;' but the masses of the nation realise that such changes as these are comparatively unimportant, and that the decisive steps were taken when power was conferred on the town householder in 1867, and extended to the county householder in 1884.

There can, too, be little doubt that an extended franchise has proved at once a great popular educator, and has stimulated the demand for popular education. The history of public education only commences in the present reign. It is true, indeed, that, for many years before the Queen came to the throne, two great societies, one representing the Church and the other the Nonconforming bodies, had done much to promote the erection of schools. But the first annual grant made by the State for the purpose of promoting education only dates from 1839. The little dole of 30,000*l.* a year, the fraction of the revenue of a single day, which was first meted out in that year, was destined like the grain of mustard seed to overspread the land. It was the beginning of a vast policy, which culminated in the Act of 1870, and which was crowned in our own time by the grant of free education. The grant of 30,000*l.* a year has gradually swelled into an annual expenditure by the State of nearly 9,000,000*l.*

In the same period other steps have been taken which have done much to promote the cause of education. The governing bodies of our great endowed schools have been made more popular. The funds of overgrown or obsolete charities have been applied to middle-class education; schools of science and art have been provided in almost every large town; the universities have been opened to all classes of the people, irrespective of their creed; while the ranks of the Civil Service both in India and at home have been thrown open to the successful candidates at competitive examinations.

In enumerating the victories which education has achieved during the reign, we have no desire to ignore the arguments which are occasionally employed on the other side. We quite admit that the knowledge which the ordinary child acquires in an elementary school is not very great, or always very serviceable to him; and that the lad who had served his apprenticeship under the old system was, in some respects, better qualified as a workman than the boy who has passed through the sixth or seventh standard under the new one. Our educational system will undoubtedly be imperfect till elementary education is everywhere supplemented with technical education. But, in the first place, we are already making progress in this direction; and, in the next place, the mere fact that a system is not complete is no proof that, as far as it goes, it is not advantageous. We have secured, during the present reign, a

system under which every child in the kingdom obtains the opportunity of acquiring some training in such elementary subjects as reading, writing, and the simpler rules of arithmetic. The advantages of this system must be apparent to every one. To give a striking illustration of it. If George Stephenson had learned to read as a boy, it is quite conceivable that the invention of the locomotive engine might have taken place five or six years before it actually occurred.

Important, however, as are the direct results of education to a people, we are among those who think that the indirect results are even more valuable. Who can exaggerate the influence of a clean, well-arranged, and well-conducted school? The child taken from the street, which is too often its only playground, and subjected to the improved conditions of a well-appointed class-room, is not merely learning to read and write. It is concurrently acquiring new ideas of the worth of cleanliness, order, and comfort which unhappily are rarely obtainable in its humble home. And these ideas are not only assimilated by the children, they are carried to their parents. Those who have had the opportunity of watching the gradual developement of a large school in a poor neighbourhood will, we believe, support our own testimony that the children, year after year, attend not only more regularly and more punctually, but are also more cleanly and tidily dressed. If no other result than this ensued from our system of elementary education, we are not sure that it would not be worth the money which it costs.

The advantages of education do not, however, rest solely on such arguments as those which we have hitherto employed. It is a remarkable fact that almost every step which has hitherto been taken in the direction of extending our educational system has been followed by a decrease both in pauperism and in crime. The figures are so remarkable that we add them in a note.* We are far from saying that

* In 1840, the year which succeeded the first grant, the population of England and Wales was, in round numbers, 15,700,000, the committals exceeded 27,000, the paupers numbered 1,195,000. In 1850, the population had risen to nearly 17,800,000; some 1,800 schools were under inspection, which were on an average attended by nearly 200,000 children; the pauper roll in the meanwhile had declined to 920,000; the committals had decreased to 26,800. In 1860 the population had increased to 20,000,000; the pauper roll had decreased to 850,000, the committals to almost exactly 16,000; but the average attendance of children in inspected schools had risen to 750,000. In 1870 the population had increased to 22,500,000; the pauper roll had

post hoc is necessarily *propter hoc*. On the contrary, the whole tenor of this article will show that we are alive to the many influences which have co-operated for good during the present reign. But, among all these, we believe the most potent have been the increased care and thought which have been bestowed upon the children growing up around us.

In writing as we have done we do not wish to be understood as claiming that the work of moral and material progress has wholly taken place during the reign of the Queen. On the contrary, the advance had already commenced before she came to the throne. The foundations of our extended empire were laid in the century and by the generations which won the battles of Quebec in one hemisphere and of Plassey in the other, which first raised the flag of England on the shores of Australia, and which took the Cape of Good Hope. The victory of popular government was secured by the men who, through good report and ill report, advocated the claims of parliamentary Reform in the reign of George IV., and carried the great Reform Act in the reign of William IV. And the cause of moral progress owes much to the statesmen and writers who, during the same period, were advocating education, were prohibiting cruel sports, were establishing a police force in London, and were encouraging the formation of museums and picture galleries, and the spread of wholesome literature among the people. The late Mr. Porter, indeed, writing soon after the commencement of the reign, brought forward strong evidence to show that the manners of the people were already improving, and that drunkenness especially was less common than it had been in previous generations. But, though in many respects improvement had begun before the accession of the Queen, we claim that it has advanced

risen to 1,080,000, the committals to 17,500, the children at school to 1,255,000. 1870 was, of course, the year in which elementary education was made compulsory. In 1880 the population had risen to 25,480,000, the children at school to 2,750,000; the pauper roll had decreased to 837,000, the committals to 14,770. In 1890, to complete the picture, the population had risen to 28,760,000, the children at school to 3,700,000; the pauper roll had decreased to 787,000, the committals to 12,000. In 1850, in short, one child out of every 89 people was at school, but one person out of every 20 was a pauper, and one out of every 700 was a criminal. In 1890 one child out of every eight people was at school; but only one person out of every 36 was a pauper, and only one person out of every 2,400 was committed for trial.

with exceptional rapidity during the fifty-nine years of her reign; and that there is no other period of our history in which the material comfort and the moral progress of the masses of our people have shown a similar advance.

In dwelling, however, on the satisfactory results of the last sixty years, we must not be supposed to ignore the many social difficulties which have still to be overcome. Unhappily it is still true that we pay too little attention to the great mass of pauperism which weighs down the industry of the nation, and that we reflect too seldom on the melancholy fact that, with tens of thousands of the industrious poor, the workhouse is still the only refuge for old age. We are too callous to the conditions in which thousands of our fellow-creatures live within a short distance of our own comfortable homes; to the wretchedly defective tenements, to the horrible overcrowding which the rise in rents has occasioned, and to the long hours of labour to which the poor are forced to submit for the sake of making life, not pleasant, but possible. But, while we do not ignore any of these evils, we are consoled by the reflection that they are tending to diminish in gravity; and our sense of the improvement which a single reign has witnessed, and which we have endeavoured to emphasise in this article, encourages us to hope that the nation, as a nation, is working in the right direction, and that, with patience and perseverance, the evils which still remain may in time also disappear.

We have ourselves the more faith in the future because we believe that the reign, which has been so remarkable for the moral and material progress of the people, has been equally remarkable for a revolution in sentiment. When the Queen came to the throne political economy was influencing all classes. It was little short of treason to question the principles which Adam Smith had laid down, and which Mill and the Westminster Reviewers were extending. Self-interest was supposed to be the power which was moving mankind, and the idea that any considerable number of persons could work for any objects except their own was scouted as ridiculous. At the present time we have rushed into the other extreme. Political economy has been relegated to the planets. The legislature, instead of leaving every one to make his own bargains, interferes between landlords and tenants, between employers and employed. Instead of bowing down before the image of cheap labour, which the followers of the economists erected, it poses as a

model employer, and inserts, as a matter of course, a fair wages clause in every contract. The change of opinion which is affecting the legislature is also permeating society. Rich men are building improved cottages on their estates, facilitating the erection of dwelling-houses for the poorer classes on their town properties, and bestowing parks, pictures, and public museums on the people. The same spirit influences all classes. There is a growing disposition to work for the poor and among the poor. We have even invented the barbarous word 'altruism' to emphasise our protests against the doctrines of the economists. In all of this there may be exaggeration and misconception. We cannot afford to disregard the lessons of political economy because we have discovered that human nature may be influenced by other motives than those which the economists assumed to be all-pervading. But we may at least hope that the increasing sympathy between class and class, which has grown with the reign, has reduced, and will continue to reduce, the evils which were so prevalent some sixty years ago, when the reign began.

One criticism, however, is occasionally applied to our modern civilisation which we ought perhaps to notice before we conclude this article. It is, in effect, said: No doubt the range of comfort is extended; the lower classes are better off than they were before; they are better housed, better fed, better clothed, and better educated than their forefathers; their hours of labour are less severe; their opportunities for healthy recreation are greater. But, it is argued, in levelling up the masses of the nation you have not succeeded in improving the condition of the classes above them. On the contrary, exposed as they are to an ever-increasing competition, their position is worse than it was before. You have placed everything too much on the same level, and in doing so have robbed life of much of its charm. Every one is so much occupied with the duties of living that he has no time or means to spare for its beauties. In the days of our grandsires rich men formed galleries and libraries: in our own days they sell their pictures and their books. It is true, indeed, that you have national collections where men may still admire the great works of art, or study the great works of intellect, just as you have free libraries, to which people resort to borrow the latest novel, and save themselves the expense of subscribing to Mr. Mudie, or of buying the book from a bookseller But public institutions of this kind cannot wholly replace

the private collections. The latter, in their way, formed centres of refinement and culture for classes whom the public gallery and library do not touch. In other words, in affording fresh opportunities for the masses you have diminished the advantages of the higher orders. And the consequence, it is asserted, may be traced both in literature and in art. There are more people in the world who can work up to a good standard than there were ever before. But the man who was eminent above all his fellows has disappeared. We have no Gibbon, no Keats, no Scott, no Reynolds, no Gainsborough. It is eminence, however, and not mediocrity, which makes a race immortal; and even material and moral prosperity may be purchased at too dear a price if the great men of our age are submerged under a sea of ever-increasing mediocrity.

We are not sure that we entirely agree with the main argument which we have endeavoured to set out in the foregoing paragraph. If it be true that the moral and material welfare of the masses of the nation can only be obtained by making it more difficult for the man of intellect to make his mark on the age, the interests of the many must, we fear, prevail over the requirements of the few; and we must content ourselves as best we can with securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But is it true that the levelling up of the masses inevitably leads to the levelling down of genius? It is difficult to believe that the one result inevitably follows the other. Those who think so seem to rest their case on an assumption which can be shown to be erroneous. They apparently imagine that the men who make their mark on the world of thought, of literature, of science, of art, of affairs, are necessarily drawn from the classes who command culture and leisure. But, as a matter of fact, the reverse is frequently, perhaps usually, the case. The men who have risen to the highest eminence have commonly begun life low down the ladder, or at the bottom of the scale. Such men, instead of being hindered in their progress upwards by the universal improvement in the condition of the lower orders, begin their career amidst more encouraging surroundings than at any other period of the world's history. Whittier was, after all, it may be urged, right when he declared:

> 'Press on! the triumph shall be won
> Of common rights and equal laws,
> The glorious dream of Harrington,
> And Sidney's good old cause.

Blessing the cottier and the crown,
Sweetening worn labour's bitter cup;
And, plucking not the highest down,
Lifting the lowest up.

Is it true, however, that the nation is ceasing to produce great men? Is the reign of the Queen destined to survive in history as a period of material progress, but of intellectual mediocrity? Do the leaders in peace, in war, in literature, in science, and in art, whom the reign has produced, compare unfavourably with those who have preceded them in previous centuries? Is the English race, like the old oak, beginning to die at the top? Is the wealth of verdure with which its lower branches are luxuriant exhausting the whole of its sap? Has it nothing left to nourish the higher leaves, which in a previous generation were the nearest to heaven?

No question is more difficult to answer than that which we have thus propounded; for no person, however good a critic he may be, is a competent judge of his own contemporaries. The contemporary critic, in fact, is too much influenced by his environment to distinguish readily between work which has merely hit the fancy or the need of the hour and the more durable productions which will reach posterity. The men who made the most impression on our ancestors are not always or usually those whom we most admire. Even Shakespeare did not obtain his undisputed eminence for a hundred years after his death; while, on the other hand, an historian like Hume, whom we can ourselves recollect esteemed as the first writer on English history, is now completely neglected for newer authors, who have pursued more thorough methods. The only certain test of a man's immortality is his survival, and that is precisely the test which his own generation can never apply.

Moreover, the contemporary critic is apt to forget how very rare the great men are. Like the reader of the newspaper who complains that there is no news, because nothing of decisive importance happens to have occurred in the preceding twenty-four hours, he laments that there is no great picture in this year's Academy or no great book in the latest library catalogue. He forgets that the really great works in art and literature have only appeared at distant intervals, and that it is unreasonable to expect that they should now, for the first time in the world's history, be produced with the regularity with which Nature supplies us with the fruits of the earth.

It is also too frequently forgotten that each age produces its own type of greatness. Dante, Giotto, Raphael, and our own Milton all represent different epochs of religious thought. The works which those men did could only have been done in the atmosphere in which they lived, and amidst the ideas to which they gave expression. It does not follow that other men in other ages may not have produced work equally great because they failed to produce equally great work of the same kind. The age of the Tudors was intellectually superior to that of the Plantagenets, yet we owe to the Plantagenets cathedrals with which no Tudor building can be compared. And in the same way it does not follow that the age of Victoria is intellectually inferior to the reign of George III. because England may not have happened to produce in our own time a Reynolds or a Byron.

In complaining, moreover, of the absence of intellectual eminence in our own time, we too often forget how similar complaints might have been made by former generations. Let us, for example, carry our memories back some ninety years in our history to the beginning of 1807. England, at that time, engaged in the hardest struggle which she has ever passed through, was in sore need of great men. Yet the contemporary observer might have lamented, with reason, the absence of intellectual eminence. Burke was dead; the death of Pitt had been followed by the death of Fox; the Duke of Portland was slumbering in the post which Pitt had occupied; Mr. Ponsonby was leading an opposition which had been animated by Fox's eloquence. With Nelson the last and greatest of our fighting admirals had been carried to the grave. If we had no one fit to succeed him in the command of our fleets, we had not a third-rate general to entrust with the command of our armies. The Duke of York was Commander-in-Chief, and such men as Sir Hew Dalrymple and the second Lord Chatham were about to command our armies abroad. In literature and art our needs were even greater. The contemporary critic might have fairly complained that we had no great artist, no great poet, no great historian, no great novelist. West was presiding over the Academy which Reynolds had adorned; since the death of Burns, Crabbe and Southey had been the popular poets of the day; the mantle of Gibbon had fallen on the shoulders of Mitford; and, though Miss Austen was already writing, she had not published a single novel. Yet we look back to 1807 now with feelings of envy. We remember

that, in that year, Lord Grey was asserting the principles which triumphed in 1832; that Canning was just entering the Foreign Office; that Palmerston was being elected to Parliament, and that Peel was concluding his career at Oxford. When the need came, men like Lord Dundonald and Lord Exmouth showed that we had still sailors fit to command our fleets; a civil office in the administration was filled by the general who was to bring the great war to a conclusion by his strategy in Spain, and his tactics at Waterloo. In art, if West presided over the Academy, Turner was just becoming famous. In literature Wordsworth, neglected by his contemporaries, was publishing the poems which were to be declared immortal by posterity. Byron was writing his first verse. Shelley was passing through his uncongenial education. Scott, who had already published the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' was engaged on 'Marmion,' while, a few years later, the publication of 'Waverley' was to introduce the English reading world to the greatest novelist of the language.

While, then, any one alive in 1807 would have been justified in saying that the country, in the hour of its greatest need, was incapable of producing great men, we know now that the period was one in which intellectual eminence was specially noteworthy, and that in war and in statesmanship, in letters and in the arts, England possessed men whose exploits and whose writings will apparently endure as long as English history is remembered or English literature is read. The great men were there, but they were undiscovered, or had done nothing to make themselves discovered by their contemporaries.

If, however, in such a period as 1807, men of culture and prominence failed to appreciate the work of some of their contemporaries, and were wholly unconscious of the abilities of the still greater men who were maturing their powers in their midst, is it not a fair presumption that we too may be similarly blind, and that we may be unable to recognise eminence which may be visible enough to posterity? Is it, however, the case that intellectual eminence is so rare, or has been so rare, during the present reign? To test this let us enumerate a few of the works which great men have given us in the present reign, and we will take the arts first, because there we are on the weakest ground. And first as to architecture. Confining ourselves to London alone, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that great parts of the metropolis have been rebuilt during the present reign. The home of the

legislature may not be free from faults, but it is hardly fair to say that the reign which has given us the Houses of Parliament has produced no great building. But much of the improvement in the aspect of modern London has been effected by private enterprise. Of one great landlord in particular we may venture to parody the old epigram, and to say that he found his estate of stucco and is leaving it of brick. But the architects of the present age are not the builders of houses, but the bridge-makers and the engineers. The creation of the Thames Embankment did probably more to promote the convenience, the beauty, and the health of London than any other work in any other age. The bridges which span the Thames in its course through the metropolis have all, with the exception of three, been erected since the Queen came to the throne. A race cannot be entirely effete which has produced such works as these.

We write with even greater diffidence on the sister arts. Undoubtedly the student who visits the Royal Academy is oppressed when he compares the works which hang upon its walls with the pictures painted in other times, which he is never tired of gazing upon. But he forgets that he is comparing two entirely different things. In the one case he is inspecting some thousands of works, the production of scores of artists of unequal capacity, while in the other case he is dwelling on the *chefs d'œuvre* of each generation, or possibly of each year. Suppose it were possible to select the fifty best works of art which have been exhibited in London during the last fifty years, and hang them, say, in a separate room in the National Gallery, is it certain that they would compare so unfavourably with the masterpieces of previous ages? Before we can form a fair estimate of the true worth of our own time we must, in short, disembarrass our minds of any impression which we may derive from the mediocrity of the many, and confine our attention to the superiority of the select few.

The same thing is true of the literature of the reign. A period which has given us a Macaulay, a Hallam, a Grote, and a Froude—we purposely omit the names of living writers—has, at any rate, done something for history. Generations which have produced a Thackeray, a Charlotte Brontë, a George Eliot, and a Dickens have, equally certainly, added to the masterpieces of fiction. A reign in which Wordsworth died, and in which Tennyson wrote, is not likely to be forgotten in any history of English poetry. Poets are the prophets of each age. They express the

highest thoughts of the generations in which they live and work. Judged by this test, at any rate, Tennyson at once rises to the highest standard, since he was essentially an interpreter of the thoughts which were occupying the best and highest minds among us.

Possibly, indeed, this last reflection leads us to one of the causes which induce us to underrate our own times. The age in which we live is not an age of fancy, but of thought. It is a practical, not an imaginative, period we are passing through. Its great men are its inventors and engineers, who are triumphing over the forces of nature, or its observers and investigators, who are expounding the laws of nature. The former have covered both seas and lands with works of their hands and brains, which would have been deemed impossible fifty years ago; the latter have solved problems which their predecessors declared to be insoluble. The invention of the spectroscope has enabled the astronomer to analyse the composition of the sun, and to watch the movements of the distant star; geology has been almost reconstructed; biology has been created since the Queen came to the throne; and chemistry, which apparently is destined to furnish greater revelations than any other science, has attained dimensions and achieved successes which in 1837 would have been regarded as impossible.

These discoveries have made a profound impression on the thought of the nation. They have, in fact, produced an intellectual revolution almost as striking as the Reformation itself. They have vindicated the right of inquiry; and mankind at the present day, instead of unconsciously acting on Tacitus's apophthegm, 'Sanctius ac reverentius 'visum de actis deorum credere quam scire,' asks, with Milton, 'Can it be sin to know?'

The progress of free thought, however, which has been one of the remarkable results of the reign, has not been followed by any decline in religious fervour. When the Queen came to the throne the Oxford Movement was in its infancy. Whatever opinion may be formed of the views of those who inspired the famous 'Tracts for the Times,' there can be no doubt that they were successful in imparting fresh activity to the Church. Notwithstanding the growing scepticism of an increasing minority, and the indifferentism to religious subjects which is felt by large classes of the people, the Church and other religious bodies have never worked with greater zeal than during the present reign. More money has been raised for church building, church

extension, church endowment, and missionary effort, both at home and abroad, than at any previous period of our history. The zeal which churchmen have thus displayed has been fully shared both by the Roman Catholics on the one side, and by the Nonconformists on the other. It has penetrated to the lower sections of the population; and, much as many of us may disapprove the machinery and the methods of the Revival Meetings which Messrs. Moody and Sankey originated some twenty years ago, or of the Salvation Army in our own time, the efforts which have thus been made prove how widely and how deeply the religious spirit has affected large classes of the population.

We have thus endeavoured in a few pages to sum up the results of a reign which in nine months' time will have extended over the longest period during which any sovereign has ruled in England. We have shown that the population of the United Kingdom has increased, that the bounds of the British Empire have been extended, that the inventions of the age have drawn its distant provinces into closer communication, that improved communications have largely increased our trade, that our wealth has in consequence grown by leaps and bounds, and that all classes of the population are better off than they were when the Queen came to the throne. We have endeavoured also to show that material prosperity has been accompanied by moral progress; that the life of our people is, on the whole, more healthy than it was fifty years ago, that their homes are brighter, the conditions of toil easier, and their opportunities for sensible recreation greater. Partly from these causes, partly from the spread of education and other influences, we have further shown that crime has rapidly decreased, and that, in this respect at any rate, there can be no comparison between the England of to-day and the England of 1837 when the Queen came to the throne.

In conclusion, we have endeavoured to show that there is no proof that, in levelling up the masses, we have levelled down genius. We have, on the contrary, argued that, though genius may be devoting itself to new pursuits or new inquiries, there is no evidence of any decay in our intellectual growth; and that an age which has done more to dominate nature, and to explain nature, than all the preceding centuries, cannot rightly be charged with inferiority of intellect.

In writing as we have written, we are aware that our conclusions differ widely from those of other authors. An

English historian has lately endeavoured to persuade us that the reign of the white races is passing away, and that they must inevitably succumb to the yellow races of the world; a German philosopher has, still more recently, explained to us many marks of degeneration which are to be found in modern civilisation. We reply that the experience of history is a better guide than the speculations of the ablest minds; that the history of the preceding sixty years is a history of progress, not of decline; and that, unless it can be shown—as we believe it cannot—that this progress has been sensibly checked, we have a right to assume that it is still continuing.

One word we ought to add in justice to the Queen, the results of whose reign we have endeavoured to summarise. It has been her good fortune to preside over the destinies of the greatest empire in the world, during a period of unprecedented length and of equally unprecedented progress. But, if her reign has been made illustrious by the vigour of her subjects, they should, in their turn, recollect how much they owe to the conduct of their Queen. She has, in the first place, made the monarchy itself secure by displaying—as no other sovereign has ever displayed—a capacity of adapting herself to the requirements of parliamentary government. She has freed the throne from every suspicion of connexion with party politics. The example of her private life has been as beneficial as her public conduct. The atmosphere of her Court has given tone to society and has, in consequence, powerfully promoted that moral progress which we believe to be one of the chief glories of her reign. And so, when the spring ripens into the summer, and the Queen enters on the sixtieth year of her reign, or when the summer wanes into the autumn, and the reign is extended over a longer period than that during which any other British sovereign has ruled, the Englishman who thinks over the achievements of the last sixty years, and on the conduct of the Crown, may find a new reason for saying 'God save the 'Queen.'

ART. II.—*A Treasury of English Sonnets.* Edited from the original sources, with Notes and Illustrations, by DAVID M. MAIN. 8vo. Manchester: 1880.

'LET life be spared to me,' are the words Walter Savage Landor puts into Chaucer's mouth in his Imaginary Conversation with Boccaccio and Petrarca, 'and I will show 'Englishmen what the Italians are; how much deeper in 'thought, intenser in feeling, and richer in imagination 'than ever formerly; and I will try whether we cannot 'raise poetry under our fogs.'

The achievement which, in Landor's fiction, Chaucer had undertaken, was indeed fully performed; and in one branch of literature—the literature of English love lyrics—it would be difficult to exaggerate the initiative influence of the early Italian poets. True it is that the songless growth of a century intervened between the day of the 'Canterbury 'Tales' (where one of Petrarca's sonnets appears almost word for word disguised as the love lyric of Troilus) and the outburst of song of the Elizabethan age. But growth it was, dumb, unconscious, and slow; and when with Wyatt and Surrey the ripe grain, as Landor calls it, of Italian invention had come to its new birth, there was no question possible as to the nationality of its primary inspiration. 'In the 'latter end of King Henry VIII.'s reign sprung up a new 'company of courtly makers,' Puttenham in his 'Arte of 'English Poesie' tells his readers, 'of whom Sir Thomas 'Wyatt the Elder and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two 'chieftains, who, having travailed into Italie and there 'tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the 'Italian poesie. . . . they greatly polished'—as novices newly crept out of the schools of Dante, Ariosto, and Petrarch—'our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie.' So thoroughly, indeed, did the southern exotic root itself, that within a short space of time it seemed to have become not only acclimatised but indigenous to the northern soil, almost, so far as the minor singers of the period were concerned, to the extinction of any native growth.

That early romance writers, such as Chaucer and Lydgate, should have sought material for their stories from the romance writers of other countries is not a matter of surprise, nor is it to be wondered at that the younger art of England should adopt, or by imitation acquiesce in, the conventional limits prescribed by the established rules of other

ages and other nations. But England did more. It appropriated not only the letter but the spirit of the laws of Italian poetry, and absorbed into itself the actual sentiments of which the early Tuscan poets had become the European exponents and interpreters. Arthur Hallam, speaking with

> 'The critic clearness of an eye
> That saw thro' all the Muses' walk,'

says, in dealing with the question of Italian influence (with regard in especial to Chaucer), that it was not so much in his direct adoptions that we trace the inspiration of 'Frances 'Petrarke and the poet hight Dantes,' as in 'that soft clear-'ness of his images, that energetic self-possession of his 'conceptions, and that melodious repose in which are held 'together all the emotions he delineates.' And this in a measure applies to Chaucer's successors. They learnt not only to write, but, as it were, to think and feel in a new key.

Moreover, their sixteenth-century audience, the book-reading public of their day, was not one whit less affected than they themselves with what Master Roger Ascham denounces as the italianisation—the word has passed into the language—of Englishmen. Few pictures of this radical feature of the time are more graphic than those supplied to posterity by poor Jane Grey's friend and tutor in the 'Scholemaster,' and few anathemas surpass in virulence those launched by the learned puritan against his Italianate countrymen. The poison, according to his account, has permeated, not literature alone, but life, manners, religion, morals, and policy.

He was once in Italy himself, but he thanks God his abode there was but a nine days' sojourn. Despite, however, the shortness of his experience of the enchantments of 'Circes 'Court,' the evidence of his own eyes convinced him that no good thing could come out of Italy; further, that the contamination of English literature, to which his invectives bear eloquent witness, was the result of a subtle scheme of busy papistry for the undoing of the nation. Ten sermons, he says—and this with no suspicion of irony—at Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine as one book translated out of the Italian tongue does harm with enticing men to ill living. Such books, he complains bitterly, are sold in every shop in London. 'La 'Morte D'Arthur' (commended by pious Caxton as right necessary to be often read by those who would dread God

and love rightwiseness) does not escape the censure of this austere moralist; it is, he asserts, a book in which 'those 'be accounted noblest that do kill most men without any 'quarrel and commit foulest adulteries by subtlest shifts;' yet 'ten "Morte D'Arthurs" do not the tenth part so much 'harme as one of these bookes made in Italie,' and, alas for Master Ascham, 'there be more of these ungratious bookes 'set out in printe within these few months'—the 'Schole-'master' was printed in 1570—'than have been seen in 'England many score years before.'

With Ascham's moral judgement we are not concerned, but his testimony is conclusive, were any evidence needed. The work of literary transplantation begun by Chaucer when he borrowed his 'Knightes Tale' and the 'Tragedy 'of Troilus' from Boccaccio, and carried on by Lydgate in his 'Storie of Thebes,' had become the common trade of bookmen—in so far as works of the imagination were concerned—from the highest to the lowest. Italy was in the very atmosphere; to advertise a book, truly or untruly, as 'taken from the Italian,' was, we gather incidentally, a method of insuring its favourable reception. Nor is it possible fully to realise the position occupied by the lyrists and sonnetteers without realising to some degree the extent to which other branches of literature, again excepting those pertaining to philosophy and history, were subject to the same or an analogous foreign influence.

Shortly before the invectives of Master Ascham were written, William Painter, clerk of the ordinance to Queen Elizabeth, published in 1566 the first series of a book entitled 'The Palace of Pleasure.' This, the title-page states, contains 'Goodly Histories, Tragical Matters, and 'other moral arguments,' selected from the novels of Boccaccio, Bandello, Straparola, Giovanni Fiorentino, and Giraldi (known as Cinzio), as well as from other sources, French and classical. Three years later a second series of similar translations and adaptations followed, and in 1573 a new edition of the two series complete bore witness to the popularity the work had acquired. It was, however, a field of literature which Painter was not left to cultivate alone. In 1562 Arthur Brooke had already made a tedious metrical paraphrase of 'Romeus and Juliet,' a story originally related by the young Venetian soldier Luigi da Porta, retold by the episcopal romance writer Bandello, and produced in its prose form by Painter. The 'Decameron'—from which Painter had made selections—together with other less re-

membered works of Boccaccio, existed in English versions. The 'Histoires Tragiques' of Belleforest, containing stories from the Italian, had likewise found its way to the English book market, while the whole mass of kindred literature was accessible to the rapidly increasing numbers to whom the Italian language was familiar.

Another and nearly related section of the works of imaginative fiction was not slow to make its mark. The introduction of the Italian novel was followed by the appearance of the Pastoral Romance. Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' modelled upon the 'Arcadia' of Sannazaro and the 'Diana' of Montemayor (the latter translated by Bartholomew Yong in 1598), was printed in 1570. Few books have evoked more diverse judgements according to the temperament of the individual reader and the temperament of the age in which it has been read. Milton, denouncing Charles I. for having committed blasphemy against God and man in his adaptation of Pamela's prayer, from the third book of the 'Arcadia,' to his own use in the Eikon Basilike—Johnson, be it observed, hints the very prayer in question was an interpolation of Milton's own—yet concedes that the 'Arcadia' itself is in its kind 'full of worth and wit.' Walpole—to take a critic of later days—pronounced it 'tedious, lamentable, and pedantic.' But whatsoever might be the opinion of subsequent judges, the verdict of Sidney's contemporaries was unhesitating. It led a new fashion. The chronicles of that happy land, far far away, with its blithe labours, its serene passions, its storms, not of the sea but of the haven, the land where shepherd boys piped as if they never could grow old, and where lovers loved with that creed of love's immutable constancy which a French philosopher has called 'the poor vanity of children who do not know themselves,' at once evoked the flattery of imitation. Thomas Lodge wrote his 'Rosalynde,' recreated and immortalised in 'As you like it;' and Robert Greene, who in one of his strange outbursts of remorse corroborates Ascham's anti-italianism, declaring that 'whosoever was worst he knew himself as bad, for being new come from Italy where I learnt all villanies under heaven,' composed his romance of 'Dorastus and Fawnia,' whence again Shakespeare drew material for the 'Winter's Tale.'

In narrative and allegorical, in idyllic and religious verse, the same influence was widely prevalent. Ariosto, whom Hallam places second to Homer in European popularity, and Tasso, reached the uneducated in the translations of

Gascoigne and Sir John Harington, of Richard Carew, and of Fairfax. Later, Marino's 'Sospetto d' Herode' was printed in an English version translated by Crashaw. Milton, Dr. Grosart tells us, was one of Marino's admirers, and Daniel translated his 'Description of Beauty.' Daniel also, we may note in passing, translated Tasso's famous chorus from the 'Aminta,' 'O bella età d'oro,' which, plagiarised by Guarini in the 'Pastor Fido,' gave its author the happy chance of saying that had his rival not read the 'Aminta,' he would not have excelled it. It is to this chorus Mr. Main refers in his note upon Drummond's 'Flowers of Sion,' where he omits to mention that the line in question was originally Tasso's.

Of the use to which the greater poets, as Spenser and the Fletchers—Phineas, in his 'Purple Island;' Giles, in 'Christe's Victory'—put their acquaintanceship with Italian allegory, it is superfluous to speak.

But deeply tinged as were the allegorists, the drama was as deeply dyed in every fibre with colours caught from the schools of Italian fiction. Episodes, nomenclature of place and persons, intricacy of plot and complexity of developement indicate their source. Dr. Ferriar states broadly that Cartwright and Congreve are almost the only older dramatists who have any claim to originality in their plots, and a glance at some of the introductory lists to Shakespeare's plays alone indicates fairly enough to what extent he and his contemporaries were indebted to Italian fiction. 'All's 'well that ends well' is derived from Boccaccio's 'Giletta 'of Narbon;' 'Cymbeline' borrows from his 'Bernabo da 'Genova;' 'Measure for Measure' was probably taken —indirectly—from a story of Giraldi's ('Cinzio'); 'The 'Merchant of Venice' from one of Giovanni Fiorentino's inventions in the 'Pecorone,' which work also furnished, in conjunction with one of Straparola's 'Piacevole Notti,' some of the incidents of the 'Merry Wives;' 'Much Ado about 'Nothing' is a plot of Bandello's; 'Othello' owes its origin to Giraldi's 'Capitano Moro;' 'Romeo and Juliet' and 'Twelfth Night' again are derived from Bandello.

And what Shakespeare did was done freely by Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, and all the kindred dramatists, in greater or less degrees. Ben Jonson, who cursed Petrarca, during his famous visit to his friend Drummond of Hawthornden, for having invented the sonnet, 'wherein verses fared like the guests on the tyrant's bed— 'those which were too short being racked and those which

'were too long being cut off'—and who condemned the literary proprieties of Guarini's popular pastoral play, was not himself exempt from the established traditions of the stage. In the first edition of 'Every Man in his 'Humour,' Dame Kitely appears as Hesperida, and Biancas, Lorenzos, Stephanos make up the list of *dramatis personæ* in this as in others of his plays, and Venice, Milan, and Florence are the backgrounds upon which these Italian-named English men and women act their parts.

No fewer than nineteen English dramas are cited by the editor of the latest edition of Painter's 'Palace' as derivates from the stories contained in the two volumes of that work; Massinger's play of 'The Picture,' taken from Bandello's twenty-first novel 'The Lady of Bohemia,' being an example of a conspicuously accurate reproduction of the original, while Webster's tragedy of the 'Duchess of Malfy' supplies an illustration of the complete transmutation and elevation of character such stories sometimes underwent. Variations of the most intrinsic importance were no doubt in this branch of literature of common occurrence. Doubts indeed have been raised as to whether, if the truth were to be known, the original 'Jew of Venice' were not the Christian merchant, Paul Secchi, whose exaction of the pound of flesh from his Hebrew adversary forms one of the incidents related in Leti's 'Life of Sixtus V.' But unfortunately for the hypothesis, Fiorentino's fiction, with which Shakespeare's plot accords, antedates the history by more than a century. It remains, however, as a matter of fact that transformations of character hardly less radical than the transposition of Jew and Christian are to be met with when the Italian novel assumed its northern dress. It has been justly observed that while plots were borrowed from abroad, characterisation was drawn from observation at home, with the natural result that such characterisation was English of the English. The transformation Webster effects in Bandello's heroine is a representative illustration of the process. The original Duchess of Malfy is frankly depicted as a woman of not so much a vicious as a low type, who, weary of widowhood, has surprised her household master into a somewhat reluctant secret marriage—a marriage of merely outward morality which was but to serve, Bandello avows, 'for 'a mask and coverture to hide her follies.' Nor throughout the narrative, although freely invoking the sympathy of his readers with her sufferings and the final catastrophe of her death, does the bishop novelist relax his estimate of her

character or revoke his judgement that 'she did the penance 'her folly deserved.'

Webster, with perhaps a narrower humanitarianism, has found it needful both to exalt her character and to enhance her sufferings. With him her marriage is a 'noble mad-'ness' deserving all reverence. The 'spirit of greatness' is in her to the very end, when, crushed by torture of body and mind, grey-haired with misery, she confronts her executioners in the death scene, of which the power and pathos have seldom been surpassed, with the fearless challenge to 'pull down heaven upon her,' prefacing the defiance with the declaration that, forlorn in her womanhood, motherhood, and wifehood, 'I am the Duchess of Malfy still.' 'To move 'a horror skilfully,' is Charles Lamb's commentary, 'to touch 'a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can 'bear, to wean and weary a life until it is ready to drop, then 'step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit—'this only a Webster can do,' and this is what Webster did, and this is precisely what Bandello (and those like Bandello) never have done and never would have dreamt of doing, and there are few other instances which illustrate more adequately the metamorphosis Italian fiction underwent at the hands of the greater Elizabethans.

Such, in so far as a brief sketch can indicate them, were the literary surroundings in the schools of romance and drama amongst which the love lyrics and sonnets of England were born; and if the italianisation of England reached its highest developement in any department of authorship, it was pre-eminently to be found in the school of which Surrey and Wyatt were the arch-evangelists, and Rossetti the last and greatest of the disciples. Unlike the dramatists, who adopted the shell and discarded the kernel, the lyrists were no less accurately true to the spirit than to the manner and form, the phraseology and the modes of metaphor belonging to the masters of the early Tuscan school. 'There is in 'man,' again I quote Arthur Hallam's words, 'a natural 'life, and there is also a spiritual; art which holds the 'mirror up to nature is then most perfect when it gives 'back the image of both.' This, he avers—drawing, however, a sharp distinction between the school of the early Florentines and that modelled by their successors upon Norman-French traditions—is the nearest definition of the art of the poets who upon the basis supplied by Provençal singers upreared 'a splendid edifice of Platonism surmounted with the 'banner of the Cross.'

And this religion, if one may use the expression, of love, finding its perfected expression in such sonnets as those of Spenser and Sidney, remained engrafted as an underlying characteristic, disfigured by childish extravagances and trivial sentimentalities, amongst the Elizabethan lyrics of minor poets.

It is indeed in this identification of principle and feeling that the lines of demarcation between work which is technically original and that which is technically imitation are obliterated. That there was imitation is a fact too obvious to need demonstration, but such imitation was the natural consequence and product of a similar attitude of mind in the great masters of different lands. Servile imitations and literal translations no doubt abounded: it is impossible to enumerate the instances of single lines or fragments of stanzas taken direct from Petrarca's sonnets which lie scattered amongst the English verse of the period. In the works of Surrey and Wyatt alone are seventeen complete translations (besides adoptions and borrowings) from the same source. Some six or seven more are distributed amongst various authors, and many others no doubt still await detection. Yet the greatest writers in this school, Spenser in his 'Amoretti' and the 'Visions of Petrarch,' Sidney in his 'Astrophel and Stella' sonnets, are neither of them ever translators or even imitators in the individual sense of the words. Nor did they, any more than their predecessors Surrey and Wyatt, adhere to the legitimate form of the Italian sonnet, where the leading idea in its regulated stages of developement corresponds with the four metrical divisions of the two quatrains and the first and second tercet. Yet both Spenser and Sidney are so imbued and saturated with the Petrarchian ideal that the sense of dissimilarity of form and rhyme is effaced by the identities of phrase and of epithet, and, far more important than these, by the pervading atmosphere of the idealisation of sentiment at the expense of passion which became a characteristic of the language if not of the life of the day.

With the lesser poets it is true that imitation became a deliberate art. Even those who did not use the Italians as models regarded them as masters. It was small wonder. When Spenser finds no greater praise to bestow on his dead friend than to call Philip Sidney the 'Petrarch of his 'time,' it was natural that others should strive to merit a like panegyric; when Daniel—a poet whom in early days

Shakespeare himself is said to have regarded as a master—addresses his mistress as the 'Laura' of his devotion, no doubt other ladies demanded an analogous encomium.

That a gulf divides the greater and the lesser poets in the use to which they respectively put their models is an obvious truism. Puttenham in his often-quoted 'Arte of 'English Poesie' gives a detailed picture of the method whereby verse writers were to be made, and the elaborate system he prepares for the manufacture of masculine poets (he would not have 'gentlewomen-makers too precise' lest they become 'phantastical wives') was an answer to a contemporary demand, and the result was such as might be anticipated. Few examples illustrate better the contrast between such 'makers' and the real poets than that unconsciously supplied by Puttenham himself in his rendering of a sonnet already translated by Sir Thomas Wyatt. To take one phrase. In the original, referring to the light of Laura's presence, Petrarca says:

'Non so fare schermi
Di luoghi tenebrosi, o d'ore tarde.'

Puttenham's version, levelly dull, runs:

'Ne find place to retire
Where any darke may shade me from her sight.'

Wyatt, retaining the sentence, invests it with all the added sombreness of his midnight despair:

Yet can I not hide me in no dark place,
So followeth me remembrance of that face.'

For those who would learn to be poets this manual was the accepted *vade mecum*. In it mannerisms of construction and schemes of rhyme and rhythm are classified, reduced to formulas, and illustrated with examples drawn from classical, Italian, and English sources. The miscellanies of the period represent the fashions Puttenham advocates. Groups of sonnets and songs in which line after line starts with an assertion, as in Spenser's sonnet (over rashly criticised by Leigh Hunt when he calls the rhymes always interfering!)

'Sweet is the Rose, but grows upon a briar,'

where one may see what a master hand can make of an artificial method; or with an interrogation, as in Sidney's first 'Song' in the 'Stella' sonnets. Others, where some name or noun affords an opportunity for imitating the play upon words practised by Petrarca in his 'Laura' sonnets or by

his predecessor Cino da Pistoia in those addressed to his lady Selvaggia. Others again, and those perhaps the most clearly indicative of a foreign original, are those where the effect aimed at is produced by the juxtaposition of contraries, or, as Sismondi describes the method, by 'a mosaic 'of antitheses.' In these the characteristics of Italian poetry are no less faithfully represented than in the verbal translations of Wyatt and Surrey, of Watson, Lodge, Greene, and the contributors to the various miscellanies.

The literary history of a single poem may, to a certain extent, serve as an epitome of the process in the course of which the foreign graft was naturalised, either to the detriment or to the advantage of the poets by whom it was appropriated. The initial step was no doubt often a literal translation of an Italian model. Petrarca's influence was naturally here predominant. Between twenty and thirty of his sonnets alone are to be found substantially reproduced, in something approaching sonnet form, in the works of the English poets of the period. As Dr. Nott has pointed out (though one Petrarchian original, 'Mirando 'l Sol de' begli 'occhi sereno,' has escaped his vigilant eye), the greater number of Sir Thomas Wyatt's poems, published conjointly with Surrey's in the small volume of 'Tottel's Miscellanies,' consist of unacknowledged translations and adaptations notably from Petrarca, Serafino d'Aquilano, and from the school of Tibaldeo and Alamanni. Amongst these, and one which is fairly typical of the rest, is a version of Petrarca's sonnet 'Pace non trovo.'

It is not one of the most successful of Wyatt's efforts; but as a type of the style then most in accordance with the popular taste, it is one of the most interesting.

'Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra;
E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son' un ghiaccio;
E volo sopra'l cielo, e ghiaccio in terra;
E nulla stringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio.
Tal m'ha in prigion, che non m'apre, nè serra;
Nè per suo mi riten, nè scioglie il laccio;
E non m'ancide Amor, e non mi sferra;
Nè mi vuol vivo, nè mi trae d'impaccio.
Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho lingua, e grido;
E bramo di perir, e cheggio aita;
Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui:
Pascomi di dolor; piangendo rido;
Egualmente mi spiace morte e vita.
In questo stato son, Donna, per voi.'

'I find no peace and all my warre is done:
I feare and hope: I burne and freeze lyke yse:
I flye aloft, yet can I not aryse:
And nought I have and all the world I seize on.
That locks nor loseth holdeth me in prison,
And holds me not, yet can I scape no wyse.
Nor lets me live, nor dye at my devise,
And yet of death it giveth me occasion.
Without eye I see, without tong I playne:
I wish to perish, yet I ask for health:
I love another, and I hate myself.
I fede me in sorrow, and laugh in all my paine,
Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life,
And my delight is causer of this strife.'

This, with its heading, 'Description of the contrarious 'Passions in a Lover,' is followed in the same volume amongst the poems ascribed to 'Uncertayne Auctores,' by a second rendering, where the writer contents himself with simply carrying out the main idea, substituting many 'divers and contrarie' passions of his own invention for those of the original. 'The Strange Passion of a Lover' is next described by Gascoigne—the translator of Ariosto's 'Suppositi'—

'Amid my bale I bathe in bliss,
I swim in heaven, I sink in hell.
I find amends for every miss,
And yet my moan no tongue can tell.
. . . .
I live and lack, I lack and have,
I have and miss the thing I crave.'

In 1582 'Thomas Watson, gentleman, author of Italian 'Madrigals Englished'—Drummond's claim to be the first to english the madrigal was anticipated—printed, he tells us, 'at the request of certaine gentlemen his very frendes,' 'The Passionate Centurie of Love.' In this series of poems —Mr. Main gives, with manifest reluctance, one specimen in his notes—Watson makes careful acknowledgement of his debts not only to Petrarca, but also to Messer Agnolo Fiorenzuola (Firenzuola), to Seraphine (Serafino), and to Girolamo Parabosco, the poet novelist of 'I Diporti.' 'The XL. 'Passion' is taken almost word for word from the same sonnet of opposites. In common with others of Watson's facile imitations it has an intrinsic charm of its own; the very artificialities of such exotics have in him, as in others of his contemporaries, become so fully naturalised as to produce the illusion of spontaneity. With him the halting rhythm which

mars Wyatt's verse has disappeared, so also have the directness, the brevity, and the strength of the elder poet, from whom he is separated by the immeasurable chasm that divides genius and talent.

'PASSION XL.

'I joy not peace, when yet no warre is found.
I feare and hope; I burne yet freeze withall.
I mount to heaven, yet lie but on the ground;
I compass nought and yet I compasse all.
I live her bond, which neither is my foe
Nor friend; nor holds me fast nor lets me goe.

'Love will not that I live, nor lets me die;
Nor locks me fast, nor suffers me to scape.
I want both eyes and tongue, yet see and cry;
I wish for death, yet after help I gape;
I hate myself, but love another wight;
And feede on griefe in lieu of sweete delight.

'At selfsame time I both lament and joy;
I still am pleased, and yet displeased still.
Love sometimes seems a god, sometimes a boy.
Sometimes I sincke, sometimes I swimme at will:
Twixt death and life small difference I make:
All this, dear Dame, befals me for thy sake.'

But even before Watson, this sonnet had become as it were incorporated with the poetical life of the day. In 'The 'Paradise of Dainty Devices,' edited by Richard Edwards, 1576, we find many lines of the same sonnet in a poem signed R. H. (Richard Hill). The poem is called 'In Quest 'of my Relief,' and in it are the following stanzas:—

'I would no peace, the cause of warre I flie,
I hope, I fear, I burne, I chill in frost:
I lye alowe, yet mounts my minde on hie:
Thus doubtful storms my troubled mind have toste.
And for my paine, this pleasure doe I prove,
I hate myself and pine in others love.

'The world I grasp, yet hold I nought at all,
At liberty I seme in prison pent:
I taste the sweet, more sower than bitter gall,
My ship semes sound, and yet her ribbes be rent.

. . . . . .

'Both life and death be equal unto me,
I doe desire to dye, yet crave I lyfe;
And wits with sondrie thoughts doe disagree,
Myself am with myself at mortal strife.'

It is evident that this particular sonnet in one or another

of its protean shapes had become a typical expression for the sorrows of love. In 'A Floorish upon Fancie,' a miscellany compiled in 1582 (containing, with some few exceptions, notably the description of Fancy's Bed,

> 'Upon the one side naked Love,
> On the other covered Hate,'

some of the least interesting verses of the age), one writer is anxious to explain that his sorrows surpass all precedent.

> 'Some say they freeze, they flame, they flie alofte,
> And yet they fall; they hope and yet they fear.
> . . . . .
> 'They live and lacke, they lacke and yet they have,
> And having yet they lacke the thing they crave.'

He does far more than these, and further on in the same volume we read:—

> 'To swim and sinke, to burne and be acolde,
> To hope, to fear, to sigh, and yet to sing,
> And all at once, are lovers fyttes of old.'

There is, however, a touch of levity in this transcendent lover when, referring to the flights and falls of others, he arraigns Fortune for never having so far favoured him as

> 'To lend me wings to take one little flight.'

With abrupt transition we pass from the strophes of this wingless lover to poor Robert Southwell, priest and poet, the passion of whose brief life stands recorded in the small posthumously printed volume, written, it is conjectured, within the walls of the prison to which the treachery of a woman had consigned him, and whence, after having been thirteen times vainly tortured, he went forth rejoicing to end his thirty-three years upon Tyburn's scaffold. Here poem after poem breathes the same eager awaiting for death and deliverance, the same reiterated declaration that for him 'life's feast is done and life's grace is said.' There is one headed—the question might well present itself—'What joy to live?' As in another of Southwell's poems, adapted from 'Master Dyer's Fancy' (itself, as Dr. Grosart points out, imitated from Lord Brooke), the secular verse supplies words to the lover of a far other love:—

> 'I wage no war, yet peace I none enjoy:
> I hope, I fear, I fry in freezing cold.
> I mount in mirth, still prostrate in annoy.
> I all the world embrace, yet nothing hold.'

So the Jesuit priest contemns not only love's but life's contrariness, and desires his release at the hands of Death.

Of such readaptations of a like similitude to a diverse object there is a picturesquely curious instance in Wyatt's beautiful sonnet:—

> 'Who list to hunt, I know where is an Hinde.'

Here, unless the improbable suggestion be true that Wyatt was copying a sonnet of Romanello's published in Giusto de' Conti's 'La Bella Mano,' a book from which no other translations are traceable, Anne Boleyn's unhappy lover seems to have taken his metaphor direct from Petrarca's serene vision, where Laura appears 'una candida cerva' dedicated to God and death by the diamond collar with its prohibitive inscription, 'Nessun mi tocchi. Libera farmi al 'mio Cesare parve.' Under a like semblance Wyatt pictures his mistress, who, bearing the yoke of Henry's royal favour, was so soon to pay its supreme penalty:—

> 'And graven with diamonds in letters plain,
> There is written her fair neck about;
> Noli me tangere; for Cesar's I am
> And wild for to hold, though I seem tame.'

Great as is the gulf dividing Laura and Anne Boleyn, it scarcely exceeds in depth the abyss which lies between Wyatt the Lover and Southwell the Martyr.

But to return to the sonnets and songs of antithesis. Beyond the inner circle of more or less direct imitations there is a whole outer hemisphere of poems, deviating widely in word, but retaining the original method.

In 'Licia,' an anonymous series of sonnets published 1593, the preface enters an ardent protest against 'those who 'thinke so baselie of our bare English that they deem them-'selves barbarous . . . unless they have borrowed from 'Italie, Spaine, and France their best and choicest conceits.' Further on the platonic author denounces those lovers who take love to be 'the contentment of themselves, the shame 'of others, and the wrong of virtue.' The verse which follows, it is needless to say, abounds not in the best, but in the worst 'conceits' of foreign poets, and unless 'Licia' is to be taken (the preface hints as much) as 'portending 'nothing' we must decline to endorse the poet's designation of his mistress as being either a 'Minerva or a Diana.' The poem 'A Lover's Maze' included in the volume certainly presents an unrivalled specimen of the 'conceits' its

author condemns. It is a study of elaborate paradox. Beginning

'True are my thoughts: my thoughts that are untrue,'

it runs the whole gamut of contradictions to the end.

'New is my love: because it never dies.
Olde is my love: because it ever lives.
Kinde is that faire: because it hate denyes.
Unkind that faire: because no hope it gives.
Thus new my love, and still that faire unkinde
Renews my love and I no favour finde.'

Such is the pattern of the verse, with its propositions, contradictions, and summaries, carried out with such ingenuity that it has achieved the appearance of ease. Nor are there wanting lines original in their repetition of habitual metaphors. 'Hands warm-white snow and lippes cold cherrie-red,' grief 'whose tears are pittied by the rain,' and suchlike phrases have a fantastic touch of imagination amongst much which is mere exaggerated invention, but which certainly savours as strongly of 'conceits' as do the twelfth, sixteenth, and twenth-ninth sonnets of that fashion of loving the writer so hotly repudiates.

Passing on, Strephon's song in the 'Arcadia'—

'I joy in grief and doe detest all joyes;

the beginning of Watson's XVIII. Passion—

'Love is a sower delight, a sugred greefe;'

Phineas Fletcher in his 'Contemnenti'—

'Continual burning, yet no fire or fuel,
Chill icy frosts in midst of summers frying;'

are all primarily occupied with the same play upon contraries; or, to come down to later times, tainted with the increeping atmosphere of the changing centuries are poems like Michael Drayton's LXII. Sonnet. It is one of the closing sonnets of that strange analytical medley published under the name of 'Ideas'—one could wish Mr. Main had given more specimens than the two he has selected—where sincerity and mockery, jest and earnest, ridicule and melancholy, are so intimately entangled that it is difficult to dissever the one from the other, or to discover if any one purpose or mood predominates in the web of contradictions, and where yet in more than one poem the notes of imitative passion seem to re-echo the old strain in all its vitality.

'When first I ended, then I first began;
Then more I travelled, further from my rest;
Where most I lost, there most of all I won,
Pinèd with hunger, rising from a feast!
Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go,
Wise in conceit, in act a very sot,
Ravished with joy, amidst a hell of woe;
What most I seem, that surest I am not.
I build my hopes a world above the sky,
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,
In plenty I am starved with penury,
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth.
I have, I want, despair and yet desire,
Burned in a sea of ice, drowned midst a fire.'

And, to quote no other examples, still more faintly we catch some lingering touches of the same accent in Drummond's VI. Sonnet:—

'Fair is my yoke, though grievous be my pains,
Sweet are my wounds, although they deeply smart.'

Here no single sentence actually reiterates Petrarca's words, and, as in all those sonnets to dead Mary Cunningham, where the voice of the Scottish singer most closely resembles that of his great master, we feel that he is using the language of a day which already was becoming, to his hearers if not to himself, a day of yesterday.

This record is but one of many. Kindred groups of poems arose on all sides. The Petrarca sonnet, 'Mille fiate, o dolce 'mia guerrera,' first translated by Wyatt, finds reflexions in many a poem. It appears, to quote one instance, in the 'Phœnix Nest' in the guise of the exquisite lyric where the lover would disown his despised heart:—

'To make a truce, sweete Mistres, with your eies
How often have I profered you my hart.
Which profers, unestemèd, you despise,
As far too meane to equal your desart.
Your minde, wherein all hie perfections flowe,
Deignes not the thought of things that are so lowe.

'To strive to alter his desires were vaine,
Whose vowèd hart affects no other place,
The which, since you despise, I doe desdaine
To count it mine as erst before it was.
For that is mine which you alone allow,
As I am yours and onely live for you.

'Now if I him forsake, and he not finde
His wretched exile succored by your eies;
He cannot yeeld to serve another's minde,
Nor live alone, for nature that denies.
Then die he must, for other choice is none
But live in you or me, or die alone.

'Whose haples death when Fame abroad hath blowne
Blame and reproch procures unto us both,
I, as unkinde, forsaking so mine owne,
But you much more from whom the rigour groweth.
And so much more will your dishonour be
By how much more it lovèd you than me.'

Again the sonnet, 'Pommi ove 'l Sol' occide i fiori,' gave the keynote to another series, from Surrey's well-known translation onwards. One in the 'Phœnix Nest,' rivalling in excellence the greater poet's, while Drummond's imitation, 'Place me where angry Titan burns the Moor,' ranks as one of his least happy efforts. The opening quatrain of another sonnet is translated in the same miscellany with singular felicity of rhythm :—

'Cease, restles thoughts, surcharged with heavines,
Love, Fortune and Desdaine with their endever
The forces of my life will soon dessever
Without the sting of your unquietnes.'

The first lines of the sonnet printed by Mr. Main in his collection are evident reproductions from the same original. Drummond has, however, lost the effect of languid weight given to the older version by the absence of short or dental endings.

'Ah burning thoughts now let me take some rest
And your tumultuous broils awhile appease;
Is't not enough stars, fortune, love, molest
Me all at once, but ye must too displease?'

By an unwonted oversight the editor, while indicating various other resemblances, as that of Marino's 'O del 'silentio Figlio' and Drummond's 'Invocation to Sleep,' has left this sonnet without any commentary save a passing allusion to Robert Chester's 'Love's Martyr,' itself, according to its title-page, 'translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato 'Cœliano.'

Petrarca's 'Amor, che nel pensier' had the double honour of translation by both Surrey and Wyatt, the two versions as significantly dissimilar as becomes the workmanship of such widely differing temperaments, and the ending line of the same sonnet reappears persistently at the close of poem

after poem. But perhaps next after the sonnet 'Of con-'trarious Passions' the translation by Wyatt, 'The Lover 'compareth his state to a ship in perilous storme tossed on 'the sea,' impressed itself most upon the popular imagination. Wyatt here, as elsewhere, has stamped his own bitterness of resentment upon the borrowed metaphor under which Petrarca sorrowfully laments his grief. Sir John Denham says, 'There are so few translations that deserve praise that 'I scarse ever saw one that deserved pardon;' this, however, might even at the hands of so severe a critic have claimed forgiveness:—

'My galley chargèd with forgetfulnesse
Thorough sharpe seas, in winter nights doth pass
Twene rocke and rocke: and eke my foe (alas,
That is my lord) stereth with cruelnesse:
And every hour, a thought in readinesse,
As though that death were light in such a case.
An endlesse wind doth teare the saile apace
Of forcèd sighs and trusty fearfulnesse.
A rayne of teares, a cloude of darke disdain
Have done the weried cordes great hinderance.
Wreathèd with error and with ignorance,
The stars be hidde that leade me to this payne.
Drownde is reason that should be my comfort:
And I remayne, dispairing of the port.'

This reappears some years later in the guise of two trivial lyrics, one in Lodge's 'Rosalynde,' the other in 'The 'Phœnix Nest.'

'My boate doth passe the straights
Of seas incensed with fire,
Filde with forgetfulnesse
Amidst the winter night'

is the first stanza of Lodge's paraphrase; nor does the writer in the 'Phœnix Nest' reach any higher level in the scattered lines he adopts.

'These lines I send by waves of woe
And bale becomes my boate,
Which sighes of sorrow still shall keep
On floods of fear afloate.
My sighes shall serve me still for winde,
My lading is my smart,
And true report my pilot is,
My haven is thy heart.'

But once again, adapting the language of earth's foregone joys to express a divine remorse for a soul's foregone opportunities, Southwell comes forward to reinstate the poem

in all its former dignity in the opening of 'St. Peter's Com-' plaint.'

> 'Launch forth, my soul, into a main of tears,
> Full fraught with grief, the traffic of thy mind;
> Torn sails will serve, thoughts rent with guilty fears.
> Give care the stern, use sighs instead of wind.
> Remorse thy pilot, thy misdeed thy carde,
> Torment thy haven, shipwreck thy reward.'

A year after Southwell's poems appeared, Henry Olney published an anonymous volume, 'Delia, certain Sonnets by 'R. L. adjoined to the amorous Poeme of "Don Diego and '"Ginevra."' This latter was apparently founded on one of Painter's versions of a story by Bandello, and contains little of interest; the sonnets, however—their author not infelicitously describes them as 'crimson verse'—are often striking both in phraseology and rhythm, and might fairly have won a place in Mr. Main's book.

No. XXIV. particularly, beginning—

> 'When leaden-harted Sleepe had shut mine eyes,
> And close o'erdrawn their windolets of light'—

gives with happy effect the sense of sinking in the dream waters which the author wishes to convey. The sonnet No. XXVIII. of this series has a strong resemblance to the opening stanza of 'St. Peter's Complaint,' before quoted (it is not the only instance of likeness between the writer of these sonnets and Southwell), and it is difficult to believe that the resemblance was merely of coincidence:—

> 'My tears were surges, sighes did serve for winde,
> Of all my ship despayre was chiefest frame.
> Sorrow was maister, care the cable rope,
> Grief was the maine mast, Love the captain of it.
> He that did rule the helm was foolish Hope,
> But Beautie was the rock that my ship split. . .'

And, to come to a later date, some echo is still surely to be found in the sonnet 'A Ship,' by Thomas Carew. A tone of deeper seriousness, an absolute exemption from the note of cold and dissolute license which defaces the poems, so called, of love, of his Royalist fellow poets, sets this apart and marks it as a relic of times when men were not ashamed loving to worship, and worshipping to love.

> 'Tost in a troubled sea of grief I float,
> Far from the shore in a storm-beaten boat.
> . . . .
> Love is the pilot, but o'ercome with fear
> Of your displeasure, dares not homeward steer.'

But for Carew the stars are not hidden nor the sails wholly rent, and the old imagery is shorn of all its despair in anticipation of an hour when

> 'This ship
> Into your arms, which are my port, will flie,
> Where it for ever shall at anchor lie.'

It may justly be objected, here and elsewhere, that similes so obvious were likely to present themselves independently to the fancy of any poet. Whole catalogues of such recurrent metaphorical images could be cited to prove the generality of their use. Shelley's figure of the widow bird had been anticipated both by Lodge, when he wrote—

> 'A Turtle sat upon a leave-lesse tree,
> Mourning her absent pheare'—

and by Spenser—

> 'Like as the Culver on the barèd bough
> Sits mourning for the absence of her mate.'

Vere wrote—

> 'That with the careful Culver climes
> The worn and withered tree,'

and Drummond employs the very term 'widowhood' for his unhappy dove. Around the phœnix, the nightingale, the salamander, or myths such as Actæon, Arion, and Narcissus, are whole constellations of verses, both Italian and English, so like one another that in reading them the wonder is amongst such likeness to find so much diversity of treatment, so many disparities of sentiment, and so many inversions of language. Certain phrases also—'brittle as glass,' with which Shakespeare's sonnets familiarise us; hair of golden wire; the 'dolce guerrera' of a hundred poems—these, with other kindred epithets, are the current coin of poetical diction; while even more confusing than this communism of similes is the practice, common to many writers, of simply rearranging the theme of a poem, and redisposing it sentence by sentence into fresh metrical form. A comparison of the indexes of first lines indicates to what extent one poem often served as the basis or text for another. One curious case of such transmutation is afforded by Lodge's lyrical paraphrase of an unsigned sonnet in the 'Phœnix Nest'—he himself was a contributor to the miscellany. The sonnet is as follows, and seems to be a faint reflection of Petrarca's 'Passer mai 'solitario'—though likewise, no doubt by pure coincidence,

there are phrases which recall one of Romanello's sonnets, printed at the end of 'La Bella Mano.'

'Like to a hermite poore, in place obscure,
I meane to spend my daies of endles doubt,
To waile such woe as time cannot recure,
Where none but Love shall ever find me out.
My foode shall be of care and sorrow made,
My drinke nought else but teares falne from mine eies,
And for my light, in such obscurèd shade,
The flames shall serve which from my heart arise.
A gowne of graie my bodye shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope, whereon Ile staie:
Of late repentance, linckt with long desire,
The couch is framde, whereon my limbes Ile lay;
And at my gate Dispaire shall linger still,
To let in Death, when Love and Fortune will.'

These, we are told, were the original words of a celebrated song set by Nicholas Laniere and Alfonso Ferabosco in 1609, and are referred to by Phineas Fletcher when he says that his metaphrase of the 42nd Psalm is 'to agree 'with the tune of "Like the Hermite,"' a direction recalling those Roscoe quotes of a sixteenth-century Venetian hymn-book (to cite one instance alone of so general a custom) where the hymns upon the Passion and kindred subjects are to be accompanied by the melodies of 'Una Donna d'Amor 'fino,' 'Leggiadra Damigella,' and other popular *canzoni a ballo*. So, also, the puritan sheep-shearer of the 'Winter's 'Tale' sang his psalms to hornpipes!

Lodge's lyric, assuming it, despite its anterior date o publication, to be a paraphrase, developes the idea of the sonnet sentence by sentence, turning its brief intensity into the conventional sentimentalism appropriate to the trivial rhythm of the verse. It tells its own story of a day when critics proffered no charge and authors feared no verdict of plagiarism, and when such duplications served as a mere exercise in the pastime of verse writing.

So, too, in the spring songs of lost or forsaken loves there runs a strain of more than accidental resemblance. A singular charm pervades the whole cycle. Surrey's 'De-'scription of Spring,' wherein each thing renews save only the lover, gave the initiatory note. Here Mr. Main refers us to Petrarca's 'Zefiro torna,' but it is only the first few lines which faintly recall Petrarca's lament. The hart hanging his old head on the pale, the buck in the brake, the fishes, the adder casting her last year's skin, the swallows hunting for flies and the bees for honey, these are all images

taken from English parks and woodlands and streams and fields. In 'Maister Edwards his "I may not"'—from the 'Paradise of Dainty Devices'—we find a continuation and completion and repetition of the catalogue of spring's unavailing joys, with what Puttenham calls 'the loveburden' added to each stanza.

'In May by kinde Dame Nature wills, all earthly wights to sing,
In May the new and couplèd fowls may joy the lively spring,
In May the Nightingale her notes doth warble on the spray,
In May the birds their mossie nests do timber as they may.

. . . . . .

'The stately Hart in May doth mue his old and palmèd beames
His state renews in May he leaps to view Apollo's streames.
In May the Buck his hornèd tops doth hang upon the pale,
In May he seeks the pastures greene in ranging over the dale.

. . . . . .

'All creatures may in May be glad, no May can me remove
I sorrow in May since I may not in May obtain my Love.'

While still nearer to the original is the delicate lyric of a nameless singer in the 'Phœnix Nest.'

'The gentle season of the yeere
Hath made my blooming branch appeere
And beautified the land with flowres;
The aire doth savour with delight,
The heavens doe smile to see the sight,
And yet mine eies augment their showres.

'The meades are mantled all with greene,
The trembling leaves have clothed the treene,
The birds with feathers new doe sing:
But I, poore soule, whom wrong doth wrack,
Attyre myself in mourning black:
Whose leafe doth fall amid his spring.'

These are but a few out of the manifold instances of the customary transference of old thoughts to fresh forms, by which the gap between the copyist and the originator in literature is veiled in mist. And yet the fact remains that there are originators; that even in the use of subjects and similes, at first sight seeming to be the exclusive property of no man and no age, there is an epoch in history, as there is also a period in the life of every human sentiment, when the word, the metaphor, or the emotion falls into the hands of some genius spirit, who utilises the word or expresses the sentiment, common to all, in some such manner as to elevate it from the lower region of life's prose to the upper sphere of the ideal. 'No doubt,' says Hartley

Coleridge, in a flash of imaginative retrospect, 'there has 'been a time when the moon and the blue sky, and the rose 'and the lily, the dove and the nightingale, all were new in 'verse.' There also may be a day when they will once again be mere outcasts of fancy, a day when they will cease to convey that sense of beauty which it is the royalty of art to express. For beauty in diction is, after all, not so much —apart from rhyme and rhythm—a matter of sound as of suggestion. When the master singer has brought some term of daily life into a new relationship of dignity or grace, the word itself suffers a transformation as rich and rare as that undergone by the corals and pearls of Shakespeare's sea floor, while many human emotions have waited—some possibly have still to wait—for centuries their apotheosis from the poet's pen. The transfiguration once effected in a form which forces its acceptance upon the imaginative instinct, the word, before habitually discarded, becomes a natural vehicle of poetic thought; the sentiment, before ignored, becomes a natural subject for imaginative treatment, until—to pursue the chronicle—vulgarised and profaned by too familiar repetition, its glamour fades, and once more it is exiled to the refuse heap of decayed sentimentalities.

The power thus to exalt a hitherto unnoticed subject to honour, and to win the suffrage of imagination and fancy on its behalf, is the prerogative of the few, who, if they cannot create, can yet recreate; it is the vocation of the pioneers of the undiscovered countries which lie beneath our feet. And though in the commonwealth of mind there is neither patent nor monopoly, the many do henceforth but re-echo the music of the chosen and elect kings amongst poets. So each age has its dominating spirit, whose influence endures until a greater than he arises, who plays new melodies upon the old strings, or it may be plays the old melodies upon new instruments, and gives a new keynote to the echoes around.

This, no doubt, was done to a paramount degree by Petrarca, and nowhere do we so clearly trace his influence as in the numerous series of sonnets which, following his example, every poet lover made it part of his service to dedicate to his real or imaginary mistress.

Setting aside the greater names of Spenser, Sidney, and Shakespeare, the list is still long. Even Lord Brooke, little tinted as he was with the prevailing fashions, has left the record of his love in the series of so-called 'sonnets' he

published under the name of 'Cœlica.' Far apart indeed they stand from other love poems of the time in the tragic self-contempt of a grief which feels itself stained by its very faithfulness—the faithfulness in which other lovers glory:—

> '. . . I only beare
> Faith's ensigne, which is shame and misery.'

Bitter too and harsh are his protestations of devotion to the idol he knows to be of dust and clay:—

> 'I scorn the world, the world scorns me, 'tis true;
> What can a heart do more to honour you?'

And with an ominous jest he epitomises the record in the anagram of his own name, 'Griev-ill.'

Constable has his sonnets to Diana 'conceived in the 'style of Ronsard and the Italians,' as are also, we may add, those conceived in the praise of the virgins and saints and 'Amazons of Heaven.' Watson, besides his 'Passions,' has fifty-two sonnets commemorating an unkind mistress. Lodge wrote his 'Phyllis;' Barnabe Barnes, William Brown, the several authors of 'Licia' and 'Diella,' have each a series; Daniel celebrates 'Delia' in verses dismissed by Coleridge with the assertion that they hardly contain one good line, a conclusion which the three examples given by Mr. Main would do much to modify, especially the invocation to sleep—'Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable 'Night'—a sonnet found, with some slight variation, placed by a curious accident amongst Drummond's five sonnets to Galatea, in one, at least, of the editions of his poems. To enumerate no more, Drummond himself writes the story of his love for Auristella (Mary Cunningham) in his sonnets, songs, and madrigals; and Habington, whose sonnets elicited Arthur Hallam's special commendation, closes the list with his poems to his wife 'Castara.'

Yet, dominant as was Petrarca's influence in these series, it must not be forgotten that, the impulse once given to the reproduction of the Italian poets, it extended in widening and degenerate circles to the works of those who were often themselves but imitators. Wyatt and Watson owed much to Serafino, Firenzuola, Parabosco, and Alamanni; Lodge to Dolce, the dramatic and pastoral poet of the sixteenth century, to Martelli, a young Florentine, one of the race of poets whose name he bore, and to Ludovico Pascale, the author of 'Rime Volgari,' published 1549. In 'Margarite 'of America' are two 'Pietate' copied from Dolce, which are full of colour, grace, and harmony; in William Longbeard

are three 'Fancies, after the manner of the Italian Rimes.' The last of these, with its closing couplet, has the shallow grace of a nineteenth century imitation :—

'When I admire the rose,
That nature makes repose
In you the best of many,
More faire and blest than any ;
And see how curious art
Hath deckèd every part,
I think with doubtful view
Whether you be the rose, or the rose is you.'

Another lyric, taken from Dolce, has a skilfully contrived rhythm with repetition words and half-hidden rhymes, which give a singular effect (somewhat analogous to that in Penthia's death song) of lingering to the metre :—

'I see with my hearts bleeding
Thus hourly through my pain my life desires;
I feele the flames exceeding
That burne my heart by undeservèd fires.
But whence these fires have breeding
I cannot find, though great are my desires.
O miracle eterne
That thus I burne in fire and yet my fire cannot discerne.'

In Milton's sonnets, of which Johnson memorably wrote that of the best it could only be said that they were not bad, imitation of form reached its climax and perfection. In more than two-thirds, according to Mr. Tomlinson's strict analysis, the metrical arrangement accurately represents the most correct Italian models. Henry Hallam, drawing attention to other resemblances, suggests that the idea of the sonnet 'Methought I saw my late espousèd saint,' was inspired by Bernardino Rota's similar vision of his dead wife Portia Capece. It is a sonnet Hallam briefly delineates as beginning in pedantry and ending in conceit, while, substituting the word *last* for *late* in the first line, he seems to wish to remind his readers that Catherine Woodcock had had a predecessor and was about to have a successor!

'The Restoration'—I quote Arthur Hallam—'was the 'trumpet of a great woe to the poetry of England: from 'this time we may date the extinction of Italian influence 'as a national feeling.' With Milton's sonnets and with Crashaw's 'Songs out of Italian,' which represent no less than Lodge's verse the facile and often delicate extravagance of the schools of Dolce and Marino, the register, incomplete as it is, fitly closes. In the works of the mystic poet of the

Flaming Heart, whose life has many corresponding points with that of his co-religionist, Southwell, both adherents of a fallen cause, both dying in early manhood, divine emotions again borrow the fire of earth's passions, and by just equipoise earth's passions assume the vesture of spirituality. This garb is, however, thrown aside in the love lyric, the first of three, following the long narrative translation of the 'Sospetto d' Herode.' It is a song which might well have made the 'author's friend' pause when he prefaced the posthumously published edition with his angry denunciation of the vanity of love sonnet and epithalamium writers, 'under-'headed poets, retainers to seven shares and a half; madrigal 'fellows, whose only busines in verse is to rime a poor six-'penny soul, a subburb sinner, into hell.'

'To thy lover
Deere, discover
That sweet blush of thine that shameth,
When those roses
It discloses,
All the flowers that nature nameth.

. . . .

O envȳ not
(That we dye not)
Those deer lips, whose door encloses
All the graces
In their places,
Brother pearls and Sister roses.'

The final juxtaposition of such names as those of Milton and Crashaw evidences the equal fascination with which the Italy of the past magnetised the minds of men so widely parted in sympathy and intelligence, in affections and imagination, as the austere author of the 'Hymn to the 'Nativity' and the human-hearted singer of Mary's motherhood, with the Baby the red leaves of whose lips can only rest upon her breast.

'No way but so
Not to lie cold, yet sleep in snow.'

One by one the figures of the poets who succumbed to that spell of the South pass before us, a motley roll call; Wyatt, a king's rival, ploughing in water, sowing in sand, learning the 'bitter fashion of forsaking,' whose reproaches are arraignments, and whose tears are gall; Surrey, 'the foolish 'proud boy' of old Barlow, Westbury's Dean, committed to the Fleet for the double offence of eating meat in Lent

and walking the City streets in unseemly manner, a year later the honourable marshal of Henry's army, whose hand never closed upon a bribe, the brilliant courtier terminating the gay and brave career of his thirty years, defamed by his only sister, and executed on a capricious charge for the over-ambition of an heraldic blazoning; Edmund Spenser, the ideal poet; Philip Sidney, the ideal soldier; drunken, coarse, dissolute, repentant Robert Greene; dauntless Southwell, whose shield argent no speck had ever stained—all these, with the Watsons, Draytons, Daniels, and Drummonds of literary life, afford perhaps as various types as the centuries could bring forth, yet one and all of these, and of their disciples and comrades in the vast army of poets, not excepting Shakespeare himself, are content again and again to merge their individuality, or, more strictly speaking, to disguise it, in an alien mode of sentiment, of form, and of phraseology, adopted from a foreign land.

To what cause to attribute the extent to which English writers assimilated and acclimatised the spirit of the great Tuscans is a question for the philosophers of the History of Poetry to deal with; yet even they may content themselves with the fact that, from the beginning of years and the making of man, the wind of imagination bloweth where it listeth, fanning strange fires and sowing strange seeds in many unexpected quarters. And the England of Elizabeth was ripe for the fertilising breath of Dante and Petrarca; it had reached the same climax of emotion and sensation, it was swayed by the same mood of worship and of passion as was the Italy of their earlier day. Had it not been so, for England they would have written in vain. If any truth be true, it is that every man in reading the books of others reads primarily what he himself puts into them, or, to use an American paradox, a man can only learn what he knows. Had the Elizabethans not known what they learnt from the Italians, had they been mere echoists, their verses would have lacked all the qualities by which they are immortalised:

> 'It needs much iteration to strike truth
> Into the human echo.'

It needs more than iteration, however persistent, to strike fire and life into those finest instruments of humanity which go to make a poet—a sensitive imagination and a rhythmical ear.

ART. III.—1. *Le Maréchal Canrobert.* Par LOUIS MARTIN, Rédacteur au Ministère de la Guerre. Paris: 1895.

2. *Le Maréchal Canrobert.* Par FRANÇOIS BOURNAND. Paris: 1895.

3. *Le Dernier Maréchal de France, Canrobert.* Par le Commandant GRANDIN. Paris: 1895.

BY the death of Marshal Canrobert, whose name has been long familiar to all Englishmen—indeed, for the last forty years, ever since the battle of Inkerman—the *maréchalat* of France has, at length, finally become extinct—that *maréchalat*, we may say, whose roll presents to us an almost uninterrupted line of noble names, including those of such famous warriors and able generals as no other country in Europe at least, if not in the whole world, has been able to surpass either in number, skill, or bravery. A glorious roll, forsooth, which extends back over seven centuries of French history. Well may the Vicomte de Vogüé declare in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' 'Le maréchalat était la pierre 'd'aimant où tendaient toutes les épées françaises.' The records of the 'maréchaux de France' have thus been ever indissolubly connected with the dynasties of the ancient monarchy from the days of the Capets, with the Napoleonic *régime*, with the Restoration and the latter Empire, whilst even the Second Republic has been presided over by the penultimate and perhaps not the least characteristic of the marshals.

The first marshal of France * is said to have been created by Philippe Auguste in succession to the last of the *grands sénéchaux*, Thibaut, Count of Blois, who was killed during the siege of Arc, at the end of the twelfth century; and amongst the most conspicuous names of the earliest marshals we find notably the De Montmorencys and the two

* At its origination the office of *maréchal* seems to have been more nearly equivalent to our 'Master of the Horse,' the etymology of the word being, it is said, properly derived from the two German words *march*, or *marach* (horse), and *scalch* (master). When on active service with his sovereign prince the *maréchal* marched with, or had charge of, the advanced guard, in order to arrange for the royal quarters, and to collect information and intelligence for the guidance of the campaign. He was thus in the position of a chief of the staff. Bouillet says that the term was originally 'Maréchal de l'Host.' The *maréchaux de camp* were officers under the commander-in-chief, whilst those of the king were called 'maréchaux de France.' *Vide* Dictionnaire Universel.

Boucicauts, father and son; the last-named having been created a marshal at twenty-five years of age by Charles V., whilst the elder Maréchal Boucicaut was one of the principal negotiators of the treaty of Brétigny, during the reign of Jean le Bon, in 1360, of whom it was written—

> 'Quand vient à un assault,
> Mieulx vault Saintré que Boussiquault;
> Mais quand vient à un traité,
> Mieux vault Boussiquault que Saintré.'

The senior of the two Boucicauts thus exhibited a character the exact converse to that of the brave marshal whose loss the French army now deplores.

During the crusades and in the Middle Ages there was only one marshal, whilst from the time of St. Louis until the accession of François I. the number of marshals was fixed at two; but François I. raised three to this dignity—one of them being Robert de la Marck de Fleurange—and Henri II. increased the number to four, at which figure it was maintained by the Etats de Blois in 1577. Henri IV., however, surpassed this limitation; whilst in the reign of Louis XIII. the bâton was degraded by its bestowal on Concini, who had never drawn his sword, and later by the promotion of Vitry, captain of the body guard, for having assassinated Concini in 1617.

Turenne, the very archetype of French marshals, the greatest commander of them all, together with Villars, were both elevated to the extraordinary dignity of 'Maréchal 'Général des Camps et Armées du Roi' by Louis XIV., who, before the end of his reign, raised the total number of marshals to twenty, the most famous of whom, next to Turenne, was Vauban, the father of modern fortification. The Count de Saxe was equally distinguished by Louis XV. as the third 'Maréchal Général.'

It would occupy far too much space to give anything like a complete list of the marshals, but a brief allusion to the modern generals who attained this rank, from the early days of Louis XVI., may prove somewhat interesting. Under this monarch nineteen marshals were appointed, of whom the names of Choiseul-Stanville, Castries, Lévis, and Ségur are perhaps most familiar to us.

On the re-establishment of the *maréchalat* in 1804, Napoleon promoted to be marshals eighteen of his generals: among them may be mentioned Masséna, Jourdan, Bernadotte, Lannes, Soult, Ney, Davout, Kellermann. Subsequently seven others were named in succession by the Emperor—

Victor, in 1807; Macdonald, Marmont, and Oudinot, in 1809; Suchet, in 1811; Gouvion Saint-Cyr, in 1812; lastly, Poniatowski, in 1813.

Louis XVIII. created six marshals, who contrast at least unfavourably with Napoleon's nominations, and three generals were similarly elevated under Charles X.—the Prince of Hohenlohe in 1827, Maison in 1827, and De Bourmont in 1830.

The Citizen King, Louis Philippe, named ten marshals—Gérard, in 1830; Clauzel, Lobau, and De Grouchy, in 1831; Valée, in 1837; Sébastiani, in 1840; Bugeaud, in 1843; Drouet d'Erlon, in 1844; Reille and Dode de la Brunerie, in 1847.

Louis Napoleon, when Prince President, made his uncle Jerome Bonaparte, formerly King of Westphalia, a marshal, in 1850. As Emperor Napoleon III. raised eighteen officers to the *maréchalat*—Harispe, Exelmans, and Vaillant, in 1851; Le Roy de Saint-Arnaud, Magnan, and, Castellane, in 1852; Baragnay d'Hilliers, in 1854; Pélissier, Randon, Canrobert, and Bosquet, in 1856; MacMahon, Niel, Regnault de Saint-Jean-d'Angely, in 1859; D'Ornano, in 1861; Forey, in 1863; Bazaine, in 1864; and, lastly, Lebœuf, in 1870. Thus, although Canrobert was the last survivor of the marshals, there had been seven junior to him on the honourable roll of the army list. A great void, therefore, has occurred in the national and military life of France by the disappearance from her army of the last of the marshals.

François Certain Canrobert was born at St. Céré on June 27, 1809. He was the second son of an amnestied *émigré*, who, formerly a captain in the Régiment de Penthièvre, had taken part in the siege of Maestricht, and, it is supposed, had also served as an officer, under the name of Belerose, in the ranks of the Chouans during the guerilla warfare of La Vendée; whilst the elder son, following the fortunes of the Great Napoleon during the fateful 'Hundred 'Days,' fell on the field of battle at Fleurus two days before all was lost at Waterloo.

At ten years of age the young François was sent up to Paris to stay with his maternal uncle, the well-known General Marbot, by whose interest he gained admission into the Institution de Senlis, to receive that education to which the sons of the Chevaliers of the Order of St. Louis were entitled. There he remained until he was seventeen, when he entered the Royal Military School of St. Cyr,

from which he passed out as a sub-lieutenant and was posted to the 47th Regiment of the Line. The young subaltern was well reported on; but we do not find that the military studies of his youth were extraordinary, or that he was 'the most successful of respondents to school and 'college questions.'* When, later, he passed as a full lieutenant under Castellane's command, that strict martinet and disciplinarian noticed him, at his inspection in 1835, as proficient in his duties, with a clear voice, fit to command a battalion, 'petit, laid, mais bien tourné,' spirited, zealous, very firm, active, and subordinate, having a taste for his profession—in fact, a picked officer, who deserved advancement in the interests of the army of the future, besides being one who would make an excellent adjutant-major. Such was Canrobert's reputation at twenty-six years of age.

That same year the 47th Regiment embarked for Africa, being commanded by Colonel Combes, a veteran officer who had fought under the Empire, followed Napoleon to Elba, and, as *chef de bataillon* of the Grenadiers of the Old Guard, commanded the hollow square within which the Emperor had taken refuge at Waterloo. No wonder that, under such a past master in the art of fighting, young Canrobert learnt in the field how to lead his men, and how to inspire them with personal feats of valour. No wonder also that the simple young lieutenant, now *sans famille*, became thoroughly imbued with Napoleonic ideas, whilst all the traditionary ambitions which had ever distinguished the soldiers of the Empire were now aroused within him. How these were made use of by designing men in after days shall presently be shown.

The 47th Regiment, directly on arrival, formed part of the force placed under Marshal Clauzel for the purpose of destroying Mascara, then the chief stronghold of the famous Abd-el-Kader. Mascara fell into the hands of the French without much trouble, but not before the 47th had been engaged in a little fighting, during which Canrobert was able to distinguish himself by his promptitude in bringing up his detachment to repulse an attack made upon the rear-guard of the brigade which Colonel Combes commanded. When attached to the column led by General d'Arlanges to establish a fortified camp on the Tafna, in order to afford

* *Vide* Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' cabinet edition, vol. iii. p. 72. As a matter of fact Canrobert's name appeared eighteenth on the list of those who passed out of St. Cyr in 1828.

communication between Tlemcen and the sea, the 47th had some warmer work cut out for it in 1836, when the troops in Algeria were placed under that sagacious veteran General Bugeaud, who at once perceived that the methods of warfare hitherto pursued by Clauzel and D'Arlanges had been wholly unsuitable for the country in which operations were being carried on. He insisted that the large bodies of troops should be subdivided, that field artillery should be dispensed with, and that light flying columns, with mountain guns, and *bât* mules for baggage, should be organised, in order to follow up the Arabs into their mountain fastnesses. Bugeaud had seen guerilla warfare in Spain,* and, although his brigadier-generals were at first disinclined to believe in his projected methods, the success which attended his change of tactics soon convinced them that the system was sound. This school of African warfare, which has now been followed for over half a century, was in this way inaugurated.

After promotion to the rank of captain and adjutant in the 47th, when twenty-eight years of age, Canrobert took a prominent part in the siege and assault of Constantine, during which the governor-general, Damrémont, was slain (being succeeded by General Valée), as were also Colonel Combes and many brave men along with him. During the operations Canrobert's horse was shot under him, and at the final assault he accompanied his chief, Colonel Combes, who led the second column of the attack. After mounting the breach, the leading column was almost annihilated by the explosion of a mine, and Canrobert was despatched by Colonel Combes, who was fatally wounded, to report to the Duc de Nemours the state of affairs. He had received a shot in his leg, but he managed to get back to the trenches, whence he was carried to an ambulance. For his gallant conduct at the assault Canrobert was mentioned in orders and granted the cross of the Legion of Honour.

In 1839 the 47th Regiment returned to France, but Canrobert, preferring active service in Algeria to garrison life at Perpignan, applied to General Castellane to be permitted to join a battalion of the Chasseurs à pied, just about to proceed to Algiers. Castellane thus described Captain

* As a captain Bugeaud had fought at Saragossa in 1808–9, and as a commandant, under Marshal Suchet, he had served throughout the campaign in Catalonia during 1809 and 1810.

Canrobert to the Minister of War, Lieutenant-General Cubières, by whom he was appointed to the 6th battalion:—

'M. Canrobert est un officier dont je fais le plus grand cas; il est très ferme, actif, très capable, bien élevé, fort instruit de son métier; il a le feu sacré. C'est un officier distingué et d'avenir, qui fera un excellent chef de bataillon dès que son ancienneté de grade permettra de le proposer.'

In the Chasseurs, as in the 47th, Canrobert was continually bringing himself to notice by his activity and bravery under Generals Baraguay d'Hilliers and Changarnier.

'Parmi ceux qui se sont le plus particulièrement distingués on a remarqué M. le capitaine Canrobert, qui a parfaitement secondé son chef de bataillon.'

Thus wrote the Governor-General of Algeria in 1842, when Canrobert was promoted to be 'chef de bataillon.' At the end of the same year, thanks to the personal influence exerted by General Marbot, that officer's nephew was appointed to the command of the 5th battalion of the Chasseurs d'Orléans, with which his name will always be associated,* inasmuch as the soldiers have included it in their regimental song, of which the refrain runs—

'Le cinquième bataillon, ventre à terre,
Commandé par Certain Canrobert.'

On July 4, 1843, during a sharp fight with a force of Kabyles, under some 'Kalifas' devoted to Abd-el-Kader, Colonel Le Flô, with some Chasseurs d'Afrique and Zouaves, being sorely pressed by the enemy and about to retreat, was succoured by a timely charge of the 5th Chasseurs d'Orléans, under Canrobert, who, hearing the noise of musketry, had come to the relief at the *pas gymnastique*, '*ventre à terre*,' on the principle, so often enforced in African warfare, 'qu'il 'faut toujours marcher au canon.' This affair was known as the 'combat de Chaffaïa,' and for his services on the occasion Canrobert's name appeared in general orders for the third time; and General Bugeaud recommended him for the ribbon of an officer of the Legion of Honour.

In 1845 Commandant Canrobert was engaged with the 'colonne infernale,' as it was called, throughout the operations against the fanatic Bou-Maza conducted by Colonel de Saint-Arnaud, in the course of which, it may be remembered,

* As the 10th battalion of the Chasseurs à pied is distinguished as MacMahon's battalion, so also, says M. Martin, the 5th battalion continues to be known as the 'bataillon Canrobert' to the present day.

a large number of Arabs in the caverns of Shelas were blocked from August 6 to 12, on which date the Colonel had all the apertures hermetically stopped up.

'La terre couvrira à jamais les cadavres de ces fanatiques. Personne n'est descendu dans les cavernes; personne . . . que moi ne sait qu'il y a là-dessous cinq cents brigands qui n'égorgeront plus les Français. Un rapport confidentiel a tout dit au maréchal simplement, sans poésie terrible, ni images.'

Of course Canrobert had no more share in this business than he had taken in the more notorious massacre of the fugitive Arabs in the caves of the Dahra during the previous year by Pélissier, who suffocated them by fires lighted at the entrances; but the occurrence of such deeds, which were duly reported to and acquiesced in by Marshal Bugeaud (now the Duc d'Isly), serves to indicate the style of warfare to which the French officers in Africa had become accustomed. It is almost needless to add that repeatedly Colonel Saint-Arnaud had occasion to praise the *sang-froid* and valour of his active coadjutor Canrobert in his despatches to the Duc d'Isly, who again reported to the Minister of War—

'C'est un officier du premier mérite, aussi brave qu'intelligent. Il serait à désirer que M. le commandant Canrobert arrivât vite à la tête d'un régiment.'

Although we must not linger over all the varied services of this brilliant officer during his fifteen years' campaigning in Africa, we must not omit to make some mention of his noted achievement at Zaatcha.

When General Herbillon was sent from Constantine against Zaatcha, the stronghold of Bou-Zian, Canrobert, now colonel of the regiment of Zouaves, after distinguishing himself, as usual, during the siege, led the principal column of the assault. By this time, says M. Chadeuil, the Colonel had grown passably stout, and the agility of the Zouave is proverbial, so he harangued his men somewhat as follows:—

'Enfants! si vous entendez sonner la retraite, vous saurez que ce n'est pas pour les Zouaves; rappelez-vous que je veux être le premier sur la brèche. Vous me porterez, vous me soutiendrez, vous me pousserez, vous me jetterez par-dessus les barricades, mais il faut que j'arrive.'

Of the eighteen men before him sixteen were killed in the breach; two of his four orderly officers were likewise slain, the other two severely wounded, and Canrobert, with a sergeant, followed by the rest of his Zouaves, succeeded in making good their entrance. Canrobert was promoted

to be commander of the Legion of Honour, and shortly after (March 1850) he was made general of brigade and stationed in Paris.

At this time the witty General Fleury, himself a former captain of Spahis, was searching Algeria to find a suitable Minister of War, who should play into the hands of the Prince President, with other African officers, to bring about the restoration of the Empire, Saint-Arnaud being selected to replace General Randon at the Ministry of War.

The one blemish upon the otherwise unstained career of General Canrobert was that which, to his everlasting misfortune, was caused by the blood of the Parisians slain by his brigade on December 4, 1851; but, as Kinglake says, it was 'to his honour that he, more than all the other 'generals employed at that time, had loathed the work of 'having to abet the midnight seizure of his country's fore-'most generals.' M. Louis Martin takes pains to excuse the subject of his memoir as much as possible for the share which he took in furtherance of that hideous but successful conspiracy which culminated in the *coup d'état* of 1851. According to the account quoted from Colonel Charras's 'Les Aides de Camp du 2 Décembre' and Vermorel's 'Les 'Hommes de 1851,' it appears that the young brigadier-general had been the marked object of Louis Napoleon's attentions since General de Saint-Arnaud had been appointed Minister of War in October 1851. His ambitions were especially appealed to.

'Il (le Président de la République) lui montrait dans une perspective prochaine le sommet de la hiérarchie militaire, une position magnifique auprès du Chef de l'Etat. Un jour à la fin d'un dîner il lui jeta, dit-on, ces paroles avec une affectation marquée: "Sous l'Empire un homme de votre trempe était maréchal à 35 ans, et sous ce gouvernement d'avocats il vous a fallu 25 ans pour devenir général de brigade."'

Canrobert still holding back, the Prince President engaged the services of a certain Madame K. to sound the young general, then but forty-two years of age, over whom by her graces and charms she had acquired a certain ascendency.* This creature of Louis Napoleon reported

* 'Il y avait depuis quelque temps à l'Elysée une sorte d'escadron volant. M. Canrobert y avait distingué et il poursuivait de ses amoureux hommages une intrigante de haut parage, russe de naissance, déjà connue par plus d'une aventure . . . Spirituelle, belle encore en dépit de sept lustres plus qu'accomplis, elle avait affiché la passion la plus vive pour le chef du pouvoir exécutif en 1848; depuis elle était

to her master that Canrobert had declared that in future he would obey nothing less than an order signed by the Minister of War. Shortly after this General Magnan, who had replaced the patriotic Changarnier in the command of the troops in Paris, assembled the generals of division and brigade under his orders, and, after enjoining their passive obedience to the general in chief, added that he promised not to act but on the express orders of his superior officer.*

The portion of this unhappy business assigned to Canrobert is soon disposed of. On the morning of December 2 he was ordered by General Carrelet, commanding the division to which Canrobert's brigade belonged, to occupy the Place de la Madeleine and its neighbouring streets with his troops, and there he remained the whole day; but it had been feared by the conspirators that when he should learn of the wholesale deportation and imprisonment of the representatives of the nation Canrobert's adherence to the cause of the embryo Empire might falter, and he might refuse to remain at the head of his regiments, and consequently the wiles of the temptress were again brought into play.

'Dans l'après-midi on le vit se promener sur le boulevard, pendant plus d'une heure, en face des troupes, à la vue de tous, donnant le bras à Mme K——, qui, amoureusement penchée sur lui, l'excitait au crime.'

As to December 4, General Carrelet reports how, on that date, when the firing commenced along the Boulevard Poissonnière, the horses of the battery attached to Can-

tombée dans les bras de M. Bonaparte, et de là dans ceux de nous ne savons quel individu de son entourage. Elle fut invitée à user de ses grâces et de ses charmes pour gagner à la cause bonapartiste M. Canrobert, toujours hésitant. Elle se mit à l'œuvre sur-le-champ et bientôt elle acquit un certain empire sur cet ardent poursuivant de son cœur, jusque-là dédaigné.'

* General Magnan 'expressly requested,' says Granier de Cassagnac (in his 'History of the Re-establishment of the Empire'), 'not to be apprised until the moment for taking the necessary dispositions and mounting on horseback.' In other words, adds Kinglake, though he was willing to use the forces under his command in destroying the Constitution, and in effecting such slaughter as might be needed for the purpose, he refused to dispense with the screen afforded by an order from the Minister of War. In the event of the enterprise failing he would be able to say, 'I refused to participate in any plot. The duty of a soldier is obedience. Here is the order which I received from General Saint-Arnaud. I did no more than obey my commanding officer.' See Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' vol. i. p. 247.

robert's brigade, being unused to musketry, got restive and out of hand, smashing the limbers and wheels of the gun-carriages, so that the battery was quite disabled from coming into action; his apologist quotes this fact as a proof that Canrobert did not use his field-guns against the people. Again, as to the continuous and heavy file-firing along his line of infantry, M. Louis Martin pleads that the death of the trumpeter Danot by a musket shot, evidently aimed at Canrobert himself from one of the houses, palliates, if it does not excuse, the dreadful massacre of unarmed citizens in this quarter of the city.* Should his readers, he adds, study all that has been written upon the events of this day, 'ils y verront qu'un soldat brave et loyal, comme le fut 'toujours le maréchal, ne figura point parmi ceux qui 'enivrèrent la troupe pour l'exciter au crime.' 'Une 'dernière fois, nous tenons à le répéter, Canrobert ne fit 'qu'obéir (*il le devait, d'après la discipline*) à ses chefs. . . .' We confess that we cannot bring ourselves to believe that any of M. Martin's arguments can lessen in the slightest degree the heavy responsibility incurred by Canrobert at this crisis, or palliate in any way the crime of which he was at least an accessory after the fact, if not an acquiescent participator. It has been necessary to deal with this shady portion of Canrobert's career, which we would but too gladly have passed over in silence.

The Vicomte de Vogüé assures us that when Canrobert heard of the banishment of his friends—Generals Le Flô, Changarnier, and La Moricière—he sent in his resignation to the Minister of War, who only tore it up; but this hardly accords with the fact that within a few weeks of the *coup d'état* he had been appointed personal aide-de-camp to the Emperor, and again accepted the reward of his services in December by promotion to the rank of a general of division, in command of the troops assembled in camp at Helfaut, near St. Omer. Moreover he was soon on intimate terms with Louis Napoleon and constantly in attendance on the Emperor during his courtship of Mdlle. Eugénie de Montijo, for he himself relates—

'J'étais de service et j'accompagnais mon souverain qui journelle-

* 'La seule part prise par moi dans ce feu,' declared Canrobert in the Senate, 'c'est de l'avoir fait cesser dès que j'ai pu y parvenir, car le clairon qui, à côté de moi, faisait par mon ordre la sonnerie: "Cessez le feu!" est tombé mort à mes pieds, frappé d'une balle qui certainement ne lui était pas destinée.' (Séance of December 12, 1879.)

ment se rendait des Tuileries au palais de l'Elysée ; il y restait depuis le déjeuner jusque vers minuit. Mme de Montijo et moi, nous étions comme les chaperons des deux futurs, qui jamais ne s'éloignaient ensemble du grand salon, dont nous occupions un coin discret.'

The fact is, up to this time Canrobert had been a poor man, and had to make his fortune. Finding, after a warlike speech which he addressed to the troops at Helfaut, that the funds went down, he is reported to have said, 'Ah ! j'ai pu 'faire baisser la Bourse ! Eh bien ! il faudrait qu'elle baissât 'beaucoup pour être au niveau de la mienne.'

When the Emperor Nicholas declared war in the spring of 1854 the fleets and armies of France and England were already moving towards the scene of the coming conflict, and Canrobert was the first to land with his division at Gallipoli. Later on his troops were in camp alongside Sir George Brown's light division at Varna, and that kindly acquaintanceship with his neighbours was first commenced which afterwards ripened into a lifelong friendship towards the English soldiers. In Bulgaria the camps of the allied nations were stricken by cholera, whilst the sufferings endured by the 1st Division of the French army, which was moved into the Dobrudscha, under Canrobert, resulted in the entire failure of that expedition, as described by Bosquet to General Rivet.

'Plus de cinq mille hommes de la 1re division ont quitté le rang, cinq frégates à vapeur ont dû les aller chercher en partie, le reste s'est traîné jusqu'ici ; 41 officiers, plus de 2000 soldats morts, etc. ; les Spahis d'Orient morts, déserteurs, licenciés ; la colère de l'armée sur le dos de Yusuf, d'Espinasse et d'autres peut-être. . . . Voilà le résultat de la campagne de la Dobrutscha ! '

Canrobert was one of the commission who arranged the landing of the allied forces in the Crimea, and he himself was the first person who sprang to land at Old Fort Bay and planted there the French flag. On the advance towards the Alma Canrobert's division led the way ; and no one needs to be reminded that in this engagement the hero of Zaatcha led his division worthily against Menschikoff's troops posted to contest the passage on the steep hills beyond. In fact, Marshal Saint-Arnaud reported to Marshal Vaillant—

'La 1re division a gravi les hauteurs par ses pentes les plus roides avec une ardeur dont son chef, le général Canrobert, lui donnait l'exemple. Cet honorable officier général a été frappé à la poitrine d'un éclat d'obus ; mais il a pu rester à cheval jusqu'à la fin de l'action et sa blessure n'aura aucune suite fâcheuse.'

It is a matter of history that Canrobert, although not the next senior general, possessed a commission from the Emperor authorising him to take the chief command of the whole *armée d'Orient*, should any accident or illness render Saint-Arnaud incapable of holding that post; and, consequently, when Saint-Arnaud died of cholera his successor had supreme charge of the 30,000 men composing the French expeditionary force on shore, whilst Admiral Bruat, his chivalrous coadjutor, commanded the naval forces of France off the coast of the Chersonese; so that the French army was never 'palsied for want of a chief,' as Kinglake, ever ready to disparage our allies,* would have us to believe. General Forey, although senior to Canrobert, cheerfully accorded his most loyal services to his old comrade, exclaiming as the two brave men shook hands, 'Vous 'n'aurez pas dans toute l'armée de lieutenant plus soumis.'

When the allied armies had made their famous flank march around the then almost defenceless Sebastopol, the English seized on Balaclava, although, as the French marched by precedence on the right, that port should more properly have been assigned to the latter. The French acted with great forbearance, and nothing could be fairer, writes Kinglake, than the course General Canrobert took. He 'generously and wisely' gave Lord Raglan the choice of occupying Balaclava or Kamiesch Bays; and the allotment resulted from the free choice of the British, and not from any endeavour to overreach them on the part of Canrobert.

It was, however, principally by the events of that November Sunday on the ridge of Inkerman that the name of Canrobert became so well and so favourably known in England as that of the general who so promptly and gallantly hurried up to the assistance of Lord Raglan's small army when wellnigh overpowered by the dense mass of the Russian battalions.

Although the French camp was at least six miles, over rough ground, from Mount Inkerman, Canrobert, regardful of his African principle, 'Marcher au canon,' straightway

* Kinglake takes peculiar pains to belittle the services rendered by the first division of the French army at the battle of the Alma; for example, he states that *if* Menschikoff had undertaken an advance against Canrobert's division, he would have found 'the French battalions quite soft to his touch;' mentions 'the backwardness of the division,' 'the unfaithful silence of the French,' 'the French returns were grossly erroneous,' &c.

brought up General Monet's three battalions, with Bosquet's division, in aid of the British on the home ridge, hastening to place himself by Lord Raglan's side in the fore-front of the fighting, whilst he did not omit to warn Forey's corps to prepare itself for the sortie which General Timovieff was certain to send against the siege works and trenches.*

When the Russians succeeded in reaching the crest of the Inkerman plateau, Canrobert had been struck in the right arm by a shrapnel-shell fragment, and was on foot—his horse having been shot under him—readjusting the bandage of his wound, close by Lord Raglan, who was mounted. 'No two men,' writes Kinglake, 'could be easily 'found more unlike one another in temperament than the 'French and the English commanders, now again side by 'side on Home ridge—the one consumed by anxiety, the 'other enshrouded by some mysterious quality of his nature, 'which seemed to keep troubles aloof from him.'

The Russians, under Prince Gortschakoff, were forced to retire before Pennefather's and Codrington's divisions, now strongly reinforced by the timely arrival of the French infantry and Boussinière's twelve heavy guns of position; whilst Timovieff's sortie was not only repulsed with loss, but followed up and pursued right up to the very lines of Sebastopol by Forey's division. The honour of the day was saved, and the danger which might easily have proved a disaster was averted by the happy intervention of Canrobert.

As soon as the despatches announcing the victory at Inkerman had reached Westminster the thanks of both Houses of Parliament were unanimously voted and forwarded to the French general in the Crimea.

Indeed, Canrobert's partiality for the British soldiers was frequently evinced in many ways; and his letters afford evidence of his friendly feeling towards them. Thus after the terrible winter had set in, and when his own men were housed and fed in comparative comfort, owing a good deal to his own anxious solicitation and watchful provision, his feelings of sympathy were excited by the sufferings endured by his allies.

* A comparison of the numbers engaged sufficiently indicates to whom the victory was really due. 'Altogether, the allied infantry now on Mount Inkerman comprised between 12,000 and 13,000 men. Besides his 8,000 French infantry (which retained an unbroken organisation, and comprised 5,000 fresh troops), General Canrobert had under his orders a powerful artillery, with also 700 horse.' (Kinglake, vol. vi. p. 412.)

'L'armée anglaise sait combattre avec une vaillance qu'on peut appeler sans égale; mais elle est loin d'avoir pour la guerre nos prévisions, notre savoir-faire et notre industrie. Nos alliés, qui sont bien sur le champ de bataille les plus solides soldats que l'on puisse rencontrer, sont tellement étrangers aux simples notions du service des armées en campagne, pour ce qui concerne les précautions hygiéniques, la répartition des heures du repos et du travail, la confection des travaux de fortification, etc. . . . que leur effective diminue sensiblement; mais, je le répète, ils savent noblement racheter ces défauts en face de l'ennemi.'

By the end of the winter half the British army had been rendered inefficient by sickness, whilst the French force, strongly reinforced, was in a fit state to march anywhere and to do anything. This was chiefly owing to Canrobert's careful nursing of his troops.

After the arrival at the French head-quarters of General Niel, with special authority to inquire, to advise, and even take entire direction of the French engineers and the siege works, besides being entrusted with a secret mission from the Emperor, and after the recall of the Kertch expedition, the relations between Lord Raglan and Canrobert became more strained; * and when in addition, at the beginning of May, the submarine electric cable was connected with the Chersonese, and the French commander-in-chief began to get 'pelted' with telegrams from Paris, Canrobert felt that he was unequal to supporting the constant wear and tear of such harassing discord much longer.† Accordingly on May 16 he telegraphed to the Minister that, as his health would not permit of his keeping the chief command, his duty towards his sovereign and his country forced him to request permission to resign the command to General Pélissier, an able leader of great experience. The army which he would hand

* In his letter to the Emperor Canrobert—May 19, 1855—mentions 'les ardues difficultés que je viens d'éprouver pour préparer l'exécution du plan de campagne de Votre Majesté, devenu *presque impossible* par la non-coopération du chef de l'armée anglaise, la position très fausse que m'a créée ici vis-à-vis des Anglais, etc. . . .'

† One of Pélissier's staff officers writes at this time: 'Le général Canrobert n'a rien fait à la vérité: le fardeau était trop lourd pour lui. Néanmoins il a un grand mérite; c'est pendant l'hiver de n'avoir pas désespéré de la position critique dans laquelle se trouvait l'armée, et d'avoir su inspirer aux soldats la confiance qu'il avait en eux. . . . Personne n'oubliera jamais que c'est grâce à sa vigilance, à ses soins, que l'armée a pu vivre et rester intacte au milieu des rigueurs de l'hiver dernier. Ce fait seul suffirait pour illustrer un général.' (*Lettres écrites de Crimée par le Capitaine Loizillon.*)

over to him was intact, fit, full of go, and confident; Canrobert therefore begged the Emperor to let him remain to fight at the head of a division. Napoleon telegraphed the same day that he accepted the resignation, and that Canrobert should take the command not of one division but of the corps d'armée under General Pélissier. But Canrobert preferred rather to command his old division than take charge of the 1st corps d'armée. As General Thiry expressed it:—'Le général Canrobert est un brave homme et un homme de 'cœur; il n'a même pas voulu commander le 1er corps; il re-'prend son ancienne division. *C'est une conduite romaine.* 'Jadis ceux qui avaient été consuls devenaient sans difficulté 'les lieutenants de leurs successeurs; mais cette modestie 'n'est plus guère de notre temps.' In fact, as simple general of division Canrobert took his turn of service in the trenches every three days; and the saying was rife throughout the siege works of the left attack, 'Quand la Canro-'bert donnera Malakoff tombera.' * But this was not to be; for on July 26 the Emperor ordered the return of his aide-de-camp, and Canrobert embarked for France, where on his arrival he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, whilst in addition he was elevated to the dignity of a senator. On the occasion of the banquet given to Queen Victoria at the Tuileries on August 19 Canrobert was placed by her side at the table, and afterwards received at her hands the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath. At the end of the year the regiments just returned from the Crimea made a triumphal entry into Paris, and Canrobert, by order of the Emperor, rode at their head. His honours culminated by his nomination to the much-coveted rank of 'maréchal de France' early in the following year.

April 1859 found Marshal Canrobert commanding the 3rd Corps d'Armée des Alpes, which was, in fact, an army of observation, being the prelude of the forthcoming war with Austria. By the end of the month, and when Canrobert had organised the three divisions of his force at Lyons, it had become the 3rd corps of the Army of Italy, and its commander was already at Susa and on his way to Turin to

* Canrobert, after receiving the peremptory order from the Emperor to return immediately, went for the last time up to the battery of Lancaster guns to take a final view of the siege works. 'Comme Moïse,' he said, 'j'ai vu la terre promise et il ne m'a pas été permis d'y entrer.' This was all his complaint. The soldiers all cheered him. He was too popular to be permitted to remain.

advise King Victor Emmanuel on the line of defence which the latter had already established on the Dorea Baltea in order to cover Turin. It is manifestly impossible here to follow all the movements of the 3rd corps during the campaign. It must suffice to indicate the most critical periods when Canrobert's actions were important towards deciding the fortunes of the day, more especially because the Marshal has been accused by several of his own comrades of slowness in bringing up his divisions; but an examination of Canrobert's own notes clearly shows that the delays were caused by counter-orders and other causes over which he had no control. Nevertheless, it has been stated by one of our own critics of the Italian campaign that 'Canrobert missed a 'chance of distinguishing himself at Palestro, nearly lost 'a battle by coming up late at Magenta, and showed a 'caution amounting to timidity at Solferino.'

During the advance on Magenta Canrobert's march was continually impeded by the blocking of the only road by the reserve artillery and baggage wagons of the 4th corps. Later he had to withstand the whole brunt of the final attempt to turn the French right, until, Trochu's division coming up, the columns under Giulay retired. Canrobert was in the thick of the fighting—in fact, so much so that he, with his staff, being charged by the Hungarian hussars, narrowly escaped, two of his aides-de-camp being killed by his side. There was not much personal timidity about Canrobert, but the weight of responsibility in manœuvring a whole corps d'armée must ever prove most onerous to all but a heaven-born leader. So also after the great battle of Solferino, on June 24, where to Marshal Niel, who seems always to have been jealous of his colleague, the honours of the day were attributed, Marshal Canrobert's movements were severely criticised. In Niel's report of the action the following paragraph occurred:

'Malheureusement le maréchal Canrobert, menacé sur sa droite, ne jugea prudent de me prêter son appui que vers la fin de la journée.'

Considering that Canrobert had sent the divisions of Renault and Bourbaki to support Niel, together with all his cavalry, accompanying them himself, and contributing largely to the success of the engagement, Marshal Niel's report stung his generous colleague to the quick, and it is said that the Emperor himself had to intervene to prevent the scandal of a duel between two of his highest officers.

As soon as the treaty of peace had been signed at

Villafranca Canrobert obtained leave of absence to recruit from the fatigues of the campaign at Vichy and Aix; obtaining subsequently, on the death of Marshal Castellane, the command of the 4th corps d'armée, whose head-quarters were at Lyons. It was whilst holding this important command that, in January 1863, the Marshal married Miss Macdonald, who, throughout the remaining years of the Empire, was one of the ladies who formed the brilliant *entourage* of the Empress Eugénie, whilst the Marshal succeeded to the command of the 1st corps d'armée at Paris.*

At last the fatal declaration of war with Prussia came, and with it Canrobert soon discovered that the Parisian battalions of the Garde Mobile were wholly undisciplined and out of hand. Some of the telegrams which passed when the Marshal was organising the 6th corps d'armée at the camp of Châlons are given by M. Louis Martin; and most instructive are they as to the disastrous state into which the war department and departmental services had fallen. For instance, with the twenty field batteries belonging to the 6th corps there was but *one* solitary veterinary surgeon. The number of contradictory orders with which the Marshal was 'pelted,' as in the Crimea, from Napoleon at Metz and MacMahon at Saverne is inconceivable. To make matters worse, after MacMahon has had to retreat from Froeschwiller, as he states, without supplies, without ammunition, for which he appeals in vain, for Canrobert had none to send, Napoleon telegraphs that the Empress requires Canrobert's presence in Paris; so off the Marshal starts, only to be told when he gets there that his presence is not required. Meanwhile his corps d'armée has moved up to Metz, whither the harassed Canrobert has to follow it *on a locomotive*, only just in time, as within a few hours later all communication had been closed between Metz and Châlons. It was not for the first time that Canrobert found the personal interference of the unfortunate Emperor to be detrimental to national interests.

Marshal Bazaine was a far younger man and considerably junior in army rank to Canrobert, who nevertheless did not hesitate to place himself loyally under the orders of one whose reputation as a military strategist had gained for him the command of the Army of the Rhine. Marshal Bazaine

* In succession to General Magnan.

repaid this self-abnegation of his senior by imputing to him all the failure and disasters of August 18.

On the 17th, whilst still at Vernéville, which position he was ordered to quit for St. Privat the very eve of the great battle, Canrobert wrote to Bazaine, 'Je demande 'avec instance à Votre Excellence de ne pas oublier que je 'n'ai *plus de cartouches, plus de munitions d'artillerie*; qu'en 'dehors de la viande que je fais acheter sur place je n'ai plus 'd'approvisionnements.'

To the heroic defence which the 6th corps made at St. Privat the Prussians themselves have borne witness. Prince Frederick Charles brought twenty-three batteries into action, without counting the Hessian artillery, and their fire was concentrated on the defenders of St. Privat, whose ranks were torn by this hail of projectiles, as the retreat was effected in good order. Marshal Canrobert himself relates—

'Je marchais tout doucement, en m'arrêtant toutes les dix minutes. J'espérais toujours recevoir des renforts. Enfin, voyant que je ne recevais rien, j'envoyai un officier de mon état-major rendre compte à M. le maréchal commandant en chef de l'obligation où j'avais été de battre en retraite.'

When the delimitation of the frontier between France and Germany was being discussed the old Emperor William expressed to M. Thiers his wish that the fields of St. Privat and Gravelotte should be included within his new dominion. 'I desire,' he said, 'that the bodies of my dead soldiers, 'especially those of my Guards, who there died for me, 'should rest on German ground, and to effect this I will 'give orders to my diplomates to be less exigent to the 'south of the Vosges.' And therefore, as M. Thiers remarked to the late Marshal, 'if we have preserved Belfort 'within our boundaries it is to the heroism of your soldiers 'who defended St. Privat that we owe it.'

When it came to the last moment before Metz was given up, it was a question whether a final effort should or should not be attempted to break through the Prussian lines. Canrobert declared emphatically against this project, which, said he, could only enable the Prussians to score another victory, whilst it would add another disaster to their own reverses. A sort of conspiracy, it is said, was got up in Metz by the generals, who were indignant at Bazaine's contemplated capitulation. They proposed to seize Bazaine and offer the command to Canrobert, who was to lead them out to cut their way through the Prussians. The Marshal refused the command, but expressed himself as ready to

march out under the orders of whatever general undertook to carry out this impossible project.

Next came the question of delivering the standards at the capitulation. General Soleille was, it appears, ostensibly ordered to collect the flags and to burn them at the arsenal, but this was not accomplished. Canrobert having received orders to have the eagles of his cavalry and infantry conveyed to the arsenal from Bazaine, whose letter included this sentence, 'Vous préviendrez les chefs de corps qu'elles 'y seront brûlées,' duly executed this order, for, as he afterwards declared during the trial of Bazaine, he had no choice. 'Dans une armée il y a un chef et des soldats; 'qu'ils s'appellent maréchaux ou tambours, ce sont les soldats 'du général en chef.'

In reply to a question from Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers Canrobert said, 'Je suis trop soldat pour que, recevant de 'mon chef l'ordre d'aller quelque part, je n'y aille pas. Je 'lui ferais peut-être des observations, mais je m'inclinerais 'devant ses ordres.' He was a true soldier in the fullest acceptation of the word, and a strict disciplinarian himself; any idea of indiscipline was foreign to his nature, to the whole tenor of his military life.

The Germans marched into Metz on October 29, and by November 4 Canrobert was breakfasting with the deposed Emperor at Wilhelmshöhe. A few days afterwards the Marshal proceeded to Stuttgart, where he remained interned until the end of the war. During this interval of four months' leisure he wrote three brief papers on the past campaign. The first is entitled 'Note sur l'Armée du Rhin-'Metz (1870),' the second dealt with the 'Causes Générales 'de nos Défaites,' and the third set forth the 'Conditions de 'nos Succès Futurs.' These form the only literary remains of one who was a master of the sword but not of the pen.

In the first he spoke up well for his chief Bazaine, and deprecated the outcry against that general.

'Le maréchal commandant en chef l'armée du Rhin avait été désigné par l'opinion publique, et cette même opinion n'avait cessé de le maintenir sur le parvis de la gloire et de la renommée jusqu'au 28 octobre, jour où, pour une question *prosaïque de farines*, il avait dû succomber. Dès ce moment cette opinion se déchaîna contre ce chef avec la même légèreté et la même exagération qu'elle avait mise à l'exalter: nouvelle et grande leçon qui prouve une fois de plus combien la Roche Tarpéienne est rapprochée du Capitole, et combien le succès semble ici-bas tout légitimer.'

The causes of the French disasters are plainly given, and

it is interesting to read them as recorded by a general who, intimately and closely connected with the Third Napoleon as he was by his own account, had apparently never warned his sovereign of the necessity for preparation, never urged the imperative need of practical reform of the many abuses in the whole system of military administration during the fourteen years that had elapsed since the Crimean war.

These causes he enumerates as follows:—

'1. We could oppose barely 300,000 combatants to more than a million men.

'2. Our regiments badly organised, with an inferior class of non-commissioned officers, contained far too many soldiers from the reserves, hastily called to the ranks, without sufficient drill.

'3. Our war organisation really did not exist. The infantry regiments had not been posted to divisions, nor had divisions been formed into compact army corps, furnished with all necessaries for war; whilst the chiefs were unknown to their soldiers, and the soldiers to their officers.

'4. Our artillery, deplorably inferior in number, was likewise inferior in its range or accuracy of fire; and, not having been sufficiently practised in manœuvring, always clung too close to our troops on the fields of battle.

'5. Our cavalry had no idea of scouting, reconnaissance, or outpost duty; and in battle contented itself with charging bravely on the enemy, without understanding how to take advantage of the ground, of the opportunity, or of other circumstances.

'6. Our staff corps, more accustomed to office work than to field work in the open air, generally ill mounted and of indifferent horsemanship, did not either by its activity, its initiative, or spirit of vigilance or management, by any means attain to the level of that high mission which had been assigned to it by its creator, Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr. It understood but little of reconnaissance duties, of the use of spies, of indications—in short, of intelligence work generally—and often was ignorant of the position and force of the enemy.

'7. The engineer department had not placed in a complete state of defence a single one of our frontier fortresses. It had kept up for long years many useless and costly places, where the fault was committed of crowding defensive garrisons, who could have been employed more usefully elsewhere.

'8. The commissariat, more red tape tied and methodically regular on paper than practical, had become wholly mixed; it did not know how to provide its stores beforehand, and its service of supply had been so badly organised that nearly always the troops were deficient of provisions, which greatly impeded or paralysed the operations.

'9. In short, the thoughtlessness of the declaration of war and the precipitate hurrying of troops to the frontiers deprived us of those natural allies on which we should most surely have counted.'

Could any more severe indictment have been made against

an army, pronounced too by one of its chiefs, a military adviser of his sovereign, who for many years had held high commands of large camps of manœuvre and wide territorial districts? Surely this is self-condemnation with a vengeance.

The paper continues its impeachment of all concerned, from the inexperienced generals-in-chief down to the civilian element which added confusion to their councils. The post-script is very characteristic of a French general, and perhaps of Canrobert himself specially.

'Et cependant, malgré les trop graves inconvénients signalés plus haut, les armées françaises eussent peut-être évité les affreux revers si elles avaient pu, comme naguère (avant l'emploi des nouveaux engins), faire usage de l'arme blanche et des colonnes d'attaque qui toujours assuraient et donnaient à la *furia francese* un de ses moyens d'action!'

In like manner the Marshal winds up his short paper on the 'Conditions of Future Success'—a mere sketch of the principal points to be looked to in defining the duties of the separate services and departments in the army—by an aphorism which expressed his appreciation of the true great failing in the French army of 1870: '*La discipline et l'esprit militaire sont la base de toute armée.*'

After the signature of peace Marshal Canrobert reached Brussels on March 18, 1871, and the first use he made of his liberty was to offer his services to M. Thiers and General Le Flô, who were then at Versailles organising the operations against the Communists. Although General Le Flô had been one of the victims of the *coup d'état*, although obliged to decline the services thus offered by one of the prominent actors in the tragedy of December 1851, now that he was Minister of War in the Government of the Republic, none the less did he write to Canrobert most courteously, having served with him in former days in Africa, 'Vous eussiez retrouvé en moi le vieux et respectueux camarade d'autrefois. '. . . Mais ce que je vais vous affirmer, c'est que vous ne trouverez ici, quand il vous conviendra d'y venir, que la sympathie affectueuse et *l'estime que vous avez imposées à tous les honnêtes gens.*'

After the suppression of the insurrection, however, when the Government had become somewhat firmly established, General de Cissey was able to get an appointment for Canrobert, who thenceforth presided over the committee on the classification of officers for promotion; and later on the Marshal served as a member of the Defence Committee, besides being placed on the Conseil Supérieur de la Guerre.

The veteran officer was too sagacious to allow himself to

be nominated in the Bonapartist interests as a candidate for the National Assembly, but he was elected a senator for his native department in 1875, and again for La Charente in 1879. He naturally took no part in polemical discussions, being of opinion that soldiers ought not to meddle in politics. As he said, 'il est indispensable que l'abstention de l'armée en 'matière de manifestations d'opinions publiques soit absolue.' Nevertheless he was ever ready to give the State the benefit of his experience in matters of military organisation and the interests of the army.

During a debate on the projected regulations for the staff of the army Canrobert laid down the following dictum on the attributes of the staff:

'L'état-major est à une armée ce qu'un chef d'orchestre est à toutes les parties concertantes, c'est-à-dire qu'il n'invente rien, mais qu'il dirige l'exécution des ordres et la pensée du général en chef.'

At length, in 1883, he presented, and the President, M. Jules Grévy, accepted, his resignation of the duties which he had exercised up to that time. He was then in his seventy-fifth year, and had served France for over fifty-seven years. Looking back over this period of military duty, the fine old soldier could exclaim, 'Dans le cours de ma longue carrière 'j'ai toujours pris pour principe: "*Fais ce que dois, advienne* '"*que pourra.*" Jamais je n'ai décliné la responsabilité de 'mes actes.'

Henceforth the retired veteran resided in the Rue de Marignan at Paris, occasionally visiting his country house at Jouy en Josas, where, to his great regret, he lost his wife in 1890. He appeared in public for the last time at the funeral of his friend Marshal MacMahon, at the end of 1893, in the Chapel of the Invalides, where he was, a few months after, to follow his late comrade. After the death of Mac Mahon Canrobert was the senior of all the European field marshals and the last of the old 'maréchaux de France,' and with the last moment of his life the *maréchalat* of France likewise expired, on January 23, 1895.

The Chamber of Deputies was asked by M. Ribot, then Premier, to grant a public funeral to a gallant soldier who on the fields of battle in the Crimea had shown his valour and abnegation, who at St. Privat had fought in the last open battle which the French had been able to deliver against the Prussians. Homage was due not only to the man, but to the ancient army of France in the person of its last representative. The new army of France, which was syn-

onymous with France herself, saluted Marshal Canrobert as the chief of the old army. The President of the Council implored the House not to exhibit before Europe an unseemly discussion over the grave of the last marshal of France. Nevertheless a tumultuous debate ensued before the necessary vote was secured by the Government with a large majority; and even in the Upper House the Senators were not altogether unanimous.

On February 3 the funeral rites were celebrated with all that military and religious pomp in which the Parisians delight, in the church of St. Louis, behind whose altar is the entrance to the vault sacred to the marshals.

Hard by the bronze gates of the Great Napoleon's separate tomb is this crypt, devoid of ornament, excepting the urns containing the hearts of Vauban, of Kleber, and of Hautpoul. Forty recesses constructed for as many bodies are but partially occupied. Amongst others resting here may be found those with whom the subject of our memoir was closely associated: among them, for instance, are Bugeaud, of African, and Saint-Arnaud, of Crimean fame; Pélissier, whose body has already been twenty years in the grave; and MacMahon, who survived him for a similar period. Side by side with these now rests Canrobert, who had been for forty years a marshal, and for the last year of his life *le dernier maréchal de France*.

ART. IV.—1. *Finland in the Nineteenth Century.* By Finnish Authors, illustrated by Finnish Artists. Helsingfors and London: 1894.

2. *Vignettes from Finland.* By A. M. CLIVE BAYLEY. London: 1895.

3. *Il Kalevala.* Studio Storico-Critico. Da DOMENICO COMPARETTI. Roma: 1891.

ZACHARY TOPELIUS, the most genial and patriotic of Finns, tells us in one of his stories how the high gods, when they set about the making of worlds and continents, unluckily forgot Finland. All their gifts and good things were exhausted ere they discovered their mistake; and that mistake was an irrevocable one, since, through their lavish bounty to others, all their blessings had passed out of their own power. The gods themselves cannot, as is well known, take back their gifts, so there remained neither warmth nor wealth, neither sunshine nor vein of gold, neither wines nor precious stones with which to dower her. Thus it came about that Finland inherited nothing but herself, and her dowry still consists of her soundless wastes, of granite boulders, of lakes and islands, of strawberries, of meadows where her milch kine graze, and, above all, of the silence of her forests, where the pines grow faultless in their towering height, straight and strong as the masts of some 'great 'admiral.' Such is the legend of the creation of Suomi, the land of the strawberry, 'far set amid the melancholy 'main,' between the Gulf of Finland and the Gulf of Bothnia.

Putting legend aside, it is impossible not to be struck by the physical geography of this country, especially by the great deposit of drift and of huge erratic boulders that cover its soil. Signs of glaciation abound, both in these stones and in the innumerable lakes, ponds, tarns, and bogs which are so characteristic of Finland. Formed sometimes in the solid rock, out of which some primeval glacier has scooped their bed, the lakes are often found to be dammed up by such accumulations of unstratified drift as melting icebergs would leave. These depressions, which follow each other in chains, occupy nearly 42,000 kilomètres of the total face of Suomi. In much smaller proportions the same sort of chains may be noticed in Forfarshire, and in Brittany between Le Mans and Vitry. A traveller might in both these instances fail to notice them, but in Finland they are

the distinguishing feature of a country of which one-tenth of the surface is a gathering together of water, while one fourth of it may be described as 'watery.' Yet, in spite of the legend of the gods' mistake, Finland would be happy and prosperous were it not condemned to an annual recurrence of a 'glacial period,' were it not what the 'Kalevala' calls it, 'a land of cruel winters.'

Finland lies between 60° and 70° of latitude. Its coasts continue to rise from the sea at the rate, in some places, of three feet in a century. Its most northern point is where the Karasjoki flows into the Tana, and its most southern extremity is that promontory of Hangö of which the port is not always wholly closed by ice. Part of the coast consists of naked cliffs of granite, which rise to a marked but not an impressive altitude; but far more frequently the coast line dies away in a fringe of insignificant and barren islands. The multitudinous channels which intersect such an archipelago, or skerry, require expert pilots, so do the waters of the shallow lakes. Navigators must rely on buoys and beacons and danger signals, since the landscape of the Finnish mainland can offer but few salient points by which to steer. Sometimes there are a village and factory, and more rarely there is a church, with a belfry and with that quaint outhouse in which of olden time men stacked the arms that it was indecorous and unfair to bring into the house of God, and which is now used to store, during divine service, the furs required for a journey by boat or *kyyti-rattaat*. One thing is always lacking, viz. a mountain or a range of hills that might form a background to this monotonous foreground of stones and weeping birches. The highest hill in Finland only measures 858 mètres, though there is a hilly district between Kuopio and Kajana, while behind Joensuu there rises a hill of respectable proportions, and there is a ridge known as the Ridge, a continuation of which, where it is prolonged into Russian territory, serves to separate the waters of the Gulf of Finland from the White Sea. The slope of the country towards the sea is very gradual. The Saima Canal, with its twenty-six locks, has only a fall of 76 mètres, and it is often difficult to distinguish the waters of some black lake from those of the river, which, with a really imperceptible current, runs, or rather leaks, out at its lower extremity. There are, however, some remarkable rapids on Finnish waters, such as those on the Tornea, the Ulea, the Kymmene, and the Vuoksi. The last-named of these rivers is full of

beauty from its fall, by two branches, into Lake Ladoga, where it becomes one of the feeders of the Neva, up to the bridge at Jääskis and its birth-place above the great waterfall of Imatra. Big with the overflow of the Saima lake world, the Vuoksi there tears through a long narrow gut or gorge, and flings into waves of every shape and of rainbow hues a greater volume of water than passes over the Horseshoe Fall at Niagara.

This Saima, known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands, has no parallel in Europe, and on its banks at Willmanstrand the late Czar built himself a country house. The lake is very well fitted for yachting, and a journey of fifteen hours may easily be passed in one of the small steamers which ply on its waters, and which ultimately, by means of the Saima Canal, reach the sea at Viborg. Many of the thousand islands are treeless lumps of rock or stranded little rosettes of juniper, alder, and purple heather. Others again carry fragments of virgin forest, and some notion of the extent of this extraordinary basin may be arrived at if we think of Soidinsalo, which measures 1,605 square kilomètres, and which is surrounded by water on all sides.

In Finland there are just two months of summer, July and August, and during those weeks there is often a frost keen enough to ruin the potatoes and to damage the rye. September and October make up the autumn. Late roses flower up to Michaelmas, and the season is beautiful with tints of crimson, grey, and gold, but the tarns are frozen over, and even the canal boats push their way through crisp ice. The time to visit Finland is at midsummer, during the weeks when through the long blond night there is no darkness at all to render visible a single star. When the first star does show the people are aware that the year has turned, and that before long their brief summer will be dead.

One of the prettiest pages in Miss Clive Bayley's very pretty book of 'Vignettes from Finland' is her description of a summer dawn. The Hull steamer is lying off the harbour of Abo, waiting for a pilot.

'About one, as the dawn broke, we glided slowly forward. Round the horizon a broad rainbow of colour belted the sky, bright in pink, yellow, and green, the violet and blue of the sea being added to the hue of the sunrise. We moved away almost imperceptibly among the small rugged rocks, which still looked black in the grey light around us. A yacht, with her sails full set, lay floating in the dead calm. There was not a ripple on the water, nor any sound save that of our

own motion. Here and there stood a lighthouse or signal tower, and white cairns of stones seemed to mark specially dangerous or fatal reefs. . . . Soon after changing pilots we came among the larger islands, which seemed to increase in size as we neared land. They were rich in tall timber, some of the pines rising in faultless spires above the forest, while others, as they showed like ragged masts against the sky, spoke of wind and tempest. Rushes fringed the islands now and again with a dash of exquisite green, but in the grey dawn the colour of the forests seemed sombre, though relieved here and there by the delicate hues of the silver birch. Suddenly we changed our course a little, and the sun caught some of the yellows and greys of what I suppose are sand, limestone, and granite rocks, and invested them with a perfect halo of light. The channel too opened out, and the reaches of water between the larger islands are very beautiful. Wooden huts, rich in red colouring, showed here and there among the trees, and now and again a little craft, poised motionless as a bird, would appear in the bend of a bay or close to the shore of some islet. . . . This is, at all events, a charming entrance to an empire which stretches eastward to the further shore of Asia.'

This grand-duchy of Finland, of 144,000 square miles, with its 2,770,000 inhabitants, is very little known. The public is not only capable of mixing up Finland and Lapland, but is apt to treat Finlanders and Finns as identical, which they are not, because the former name describes the inhabitants of the country, recruited, as they must be, from many sources, while the name of Finn indicates the men and women who belong to the original Ugrian race. What is this race? Let Topelius reply to this question. That he is well able to do so is proved by the fact that in this collection of able reports on Finland, printed in English at Helsingfors, the task of describing the early inhabitants and the influence of later immigration on the stock has been entrusted to him.

'Where history has lost all trace philological research has succeeded in finding relations of race. We are told by philologists that Finns belong to a numerous race, the Finnish-Ugrian, descendants of which are spread over a vast territory, from the Ob and Ural in the east to the banks of the Danube in the west and south, where they are represented by the Magyars. The nearest relations to the Magyars—at least as far as language is concerned—are the Ostiaks, on the Ob and the Irtysch, and the Woguls, about the Ural. In the east of European Russia there dwell the brother races—the Zyrians and Wotiaks, the Mordvinians and the Cheremesses, the two last-named of whom live on the Volga and are more closely related to the Finns. . . . It was only on the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia that the branches of this numerous race, which had spread so far north-westward, at last found a refuge for human culture, sheltered by the wilderness and yet

attainable by the seas. The fact that the Finns still exist, that they have preserved their national individuality and succeeded in attaining to European civilisation, is in great part due to the peculiar nature of their country, which is so bleak and cold, but at the same time so sunny, so enclosed and yet so open, so sheltered, yet so accessible to European influences. . . . The Biarmas, on the Dwina, so powerful till the fourteenth century through their commerce and wealth, and also the Magyars, are the only nations of Finnish race that ever founded an empire. All the rest seem to have lacked political initiative. . . . The Biarmas defended themselves against the Sclavonians for 150 years. It likewise took the Swedes 150 years, with three crusades, to conquer bit by bit thinly populated Finland, which, moreover, was torn to pieces by civil wars. The united Russian forces needed about three centuries to conquer this country, and did it also bit by bit.'

Topelius makes out such a good case for the Finnish race that we are sure it is only with regret that he confesses

'no written chronicle, no document, no cuttings in the rocks or runic monuments recall the memory of these heathen Finnish races, who did not know the art of writing. All that we know about them would have been confined to antiquities from the stone and iron ages, to weapons, ornaments, and remains of fortifications, &c., and to the scanty descriptions of other nations, had the Finns themselves not retained a tradition of uncommon richness and vitality. Epic songs, interspersed with legends and incantations, descended from generation to generation through many centuries, but were not written down till the end of the last century. Elias Lönnrot collected them and put together the scattered remains of a great national epic, comparable to the Homeric odes, and which in 1835 was published with the title of "Kalevala." The latest of these fifty runes bear traces of the influence of Christianity, but most of them give evidence of great age, and the oldest suggest a relation with the myths of India. . . . The Finns were sun and fire worshippers. Among all the neighbouring races they have until modern times been known for their witchcraft, and have themselves believed in this mysterious power. But in all Finnish sorcery there is a leading thought of noble elevation, which more than any other natural religion approaches Christianity, viz. that the world was created by the Word. The Word prevails over everything. Strength is only an outflow of wisdom, and only he is wise who possesses the creating word, the "word of origin," as it is called, without which any incantation is powerless; and there lies the chief difference between the views of the Finnish races and those of the Aryan, for the latter races have always considered heroic power to consist chiefly in exploits of the sword.'

Perhaps if Topelius had been disposed to philosophise deeply on this difference he might have found that it arose from a difference in the ethical standpoint of the races. Its bearings on social life have been practical enough.

The Finns could never have subjected themselves, as did the Latin and the Norman people, to feudalism and a military dictatorship. They would fight for their country, but never for aggrandisement; and who knows whether in 'the 'difference' to which Topelius draws attention we may not find an explanation for the incompatibility of the Finns with their Russian masters? Theirs is an antipathy more subtle and more deep-seated than can be accounted for by political reasons only. Let us grant that the governor-general of the grand-duchy be a Russian, and an orthodox believer, and that he and his family may possess all the womanly *morgue* and all the manly *superbe* (as Richard Cœur de Lion called it) of which an imperial and imperious government is capable, still the provincial governors are of native growth. At this moment Viborg is ruled by a gentleman who is a Finn and a Lutheran, one whose piety, grace, and accomplishments ought to mollify all rancours of party and creed. What is more, the liberties of Finland are really safeguarded by the terms of the union. It is not in Finland as in the Polish provinces of the Russian empire. Corporal punishment is forbidden, deportation to Siberia is impossible, and the Finns are allowed to elaborate with all care and prudence their own system of prison discipline. Their schools are excellent, and itinerant teachers lodge in the farmhouses of very thinly peopled districts. The pastors will not confirm children who cannot read and write, and in a Finnish regiment only 2 per cent. of the men are ignorant of these elementary steps on the ladder of learning. In the Russian army, in 1860, only 2 per cent. could read or write. By 1870 the number had risen to 11½ per cent.; but even now it leaves a great deal to be desired, the more so as Alexander Alexandrovitch closed a good many of the schools which Alexander Nikolaivitch had opened.

This subject of educational superiority is one in which Finns feel keenly. No real physical barrier separates the grand-duchy from her great neighbours. Lake Ladoga, with its 6,804 square miles of surface, is really a Finnish lake, because it is fed for the greater part by Finnish streams, of which the Neva is the outcome. St. Petersburg is within six hours of Viborg by rail; Russian officials run down to their *datchas*, or country houses, in Finland from Saturday to Monday, as Londoners do to Chislehurst or Watford; yet the so-called union is not, and will never be, a union of hearts. The ill-will and the distrust of the Finns are kept alive less by any malversations of the Russian

tchinovniks than by the capacities and the aspirations of the diligent and law-abiding Finnish people.

But here we must pause to ask, What is this people? It is the product less of heredity than of environment, of gradual developement, and of a chronic dislike to their masters. A people is like a great river. It is fed by affluents, by streams that have issue at different levels and that have run through different soils, but whose combination secures strength, volume, and impetus. The solidarity of all those racial elements, which might otherwise be contending and unconformable, is gained when men have learnt that union is strength. Such a union is procured by adjustments that are not all self-interested, by concessions that are not all hypocritical, by submissions that are not all servile, and it is secured by a sense of that need for mutual assistance which prosperity implies and which adversity necessitates. Among the Finnish population the harmony that has been reached gives a great impulse to commerce, to industry, and to letters. That it has not been lightly won we must proceed to show.

Differences of language prove that originally more than one race peopled prehistoric Finland. Yet the local dialects, like the whole group of Baltic tongues, have the same characteristics. They are all distinguished by the paucity of consonants, and by that great developement or multiplication of vowels which renders the language sonorous and flexible, and makes such Finnish names as Urdiala, Runolinna, and Lavola so pleasing to the ear. The language is not an easy one to learn: what language can be that boasts of fifteen cases? The student must remember the nominative, partitive, genitive, inessive, elative, illative, adessive, ablative, allative, abessive, prolative, translative, essive, comitative, and instructive. A great deal of instruction will assuredly be needed to enable a learner to master such a syntax as this, particularly when it is remembered that the moods of the verbs do not fall behind the cases in variety and intricacy. He will have to wrestle with moods infinitive, passive, imperative, optative, conditional, and concessive. Then he has to consider the declensions, indicated by a change in the termination of a noun, and not, as in English, by the use of such prepositions as *of*, *in*, *for*, and *by*. For example, Jääskis is the name of the town where a fine bridge spans the Vuoksi, but from the parsonage, or the chemist's shop, you must write 'Jääskiissä.' In the same way *tölli* is a cottage; for 'in the cottage' you must write

'töllissä.' Very curious points for philologists occur in Finnish. Under Sir Robert Morier's *régime* at the English Embassy in St. Petersburg a fine monograph on Finnish grammar was made by one of his staff. Mr. Eliot, in his profoundly able introduction, says—

'Although the common opinion about Finnish is that it is hopelessly unlike any European language, it must be admitted, by all who have studied it, that it presents a very close approximation to the Aryan type, due, no doubt, to the strong and consistent foreign influence to which it has been subjected. As is well known the vocabulary is overrun with Scandinavian words, often the equivalent of the simplest ideas, which must have been borrowed not lately, but before the earliest period of which we have any record. In the structure of the language itself this approximation is not less striking. It manifests itself in two ways—negatively and positively. As regards the first, Finnish has abandoned many contributions which are to be found in other languages of the same group, but which are unknown in Aryan grammar. Thus we find no trace of the object being incorporated with the verb, or of the verb taking possessive as well as predicative suffixes. On the other hand the positive resemblances are very numerous. It cannot be denied that the declensions, whatever be their origin, are, in their present form, very similar to those of Latin and Greek. The case suffix forms a whole with the noun. . . . The only difference between Finnish and Greek or Latin declensions is that the first is more regular and transparent in its character, though even here, some cases, as the partitive singular and the genitive plural, do show considerable diversity. The adjective is fully declined, agrees with its substantive, and takes degrees of comparison. The verb is clearly distinguished from the noun, and the scanty supply of primitive tenses has been supplemented by a number of forms combined with the auxiliary verb, after the analogy of German and Swedish. There are, on the other hand, a great many infinitive and participial constructions which recall Turkish. . . . On the whole it may be fairly said that Finnish really presents no great differences from Aryan languages, except in its euphonic laws, its use of pronominal suffixes, the infinitives and participles, and some syntactical peculiarities. Compared with such a language as Ostiak, or even Magyar, it shows the clearest traces of foreign influence, and of *non-Aryan material recast in an Aryan mould*. . . . The tendency to advance from the primitive forms and constructions of the Ugro-Altaic languages to a mode of expression more in harmony with Western thought reaches its height in the modern literary Finnish. It is no reproach to this language to say that it is artificial.'

This is very true. If in the very construction, in the bone and tissue of the language, it appears that Aryan and occidental communications have corrupted Ugrian speech, much more should alteration be found in the Finnish of the modern, very modern, Finnoman. His talk is artificial,

just as the Provençal of the Félibres, of Roumanille and Mistral is artificial, and little of a guide to the conversation of the flower-pickers and of the washerwomen in a Provençal *lavandou*. The process by which this over-fine Finnish is grown is easy to trace, since in trying to assimilate European, and especially Anglo-Saxon culture, a mass of translations has been made. To run one's eye over such a catalogue of books as a Finnoman loves to exhibit is to notice at once that many, too many, of the works for sale are not Finnish books, though written in Finnish and printed at Helsingfors or Borga. They are the books of Bulwer, of Dickens, of Darwin, and of Mrs. Humphry Ward, to say nothing of such classics as the Scott novels, of books on medicine and botany, and the like. It stands to reason that the translators, moved by their very anxiety to do justice to the originals, should have coined and adapted forms of thought in the first place, and forms of speech in the second, that were not proper to their archaic mother tongue. Necessity is proverbially apt to quicken invention, and even in speaking of the compilation of the far-famed 'Kalevala' Mr. Eliot says—

'Neither can any one who knows Welsh or Gaelic, and the comparatively slender stock of ideas and of words to express ideas which the Celtic world possessed and the Celtic mouth required, wonder at the number of newly invented words in the Provençal of the poets, or in the Finnish of the "Kalevala."'

Ardent Finnomans explain away some of the anachronisms with which Lönnrot's version is reproached, by saying that the word is old enough, and that though a modern and a far-fetched signification may now be attached to it, it once had another and a truly archaic meaning. This may sometimes be true, but the Finnoman who rushes into this controversy is really reopening the question which assumed the proportions of a warfare as to the authentic nature of Macpherson's 'Ossian.' In that case a vast mass of Ossianic legend and poetry was assumed first to be genuine and then to be nearly spurious. Patient modern investigation has convinced us that not only did the Gaelic world possess all the poems that Macpherson captured and translated, but there existed, and in some districts there still exists, as much and more traditional matter associated with Ossian and with Fingal. We are now also awake to the variants which exist of all unwritten tales, and we are therefore able to approach the question of the 'Kalevala' runes in an unprejudiced spirit. So did Professor Julius Krohn, of Helsingfors,

the best and greatest of the commentators on the national epic, and, like his son, a folklorist of repute. The variants are additions to our knowledge, not disproofs of the authentic nature of a rune, and as the 'Kalevala' is avowedly not the work of one mind, or of one age, we need not stumble when we come on newer grammatical forms, or find some newer ways of expressing ideas which have long been the current property of the Finnish race. We have said that Krohn's commentary is of paramount authority; but later came Professor Comparetti's book, which, if largely borrowed from Krohn's, is none the less an epoch-making essay. An associate of the Royal Academy, called 'dei Lincei,' he brought out his work in Rome, and the world is the gainer that one of the ablest Greek scholars in Italy should have applied himself to the epic poem of Finland. Comparetti is no mean authority on Dante, all the more so that he benefited by the vast erudition of the late Don Michael Angelo Caetani, Duke of Sermoneta, as the care and acumen so acquired have stood him in good stead in the study of the 'Kalevala.' Comparetti says of his essay that it is anatomical, and really this description is a fair one. He dissects the poem; and the 'Kalevala,' studied at home by men like the Krohns, by Ahlquist, Donner, Setälä, Hertzberg, and Neovius, has everything to gain at the hands of the foreign expert whose zeal has led him to visit and revisit Finland, and to investigate, with the truest sympathy, the scope and tendencies of Finland's great epic.

Comparetti holds that for the composition of the 'Kalevala,' as we now possess it, Lönnrot laid under contribution traditional poetry of *every species*, adding to the groundwork of such narrative (but not historic) poems as might be justly termed heroic many subsidiary narratives, nuptial odes, incantations, and fragments of lyrics, so that the 'Kalevala' has come to be 'a synthesis of all traditional poetry.' How justly the Italian professor judges we shall realise when with him we go over the 'arguments' of the fifty runos. The many digressions and the quaint episodes that are incorporated with the groundwork of the epic show up most plainly; as, for example, the runos Nos. 19 and 21–25, which are a collection of nuptial hymns, and the runos 45, 47, and 48, on the birth of fire and the origin of evil, which are passages of moral and philosophical interest only, and not even real interludes. Episodical too are the death of Lemminkäinen, and the history of the lyre (*Kantele*), in the runos 3, 39 (latter part), 40, and 41.

The expedition in search of the Sampo cannot be regarded with anything but the greatest interest. Critics are not agreed among themselves what this Sampo was. Was it a plough, a vessel, or a mill? Was it a bolt magically forged, and kept in a case with a coloured lid; or was it a web mystically woven, many-hued, and wonderful? It was at all events an article the possession of which conferred great advantages; its capture engaged many minds, and fairly inebriated a few. According to the orthodox arrangement in fairy tales three heroes went in search of it. The 'old and 'truthful' Väinämöinen was at their head, and he took his harp with him. The Sampo was found, was captured, and was got safe on board their vessel. Songs of triumph were sung; the world was to know a halcyon time. But count no men happy till they are dead. Thanks to the arts of a malevolent witch, a storm arose; the thunder fell, the good ship went to pieces, and the precious Sampo went to the bottom of the sea. So perish the hopes of men and of nations. Not only have we in this expedition a presentiment of the Argonauts and their search for the Golden Fleece, but we have a foretaste of the quest for the Holy Grail, which makes the *Leitmotif* of the whole Arthurian legend. We are not sure if it was meant to be the *Leitmotif* of the 'Kalevala,' but it forms the most tangible incident in what Max Müller ranks as among the great epics of the world. The true origin of this Sampo myth is not historical. We meet with it in many places and many disguises, but it has its birth in the emotions of men. It originated when men became aware of their desire to have and to know, to eat of knowledge, to get gifts for men, to realise their ideals. Here the story is as pathetic as disappointment can well make it. All the wasted energy of the men who strained at the oars, all the illusory hopes of the leaders, are set forth. One malevolent woman blights all their hopes, but the poem explains itself. The grand old singer has even lost his 'Kantele' in this ruin. But men become great by what they know, and it is by suffering that they learn. *Pathemata mathemata.* It is through their own efforts, by their own consistent 'sailing to the never pleasant Northland,' and not by success, that they grow heroic. 'Where,' asks the bard in his first despair, 'where is the force in earth or 'heaven That will help a soul in pain?' Väinämöinen remembers that he must help himself. To begin with,

> 'Time will fly on equal pinions,
> Whether we have songs or silence;'

and the world needs his *Kantele*. So he sets to work to make a new one. 'Sorrow carved it, and carking care;' but the poet lives, and draws sweetness from it. He has learnt that the offence must come, and that the vision being for an appointed time, men ought always to pray and not to faint. So ends the quest of Väinämöinen, and it leaves the old minstrel more wise, more pathetic, and more fit to be a leader of men. A high soul, as Goethe would say, surely 'underlies the childish play' of the fancy in this old Finnish runo. The most advanced religious belief has not found any better palliative for evil than the struggle against it in the quest for truth; and the divinest prayer ever breathed has for its final utterance one submissive yet urgent cry, '*A malo libera nos!*'

Väinämöinen the bard is the true hero of the 'Kalevala,' and just as the poem opens with him and shows us his progress, like that of Ulysses, through experience to knowledge, so it ends with his disappearance. But let there be no mistake. Such a man could not be lost. So Väinämöinen is not dead; only departed. He had once before, like Orpheus, visited the shades. Now he has heard of the birth of the Virgin's Son, and he is troubled. A Greek legend says that on the night when Christ was born in Bethlehem the powers of nature were troubled at His coming, without whom there was nothing made that was made; so the forests were full of voices that sobbed, because 'great Pan is dead.' In the same way Väinämöinen feels that his kingdom will be given to another. We see him pushing off in his boat, bound for some unknown shore. 'Westward, westward,' sailed the hero,' and on the 'lower verge of heaven,' on the confines of the world he will tarry till Suomi, 'hungry for 'the true religion of patriotism,' again invokes her seer. 'Watch for me,' he says, 'at dawn of morning,'

> 'That I may bring back the Sampo,
> Bring again the harp of joyaunce,
> Bring again the golden moonlight,
> Bring again the silver sunshine,
> Peace and plenty to the Northland.'

Whenever the hour strikes he will return like lost Jeremy the prophet, like lost Marko of Servia, like Charlemagne and Barbarossa and lost King Sebastian, and like the blameless son of Uther, who still waits in Avalon.

If Väinämöinen had such glorious counterparts, so also had Ilmarinen, the immortal smith. The myth of the great

artificer is to be found all over the world of folklore, and Ilmarinen's hammer seems to have had all the powers of Thor's. His universal genius is reproduced in the Irish legends about their dark-haired and mysterious builders, and also in the Sutherlandshire tales about Holy Gilbert, the *Gobhan*, or smith, to whose ingenuity the peasants still love to ascribe any notable piece of workmanship. As Comparetti says—

'From runos so devoid of historical basis how is it possible to ask them for any record of their origin, for any remembrance of the root whence they sprang? How can we ask it when the subject of their narrative is in itself a problem for the wise? Many have asked, "What does the 'Kalevala' mean? Has it any technical significance? Is it myth, or allegory, or symbol? He who should seek for the kernel of the 'Kalevala' will find the nutshell empty." It is really a collection of fragments bearing on the old culture of Finland, when men first accounted for the birth of fire and of song, and began to discern, as in the quest of the Sampo, "the pain of finite hearts that yearn."'

Space forbids us to go further into the mythology of the 'Kalevala.' Enough has been said to show that for the folklorist the book is a mine of wealth. Some of the legends are so childishly whimsical as to be barren of interest for a grown-up world; others, again, are highly suggestive and beautiful, as, for example, the account of how from the tears of the divine poet Väinämöinen pearls were born, or how, when he framed his *Kantele*, or lyre, its strings were made from the fair hair of a girl who was waiting for her bridegroom. Before leaving this subject it is well to listen to a few words from Lönnrot himself, to hear the Homer of an epic which has no foundation in history, but which is full of the magic as well as of the natural philosophy and the earliest ethical tendencies of the Finns.

'As none of the singers of runos can measure himself with me in the matter of the mass of runos by me collected, I conceive that I have the same right as those singers have ever arrogated to themselves, viz. that of arranging the runos in the order in which they may seem to me best to adapt themselves the one to the other.'

This was Lönnrot's theory and practice, and so guided he produced a very remarkable and a very stirring piece of work. But a disappointment awaits the traveller who by the help of either the diction of the 'Kalevala' or the grammar of Mr. Eliot should imagine that he has learnt Finnish. He may have vanquished and overcome the syntax, and boldly have attacked the prosody; but woe betide if, in idioms so accurate, he should ask his boatman whether a salmon is

likely to-day to rise to his fly from the 'tail' of this or that pool. 'Kitchen Finnish,' as the Russians are pleased to term it, must really be learned *viva voce* from the moormen who win their hay, from the reapers and the lumberers, or from the bargemen who bring the loads of deal planks through the canal to the sea. In society it is not easy to acquire more than a smattering of Finnish, because, owing to the tradition of Swedish influence and Swedish culture, and under the reality of Russian supremacy, the native tongue is pretty nearly banished to the kitchen. Swedish is spoken in the drawing-room, and in Swedish the poet of yesterday recorded impressions which have little in common with the old runos. Officially three languages are recognised, and the name of every station is written up in Finnish, in Swedish, and in Russian. It may very well happen, however, that near the frontiers the station master, in his pride of office, will decline to answer your enquiries about your luggage except in Russian. If you turn for help to the *emäntä* and her two daughters, who wear fringed white silk handkerchiefs over their hair, and stand beside you on the platform, you will find that they can only speak Finnish, and call Viborg *Vipuri*. So do the children who offer birch-bark baskets, full of strawberries, for sale, while your companions in the railway carriage give you to understand that they only understand when they are addressed in Swedish. After investigation it will appear that they not only can speak Finnish, but that they are quite able to converse with you in French or in German; but so great is their dread lest any suspicion of conferring with Russians should attach to them that they prefer to take refuge in invincible ignorance. They belong, it seems, to the Svekoman party, and its existence is now so much of an anachronism that, to account for it, we must revert to the history of Finland at a period anterior to her conquest by Russia. The first conquest of the country by King Eric of Sweden took place in 1157; the Swedish dominion was maintained during centuries, and Finland, when incorporated as a province, enjoyed the same political rights as the mother country. Needless to say that a Swedish immigration took place, which drove the Lapps northwards to the Polar circle, and that a fusion was effected between the immigrants and the purely native races. It was to St. Erik that Finland owed the introduction of Christianity; and the English tourist who, landing at Abo, visits its cathedral, may remember with pleasure that this evangelising and

martial king had to send to England to find the first shepherd for the recently converted Finns. St. Henry now lies in Abo, having met a martyr's death, and having recognised as his successor another Englishman named Thomas. The oldest part of their cathedral now left standing dates from the first half of the thirteenth century; but Abo is best known by the signature of a treaty of peace, when, in 1743, Sweden allowed the Russian frontier to be pushed forward to the river Kymmene.

The Finns are fond of boasting that, though founded in the twelfth century, the Swedish dominion in Finland was able to resist all Russian attempts at aggression till the era of Peter the Great. That after his reign things should wear another aspect is easily explained. Not only had Russia realised her mission as a European Power, and not only had the testament (real or fictitious) of the imperial ship-carpenter fired the imaginations of his successors, but the capital had become fixed at St. Petersburg. Now St. Petersburg as a locality, with its wide river, its many islands, its flat, ugly horizons, its marshes and canals, and its fogs, is essentially Finnish, and, what is more, Finland proper has become the strategical frontier for the city. A train from Helsingfors by Viborg runs straight into the capital, and the possession of the grand-duchy is essential to every White Czar who represents at the Winter Palace, rests at Peterhof or Tzarskoe Selo, and sleeps his last sleep in the fortress of Peter and Paul, beside the brimming Neva. Imperial Russia, throned no longer in central Moscow, but in this outlying St. Petersburg, could not live if she had not Finland for her own. Possessed of Finland, as she is, there is not the smallest chance that she will ever let her best bulwark go. For this reason the history of the country, since the erection of St. Petersburg into the residential capital of the Russias, is that of a never-ending and still beginning struggle to have and to hold the grand-duchy. There was a war in 1788, and war again in 1808, when the Emperor Alexander Pavlovitch announced his intention of annexing the whole of the Swedish possessions in Finland. Successful and self-satisfied, this Czar, who coquetted with a code and with constitutionalism, issued a manifesto declaring to the Finlanders that their ancient laws would be inviolably maintained. Every Czar, from that day to this, has said, and had to say, the same thing, and Finland has really preserved the position which Speransky

desired for her when he said to his Imperial master, after the Diet of Borga, 'Finland is a State, not a province.'

Generations have come and gone since Speransky spoke, and though a certain russification of measures and manners has unavoidably taken place, the 'form of government' of 1772, and the 'Act of Security' of 1789, and the 'Act of 'Legislation' of 1809 are neither null nor void. The privileges of the four orders who sit in the National Diet, the laws regulating the Lutheran Church, and the statutes which refer to the Bank and the currency, the maritime code, the organisation of the military systems, and such matters of penal and civil law as fix the permanent standard of legality are the inheritance of the modern Finlander. Why, then, should he complain? and whence arises his jealous distrust of Russia? In the first place he dreads a commission charged to codify his old and still existing laws. It has not appeared yet, but he sees it on the horizon of practical politics. Next he dreads an amalgamation of the duties which would raise his own taxes from 5*s.* in the pound to 11*s.* 8*d.*, or rather more than double them. Finally, he dreads the establishment of the Orthodox Church on such lines that the Lutheran religion would in Finland be reduced to the place of a permitted sect. It is in the matter of mixed marriages that the Finn is most unpleasantly reminded of the difference between himself and the Russians. These were cases not foreseen by the Act of Legislation, and the bitterness of feeling is increased when the Lutheran inhabitants of any district are compelled to maintain with their money an Orthodox pope and his ritual. This is done under the pretext that the Orthodox believers are too few and too poor to keep up a place of worship for themselves. The grievance is real, and not made more palatable by the gross ignorance of the Orthodox congregation they provide for of the simplest rudiments of Gospel knowledge. The Orthodox attitude with regard to the marriage tie is severe, but then Russian morality falls so far below its theory that here again we must make allowances for the intense annoyance roused by the interference of the clergy. There are very few Jews in Finland, so that the anti-Semitic agitation is not yet among her troubles. Her Diet contains labour members, and this Diet is supplemented by a State Council of 14 members, over which the Governor-General presides, and where decisions are given in the name of the Emperor.

In 1812, and while the organisation of Alexander Pavlovitch was still young, an interesting moment presented itself.

From having been a friend and admirer of Napoleon Alexander had become his enemy and the soul of a coalition against France. One of the first points in its formation was a meeting between the Czar and Karl Johan, the lately chosen Crown Prince of Sweden. The two princes met at Abo, and conjecture, ever busy, put about a report that Finland was to be restored to her former masters. The Svekoman party rejoiced, but their joy was short-lived. No such project was really in the air. The wish only had been father to the thought, and Sweden, for her co-operation in that struggle which the Russians still speak of as 'the war 'of the forty nations,' was only presented with Norway. Even at Vienna, where the changes in State boundaries were so manifold, no one attempted to attack or question the union of Finland with Russia. That remained and still remains inviolate, not because of any sympathy, real or latent, between the Empire and the grand-duchy, but because, as we have just pointed out, Finland is the necessary buffer, the outwork, the anteroom of St. Petersburg. Many distinguished men have held the post of Governor-General of Finland. There was first Barclay de Tolly. Then came Prince Alexander Menschikoff, and Ormfelt, so well known for his opposition to the views of Speransky, and later there came Adlerberg, who advocated the construction of the railway to the frontier, and even to the capital. The present Governor-General, Count Heyden, is not popular, perhaps the less so because his wife (whose charitable establishments form one of the glories of St. Petersburg) has gone to where, beyond all voices of senators, representatives, and *tschinovniks*, there is peace. The Governor-General resides in Helsingfors, with occasional visits to a villa near Juustila, on the beautiful waters of the Saima Canal. Though the visible head of the State he is not the head of society. It cannot be concealed that the landed gentry of Finland, who speak Swedish, have Swedish traditions and sympathies, and, in a great many cases, are of Swedish extraction. The work of the great landowners in their own districts is certainly excellent. The villages of wooden huts are made to look neat; the schools, almshouses, and churches are in excellent repair, and among the local magnates you find men who are cultivated and accomplished, and whose eyes are open to the claims and to the wants of modern times. The drinking habits, which in good society were once as jovial and as excessive as those of provincial Scotland, are things of the past. Around such landlords live the native Finns, hewers of wood and drawers

of water, clearers of the forests, and above all makers of butter. They speak their native speech; they are poor, frugal, and hard-working, if prone to hard drinking. These peasants breed horses, weave and spin, work in the sawmills and dairies, and are all the time capable of a great amount of training and culture. It is curious to see barefoot—we had almost said bare-legged—peasant women working in dairies where the machinery, the bookkeeping, and the Pasteurisation all demand skill, attention, and care. Many landowners own from 200 to 500 cows. They pay great attention to the breeds, and have more than once bought in the Scotch and English markets, especially from the Duke of Buccleuch's herds. In some fortunate instances such a landlord has learned the native language. He lives among his own people, where not only is he the local magistrate, the local lecturer on temperance, the local contributor to the native press, but he and his daughters are glad to be the local doctors, surgeons, and nurses. These gentlefolk are patriots of the best sort, though their sympathies must be sometimes torn by a strangely divided sense of patriotism. They live as Finns among Finns, but they have to accept service and take office under Russia, and as generals, admirals, governors, and heads of sections they must carve out careers for themselves. Their children's careers must also be considered, and among other anomalies to which they are exposed is the appearance, from time to time, of a Russian bride brought back by a son who has spent some time in St. Petersburg, or in some garrison town of Holy Russia. In time the strife of Svekoman and Finnoman must cease, for the former party must diminish in numbers and importance. Let us hear what Miss Clive Bayley has to say of the present state of parties.

'Nothing is more striking than the calm common sense which rules supreme in matters of national policy. Anything like resistance to authority is unknown, except among criminals. There is never any sedition, *émeute*, or mob in Finland. Absolutely law-abiding and unprovocative, the Finns keep a vigilant look-out for every symptom of Socialism, anarchism, or any other ism that might give Russia an excuse for interfering. . . . So closely are the ports watched, and all the more effectually that they appear to be unguarded, that a Nihilist or anarchist would have little opportunity of escape. This is the practical way in which the Finn serves his country and promotes liberty, by checking license. . . . There has been one terrible mistake made in past Finnish policy. The Swedish element considered itself for a long time an oligarchic and aristocratic *crème de la crème*, and utterly scorned their Finnish fellow-countrymen. The latter, by

an aberration of judgement hard to pardon, coquetted with Russia, in order to break the power of the nobles. It is broken, but the party now known as New Finnoman see in a coalition with the Svekoman the only source of strength and stability. In this young party, growing up in the place of the original heroes and patriots, who but for their one fatal mistake might be called the fathers of their country, lies the hope of Finland. The Svekoman sees that the energy, the independence, the doggedness of the Finn, his tenacity of purpose, reserve, and prudence, give him a force which presents an almost impervious front to Russian chicanery and intrigue. The Finnoman in his turn sees that the higher social culture of the Svekoman is not a thing to despise. Hence has sprung up a young Finnoman party, which includes most of the talent, wit, and genius of Finland, and has for its aim the glorification and maintenance of Finnish nationality alike in art, literature, education, manufacture, and commerce.'

The Finns are very democratic, very proud of their progress and of the way in which they have grappled with the questions of the redistribution of land, the liquor trade, the rights and employment of women, people's libraries, &c.; so they are not disposed in things temporal or spiritual to ape Russia and the Russians. They remind you of that great empire of which the Archbishop of Kherson and Odessa frankly said 'he saw no signs (1889) of any coming dawn.' In Finland there are daylight and energy. It is to this energy that we owe the series of papers on Finland. Let us glean from the very massive volume before us some details as to the methods in which Finland expresses her aspirations as well as her powers.

The literary reputation that rises first to our lips is that of Runeberg. He was at college with Lönnrot, but whereas the one devoted himself to the old runos in the Finnish tongue the other was the great ornament of the Swedish literature of Finland. The friends founded the Private Lyceum of Helsingfors, and a sentiment of love for the Fatherland became the chief spring of their literary activity. Runeberg's first home in East Bothnia early developed that love of nature which his masterpiece, the 'Elk-Hunters,' exhibits, but it is his lyrics which live in the mouths and hearts of men and women. By 1839 his reputation was made, and Xavier Marmier, in his studies on the literature of the north, places beside Oehlenschläger and Tegner the poet of Borga. His wife, Fredrika, was a poetess, and the house which the gifted pair occupied in Borga is now a National Museum. The 'Vårt land' of Runeberg, set to music by Pacius, has become Finland's national anthem, and when he died, in May 1877, all the four estates took part in his funeral.

The divine spark is not extinct in the family, and Walter Runeberg modelled the statue which commemorates his father's genius in the centre of Helsingfors. 'Literature,' says Aspelin, 'was the first expression of the thoughts and 'feelings of the Finnish people, but the attainment of a high 'standpoint and the circumstance that the Finnish lan-'guage is now being employed in most departments of 'human knowledge justify the assertion that the result 'of the work of developement is a national literature.' Nothing can be more true than that Finlanders turn their attention to all departments of human knowledge. In the country you find not only excellent roads, but telegraphs, telephones, the electric light, and all modern resources, unless indeed it be carriages more luxurious than the droskies that ply in Abo and Viborg. It is true that in those towns the pavements are not suited for vehicles of a better kind, but, on the other hand, when you have jolted over the stones to the bank you find there polyglot partners and four or five fair-haired lady clerks behind their desks. In Finland the question of employment for women has received great attention. The country is poor, the middle class is both well educated and ambitious, if very simple in dress and living, and the daughters are now brought up intelligently. As bank and telegraph clerks, and as *masseuses*, many of them earn their living most creditably, and even when they emigrate Finnish governesses are in demand in Canada and the far West.

There is another direction in which public interests and personal ingenuity intend to help each other. We mean the opening out of the country to tourists and for the purposes of business as well as of sport.

There is near Willmanstrand a factory for the bobbins used in the Lancashire and Yorkshire mills, for which the wood of the birch trees is best adapted. At Joensuu the great house of Egerton, Hubbard, & Co. have their sawmills, leasing from the government and from private owners large tracts of forest. There are English vice-consuls at Helsingfors, Abo, and Viborg, and since 1871 three companies of insurance against fire offer a protection against a danger which in a land of wooden houses is always to be borne in mind. The hills of Finland are poor in ores, but the riches of the rocks lie in their granites and porphyries. There is near Jääskis a pale blue porphyry of the rarest beauty, and for the monument which is being raised in the Kremlin to

the memory of Alexander the Blessed M. Basil Joukovsky has selected from Finland some exquisite slabs. The pavement is being laid down by him in a shade of dark olive green, of which the effect must be seen to be believed, contrasting as it does with the brickwork of the terraces that reach down to the banks of the Moskva and with the mosaics and the golden lilies of the roof. The stones used for the construction of St. Petersburg are generally taken from Finnish quarries.

When we come to think of touring in Finland the question resolves itself into one of the means and cost of communication. Life is cheap, so is travelling; the roads are adapted for cycling, but the natural lines of traffic are formed by the Gulfs of Finland and Bothnia and by the numerous lakes, rivers, and canals. Small hotels are springing up; at Juustila and Lauritsala rough accommodation is to be got; the hotels of Imatra and Raupa are more civilised, and an English company now contemplates the purchase of Taipale, which is certainly the gem of the estates on the Saima Canal. Sport is less certain than might be wished, because poaching is very common, and because the kestrels are allowed to work their wicked will among the game of Finland. You may see as many as four hawks in the course of an hour, while a naturalist may be pleased to learn that as many as twenty-two 'Camberwell beauties' have been counted in a three hours' drive through a forest of which the glades and woodland spaces are always gay with butterflies. There are trout and salmon in the rivers, but it must not be forgotten that during the greater part of the tourist season shooting is prohibited, and that the hazel hens and the wild ducks only appear on the table after the leaves have begun to turn their colour and the days to grow short. Canoeing has become fashionable on the inland waters, and it is generally easy to hire a boat; but for the amenities of life in Finland, among both gentle and simple, our readers cannot do better than first read Miss Clive Bayley's pleasant and well-written pages, and then go to Finland to judge for themselves. They may perhaps be tempted, like our authoress, to linger there after St. Bridget's summer in October is past, and till winter has come to open new communications across the morasses, even till 'high winter,' as it is called, sets in after New Year's Day, and with its increase of light gives the first promise of returning spring.

ART. V.—*Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Edited by ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE. London: 1895.

MR. ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE has done good service to English biography by the publication of a selection from the letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Since the death of the latter in 1834 a number of his letters have been printed, but they are scattered up and down various biographical works and can only be read in a fragmentary form; others, and not the least important, have remained unpublished. The present correspondence has been gathered from both sections, and is intended by the editor to be a representative selection. It extends from the year 1785, when Coleridge was a schoolboy at Christ's Hospital, thirteen years of age, to July, 1834, when he was a confirmed invalid, and indeed was within a few days of his death. Though a number of other letters are in existence, this collection is sufficiently large and varied to enable us to realise with greater vividness than has ever hitherto been possible the personality of Coleridge. This must yet for many years to come be of extreme interest to all students of our literature, for we cannot regard Coleridge as a mere abstraction and separate the work from the creator. In every page of his poems, his philosophy, and his criticism we come in contact with some matter which causes some reference to the writer's personality. Even were this not so, Coleridge was a man of so unique and so interesting a nature that there will always be some who will find him, apart from his work, a perpetual subject of consideration and analysis. By means of these letters we are brought into contact with him as a man; we realise his strength and his weakness, his extraordinary intellectual power, and his equally extraordinary shortcomings. Around few English writers has gathered a larger quantity of special literature, in part biographical, in part critical; nor do additions to it cease, for the editor of these volumes has lately published, under the fanciful and rather misleading title of 'Anima Poetæ,' a selection from Coleridge's manuscript notebooks, and the main reason for the appearance of a still more recent work, 'The Gillmans of Highgate,' is Coleridge's connexion with this excellent family. But among recent works the first place must be given to the admirable biography by the late Mr. Dykes Campbell, which was published in 1894, and is not likely to be superseded as an impartial yet a friendly narra-

tive of Coleridge's life, marked as it is by the most scrupulous accuracy and by a judicial yet large-minded criticism. But, excellent as this work is, and interesting as are the views which we obtain of Coleridge in the biographies of Wordsworth and Southey, we cannot in any of these books enter into that long personal intercourse with him which we do by a perusal of a sequence of his letters, extending over a period of nearly fifty years. For this purpose a coherent and consecutive edition of his letters was necessary. Coleridge's was the most interesting personality among the literary men of the first half of this century. No one of his age had his versatility or his capacity, or, it may be added, his curious weaknesses. Such a man can never be properly understood until we have been able to follow his correspondence year by year. Without it we never really get within his own feelings for his friends. With his own words to guide us in regard to his intercourse with his relatives, his friends, and his contemporaries, we stand at his own point of view. Some of the letters by themselves may seem uninteresting and even trivial, but we do not understand a man when we only see him in full dress, so to say; thus, as parts of the whole, such letters are of importance, since they enable us to become more truly intimate with this extraordinary man, to enter into his aims and his failures, to sympathise with his intellectual and moral life, and to feel a kindness even for his shortcomings. Coleridge more than most men poured out oftentimes his whole heart in a letter; he laid bare his soul with a childlike simplicity; he was never averse to enter by correspondence into an abstruse philosophical argument, nor did he keep his literary criticisms only for public reading. Thus both his personal and his intellectual character will become clearer to any one who will take the trouble to read through these two volumes: that character will be better realised by such a perusal than by accepting the most careful and accurate summaries of his actions and his works. We shall endeavour, so far as it is possible in a limited space, to make a few selections from these letters, with a view of placing our readers to some extent on the same terms of intimacy with Coleridge as are reached by those who have not unsympathetically read this remarkable correspondence. For there is little that is new to be said in the form of criticism either of his poetry or his prose. His position as a poet, a philosopher, and a critic is pretty clearly ascertained. The facts of his life have been accurately chronicled; his actions and his infirmities have

afforded material for judgements often hard, and, on the other hand, sometimes too kindly: perhaps an unnecessary importance has been attached by both friendly and unfriendly critics to some personal failings.

> 'Not ours to gauge the more or less,
> The will's defect, the blood's excess,
> The earthly humours that oppress
> The radiant mind.
> His greatness, not his littleness,
> Concerns mankind.'

It is in this spirit that these letters should now be read, showing as they do the great charm of Coleridge's character, which explains the love which was borne for him by a few persons who knew him intimately and long. 'His great and 'dear spirit haunts me; never saw I his likeness, nor pro-'bably the world can see again,' wrote Lamb, who had known him all his life, and was probably of his contemporaries the man best fitted to form a fair judgement of his friend. Thus we should unquestionably regard these letters, not as affecting Coleridge's position as a writer, nor as illuminating any particular fact in his career, but as bringing the reader of to-day into a personal relationship with a man who had a unique place among his contemporaries, which was obtained very much from those personal characteristics which men of a later generation can only appreciate—and that imperfectly—by that insight which is obtained from the self-revelation of a candid letter-writer.

Nor must we read them—as we may the correspondence of some eminent persons—for their own intrinsic charm. There are some letters which may be perused, without reference to the personality either of the writer or of the correspondents, simply as delightful pieces of a special branch of literature. Those of Charles Lamb and Maria Edgeworth, to take two examples, possess much of that charm, so difficult to define, which gives to certain correspondence, often on trivial subjects, a perpetual attraction. Coleridge was of a nature too intense for this; his letters are too much, as a rule, the earnest expression of strong feelings, or the straightforward statement of ordinary matters, ever to come within the charmed circle. When his letters are more literary in style, as are some of those descriptive of his visits to Germany and the Mediterranean, they are more in the nature of long descriptions by an able and imaginative writer, by a 'special correspondent,' than of letters by the wanderer in foreign countries to his intimate

friends at home; in some instances they were actually published, either in his lifetime or posthumously, as narratives of foreign travel. It is necessary to point out these limitations of Coleridge's capacity as a letter-writer, in order that there may be no misapprehension on the subject, and that it may not for a moment be supposed that this collection of his letters adds to our permanent literature. They are valuable not from the point of view of pure literature, but from that of biography.

Excluding three letters written when Coleridge was a schoolboy at Christ's Hospital, the first in chronological order were written when he was an undergraduate at Jesus College, Cambridge. They are addressed to Mrs. Evans and her daughters. It is well known how Mary Evans was Coleridge's first love, and how his engagement and subsequent marriage with Sarah Fricker were events which resulted as much from the loss of the former as from actual love for the latter. This group of letters is valuable, not only because several of them have hitherto been unpublished, but more especially as indicative of Coleridge's mind and character at the time when they were written. They are touched by a delightful gaiety, but often also by a maturity of manner which adds to their charm. Here is one written to Anne Evans, noticeable at once for brightness and gloom, full of literary promise and agreeable feeling:—

'My dear Anne,—A little before I had received your mamma's letter, a bird of the air had informed me of your illness—and sure never did owl or night raven ("those mournful messengers of heavy "things") pipe a more loathsome song. But I flatter myself that ere you have received this scrawl of mine, by care and attention you will have lured back the rosy-lipped fugitive, Health. I know of no misfortune so little susceptible of consolation as sickness: it is indeed easy to offer comfort, when we ourselves are well; *then* we can be full of grave saws upon the duty of resignation, &c.; but alas! when the sore visitations of pain come *home*, all our philosophy vanishes, and nothing remains to be seen. I speak of myself, but a mere sensitive animal, with little wisdom and no patience. Yet if anything can throw a melancholy smile over the pale, wan face of illness, it must be the sight and attentions of those we love. There are one or two beings, in this planet of ours, whom God has formed in so kindly a mould that I could almost consent to be ill in order to be nursed by them.

'O turtle-eyed affection!
If thou be present—who can be distrest?
Pain seems to smile, and sorrow is at rest:
No more the thoughts in wild repinings roll,
And tender murmurs hush the soften'd soul.

'But I will not proceed at this rate, for I am writing and thinking myself fast into the spleen, and feel very obligingly disposed to communicate the same doleful fit to you, my dear sister. Yet permit me to say, it is almost your own fault. You were half angry at my writing *laughing nonsense* to you, and see what you have got in exchange—pale-faced, solemn, stiff-starched stupidity. I must confess, indeed, that the latter is rather more in unison with my present feelings, which from one untoward freak of fortune or other are not of the most comfortable kind. Within this last month I have lost a brother and a friend! But I struggle for cheerfulness—and sometimes, when the sun shines out, I succeed in the effort. This at least I endeavour, not to infect the cheerfulness of others, and not to write my vexations upon my forehead. I read a story lately of an old Greek philosopher, who once harangued so movingly on the miseries of life, that his audience went home and hanged themselves; but he himself (my author adds) lived many years afterwards in very sleek condition.

'God love you, my dear Anne! and receive as from a brother the warmest affections of your

'S. T. COLERIDGE.'

(Vol. i. p. 52.)

It was in December of this year that Coleridge took the extraordinary step of leaving Cambridge and enlisting in the 15th Light Dragoons. No man was ever less fitted for a soldier's life, even though the causes of his seeking it were probably the same as have actuated scores of more commonplace mortals—debts and disappointed love. His discharge was procured in April of the following year. The correspondence which belongs to this particular period does not throw any further light on the causes which led to this strange step, but it reveals a considerable progress in Coleridge's character towards that incapacity for encountering the practical difficulties of life and that remarkable absence of self-reliance which seemed to make the help of some more commonplace nature a perpetual necessity to him. 'I have so seldom acted right,' he says, in a letter written to his brother, the Rev. George Coleridge, a short time before his actual discharge, 'that in every 'step I take of my own accord I tremble lest I should 'be wrong.' Self-confidence is one of the characteristics of youth; men of mature years may sometimes smile at it, and sometimes regard it with a feeling of contempt. But without it there is a poor chance of overcoming the earlier difficulties of life, or of developing the serener courage of which it is often but the parent. One letter from this group will sufficiently exemplify the state of Coleridge's mind at the

time. It is a curious mixture of thoughtfulness and of anxiety for petty details.

'Sunday night, March 21, 1794.

'I have endeavoured to feel what I ought to feel. Affiliated to you from my childhood, what must be my present situation? But I know you, my dear brother; and I entertain a humble confidence that my efforts in well-doing shall in some measure repay you. There is a *vis inertiæ* in the human mind—I am convinced that a man once corrupted will ever remain so, unless some sudden revolution, some unexpected change of place or station, shall have utterly altered his connexion. When these shocks of adversity have electrified his moral frame, he feels a convalescence of soul, and becomes like a being recently formed from the hands of nature.

'The last letter I received from you at High Wycombe was that almost blank letter which enclosed the guinea. I have written to the postmaster. I have breeches and waistcoats at Cambridge, three or four shirts, and some neckcloths, and a few pairs of stockings; the clothes, which, rather from the order of the regiment than the impulse of my necessities, I parted with in Reading on my first arrival at the regiment, I disposed of for a mere trifle, comparatively, and at a small expense can recover them all but my coat and hat. They are gone irrevocably. My shirts, which I have with me, are, all but one, worn to rags—mere rags; their texture was ill adapted to the labour of the stables.

'Shall I confess to you my weakness, my more than brother? I am afraid to meet you. When I call to mind the toil and wearisomeness of your avocations, and think how you sacrifice your amusements and your health; when I recollect your habitual and self-forgetting economy, how generously severe, my soul sickens at its own guilt. A thousand reflections crowd in my mind; they are almost too much for me. Yet you, my brother, would comfort me, not reproach me, and extend the hand of forgiveness to one whose purposes were virtuous, though infirm, and whose energies vigorous, though desultory. Indeed, I long to see you, although I cannot help dreading it.

'I mean to write to Dr. Pearce. The letter I will enclose to you. Perhaps it may not be proper to write, perhaps it may be necessary. You will best judge. The discharge should, I think, be sent down to the adjutant—yet I don't know; it would be more comfortable to me to receive my dismission in London, were it not for the appearing in these clothes.

'By to-morrow I shall be enabled to tell the exact expenses of equipping, &c.

'I must conclude abruptly. God bless you, and your ever grateful

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. i. p. 64.)

It was this unpractical youth who in this same year, just before he left Cambridge, formulated a scheme of founding a kind of socialist colony in America. The new system was called Pantisocracy; it was a dream into which Cole-

ridge for a time threw himself with the utmost enthusiasm; friends who ventured to criticise it coolly became almost, in his view, traitors to a sacred cause. The episode has been dwelt on too much in connexion with Coleridge's life, since the system was altogether visionary; it never for a moment would bear serious examination. It is chiefly interesting as an illustration of the tendency of Coleridge's mind to formulate schemes without having the practical capacity to carry them out. 'The Watchman,' 'The Friend,' and numberless other literary adventures were, later on, planned, sometimes begun, and never carried through. At twenty-two he was eager to found a new colony across the Atlantic. Almost at the hour of his death he was at work on his *magnum opus*, a new philosophy. 'Of all systems that have ever been presented 'this has the least of mysticism, the very object throughout, 'from the first page to the last, being to reconcile the 'dictates of common sense with the conclusions of scientific 'reasoning;' and in 1830 he writes to Poole that he is 'advancing regularly and steadily towards the completion of 'my *magnum opus* on "Revelation and Christianity," the 'reservoir of my reflections and reading for twenty-five 'years past.' Neither colony nor system of philosophy was more than a dream. 'Pantisocracy, oh! I shall have 'such a scheme of it! My head, my heart are all alive! 'I have drawn up my arguments in battle array; they shall 'have the tactician excellence of the mathematician with 'the enthusiasm of the poet.' So he wrote to Southey towards the end of 1794; in truth, it was the enthusiasm of the poet and not the strong and clear resolves of the colonist which was surging in this brain.

The years 1797 and 1798 were those in which Coleridge's genius as a poet was at its fullest excellence. He had been married in 1795; in the following year he made the abortive experiment of publishing a periodical called 'The Watchman,' and, just as it was drawing to a close, he settled at Nether Stowey, near Bristol, while in July, 1797, the Wordsworths made their home, only three miles away, at Alfoxden. At Bristol Coleridge's prudent friend and adviser, his constant helper, Poole, was living. These two years are what the editor of this correspondence calls the Stowey period; it is that in which Coleridge attained his high place as an English poet; 'Christabel' and the 'Ancient Mariner,' 'Frost at Mid-'night,' and the 'Ode to France' were produced in it. He was troubled by narrow cares, by the difficulties of support-ing a wife and child by means of precarious payments for

unprofitable literary work. Yet it is to this period that belongs, in many respects, the most permanent interest. As a poet Coleridge is 'high among the highest of all time.' As such he is greater than as philosopher or critic, for the simple reason that, remarkable as he is in these characters, the great poets of the world are comparatively so few that one who takes his place among them stands there on a higher plane than is attainable elsewhere.

'Beethoven, Raphael cannot reach
The charm which Homer, Shakespeare teach.'

At the end of a long letter to John Thelwall, Coleridge gives an interesting little sketch of his manner of life at Stowey.

'I never go to Bristol. From seven till half-past eight I work in my garden; from breakfast till twelve I read and compose, then read again, feed the pigs, poultry, &c., till two o'clock; after dinner work again till tea; from tea till supper, *review*. So jogs the day, and I am happy. I have society—*my friend* T. Poole, and as many acquaintances as I can dispense with. There are a number of very pretty young women in Stowey, all musical, and I am an immense favourite: for I pun, conundrumise, *listen*, and dance. The last is a recent acquirement. We are very happy, and my little David Hartley grows a sweet boy and has high health; he laughs at us till he makes us weep for very fondness. You would smile to see my eye rolling up to the ceiling in a lyric fury, and on my knee a diaper pinned to warm. I send and receive to and from Bristol every week, and will transcribe that part of your last letter and send it to Reed.

'I raise potatoes and all manner of vegetables, have an orchard, and shall raise corn with the spade, enough for my family. We have two pigs, and ducks and geese. A cow would not answer the keep: for we have whatever milk we want from T. Poole. God bless you and your affectionate

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. i. p. 219.)

Unfortunately the letters which belong to this period are not numerous, and we have fewer glances into Coleridge's mind at this time than could be wished. A letter to Thelwall shortly before he left Bristol, which may almost be regarded as belonging to the poetical period, throws, however, great light on Coleridge's character and habits at this time.

'Saturday, November 19, [1796.]
'Oxford Street, Bristol.

'My dear Thelwall,—Ah me! literary adventure is but bread and cheese by chance. I keenly sympathise with you. Sympathy, the only poor consolation I can offer you. Can no plan be suggested?

. . . Of course you have read the "Joan of Arc." Homer is the poet for the warrior, Milton for the religionist, Tasso for women, Robert Southey for the patriot. The first and fourth books of the "Joan of "Arc" are to me more interesting than the same number of lines in any poem whatever. But you and I, my dear Thelwall, hold different creeds in poetry as well as religion. *N'importe!* By the bye, of your works I have now all, except your "Essay on Animal Vitality," which I never had, and your *Poems*, which I bought on their first publication, and lost them. From these poems I should have supposed our poetical tastes more nearly alike than, I find, they are. The poem on the Sols [?] flashes genius through Strophe I., Antistrophe I., and Epode I. The rest I do not perhaps understand; only I love these two lines:

> '"Yet sure the verse that shows the friendly mind
> To Friendship's ear not harshly flows."

Your larger *narrative* affected me greatly. It is admirably written, and displays strong sense animated by feeling, and illumined by imagination, and neither in the thoughts nor rhythm does it encroach on poetry.

'There have been two poems of mine in the new "Monthly "Magazine," with my name; indeed, I make it a scruple of conscience never to publish anything, however trifling, without it. Did you like them? The first was written at the desire of a beautiful little aristocrat; consider it, therefore, as a lady's poem. . . .

'Your portrait of yourself interested me. As to me, my face, unless when animated by immediate eloquence, expresses great sloth, and great, indeed almost idiotic good-nature. 'Tis a mere carcass of a face; fat, flabby, and expressive chiefly of inexpression. Yet I am told that my eyes, eyebrows, and forehead are physiognomically good; but of this the deponent knoweth not. As to my shape, 'tis a good shape enough if measured, but my gait is awkward, and the walk of the whole man indicates *indolence capable of energies*. I am, and ever have been, a great reader, and have read almost everything—a library cormorant. I am *deep* in all out-of-the-way books, whether of the monkish times or of the Puritanical era. I have read and digested most of the historical writers; but I do not *like* history. Metaphysics and poetry and "facts of mind"—that is, accounts of all the strange phantasms that ever possessed "your philosophy"—dreamers, from Thoth the Egyptian to Taylor the English pagan, are my darling studies. In short, I seldom read except to amuse myself, and I am almost always reading. Of useful knowledge I am a so-so chemist, and I love chemistry. All else is *blank*; but I *will* be (please God) an horticulturalist and a farmer. I compose very little, and I absolutely hate composition, and such is my dislike that even a sense of duty is sometimes too weak to overpower it.

'I cannot breathe through my nose, so my mouth, with sensual thick lips, is almost always open. In conversation I am impassioned, and oppose what I deem error with an eagerness which is often mistaken for personal asperity; but I am ever so swallowed up in the *thing* that I perfectly forget my *opponent*. Such am I. I am just

going to read Dupuis's twelve octavos, which I have got from London. I shall read only one octavo a week, for I cannot *speak* French at all and I read it slowly. . . .

'Write on the receipt of this, and believe me as ever, with affectionate esteem, 'Your sincere friend,

'S. T. COLERIDGE.'

(Vol. i. p. 178.)

No letter is better worth attention, and in the significant sentence, 'I absolutely hate composition,' we may perhaps see the key to the paucity in amount of his poetry. Criticism, philosophical speculation, and an irregular and desultory manner of jotting down his thoughts on the subject, an absence of the perpetual and steady work of Wordsworth, and of the facility of the metrical expression of a strong outflow of poetical feeling, long before he attained middle age, were essentially characteristic of him. We see in this same letter his capacity for literary criticism and his love of omnivorous reading; in the preliminary sentence, 'Literary 'adventure is but bread and cheese by chance,' we may regretfully observe a full recognition of what largely helped to deprive English literature of more continuous and permanent results of Coleridge's genius—the necessity to make literature the means of earning his living. This necessity would have been greater than it was had it not been for the singular generosity of Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, by whom he was granted an annuity of 150*l*. No conditions were made in regard to it, but, for reasons which have never been clearly ascertained, Josiah Wedgwood withdrew his half in 1813. Such a loss, after the gift had been regularly received for many years, might well have made even an amiable man express some harsh feelings. Though chronologically this event is far later than the time at which we have arrived, an extract from a letter to Poole, which partly touches on this subject, is so singularly illustrative of that overwhelming charm of Coleridge's nature that it is best transcribed in this place.

'You will have heard that, previous to the acceptance of "Remorse," Mr. Jos. Wedgwood had withdrawn from his share of the annuity! Well, yes, it is well!—for I can now be *sure* that I loved him, revered him, and was grateful to him from no selfish feeling. For equally (and may these words be my final condemnation at the last awful day, if I speak not the whole truth), equally do I at this moment love him, and with the same reverential gratitude! To Mr. Thomas Wedgwood I felt, doubtless, love; but it was mingled with fear, and constant apprehension of his too exquisite taste in morals. But Josiah! Oh, I ever

did, and ever shall, love him, as a being so beautifully balanced in mind and heart deserves to be!

'"Tis well, too, because it has given me the strongest impulse, the most imperious motive I have experienced, to *prove* to him that his past munificence has not been *wasted*.' (Vol. ii. p. 611.)

This sweet charity was never wanting throughout Coleridge's life. Almost the only occasion on which he allowed vexation upon any subject to get the better of him, as distinguished from a momentary or reasonable anger, was in regard to what he considered the want of appreciation and want of recognition of his lifelong labours by the English public.

'I have too sad an account to settle between myself that is and has been,' he wrote to Daniel Stuart in 1814, 'and myself that cannot cease to be to allow me a single complaint that, for all my labours in behalf of truth against the Jacobin party, then against military despotism abroad, against weakness and despondency, and faction and factious goodiness at home, I have never received from those in power even a single acknowledgement, though by mere reference to dates it might be proved that no small number of fine speeches in the House of Commons and elsewhere originated directly and indirectly in my essays and conversations.'

More striking still is the remarkable letter to Allsop written four years later.

'December 2, 1818.

'My dear Sir,—I cannot express how kind I felt your letter. Would to Heaven I had had many with feelings like yours, "accustomed to express themselves warmly and (as far as the word is applicable to you, even) enthusiastically." But, alas! during the prime manhood of my intellect I had nothing but cold water thrown on my efforts. I speak not now of my systematic and most unprovoked maligners. On *them* I have retorted only by pity and by prayer. These may have, and doubtless *have*, joined with the frivolity of "the reading public" in checking and almost in preventing the sale of my works; and so far have done injury to my *purse*. *Me* they have not injured. But I have loved with enthusiastic self-oblivion those who have been so well pleased that I should, year after year, flow with a hundred nameless rills into *their* main stream, that they could find nothing but cold praise and effective discouragement of every attempt of mine to roll onward in a distinct current of my own; who *admitted* that the "Ancient Mariner," the "Christabel," the "Remorse," and some pages of "The Friend" were not without merit, but were abundantly anxious to acquit their judgements of any blindness to the very numerous defects. Yet they *knew* that to *praise*, as mere praise, I was characteristically, almost constitutionally, indifferent. In sympathy alone I found at once nourishment and stimulus; and for sympathy *alone* did my heart crave. . . . After all, however, I have now but one sorrow relative to the ill success of my literary toils (and toils

they have been, *though not undelightful toils*), and this arises wholly from the almost insurmountable difficulties which the anxieties of to-day oppose to my completion of the great work, the form and materials of which it has been the employment of the best and most genial hours of the last twenty years to mature and collect.' (Vol. ii. p. 696.)

Such vexation as may be discerned here is not with any particular individual, nor in respect of any supposed special injury, but in regard to what Coleridge considered to be neglect which extended over a series of years.

To return, however, to that earlier period of Coleridge's life upon which we were touching. In the autumn of 1798 he made the expedition to Germany, at first in company with Wordsworth. It was undoubtedly pregnant with results to his future mental developement. Though Coleridge founded no system of philosophy, yet his writings on philosophical subjects are so suggestive, even though they are fragmentary, that their influence has been great. The tendency of his mind to original thought, and more especially in regard to this and kindred subjects, was always pronounced; but it is doubtful if it would have turned so completely into the ways of criticism and ethical study if Coleridge had not visited Germany and steeped himself in archaic and abstruse German writings. He arrived in Germany in September, 1798. By January of the following year he had already planned a life of Lessing.

'I despair not but with intense application and regular use of time, to which I have now almost accustomed myself, that by three months' residence at Göttingen, I shall have *on paper* at least *all* the material if not the whole structure of a work that will repay me. The work I have planned, and I have imperiously excluded all waverings about other works. This is the disease of my mind—it is comprehensive in its conceptions, and wastes itself in the contemplations of the many things which it might do. I am aware of the disease, and for the next three months (if I cannot cure it) I will at least suspend its operation. This book is a life of Lessing, and interweaved with it a true state of German literature in its rise and present state. I have already written a little life from three different biographies, divided it into years, and at Göttingen I will read his works regularly according to the years in which they were written, and the controversies, religious and literary, which they occasioned.' (Vol. i. p. 269.)

The project was one which an ordinary man would not have contemplated until after years of study. Coleridge, who was no superficial student, was ready to undertake it in three months from the moment he stepped on German soil. It is hardly possible, indeed, to overrate the effect at such a com-

paratively early age—for he was but seven and twenty—on such a mind as that of Coleridge of his somewhat solitary and limited study.

'My dear Poole, my dear Poole,' he writes to his friend in May, 1799, 'I am home-sick. Society is a burden to me; and I find relief only in labour. So I read and transcribe from morning till night, and never in my life have I worked so hard as this last month, for indeed I must sail over an ocean of matter with almost spiritual speed, to do what I have to do in the time in which I *will* do it or leave it undone! O my God, how I long to be at home! My *whole Being* so yearns after you, that when I think of the moment of our meeting, I catch the fashion of German joy, rush into your arms, and embrace you. Methinks my hand would swell if the whole force of my feeling were crowded there. Now the Spring comes, the vital sap of my affections rises as in a tree! And what a gloomy Spring! But a few days ago all the new buds were covered with snow; and everything yet looks so brown and wintry, that yesterday the roses (which the ladies carried on the ramparts, their promenade), beautiful as they were, so little harmonised with the general face of nature, that they looked to me like silk and made roses. But these leafless Spring Woods! Oh, how I long to hear you whistle to the Rippers! There are a multitude of nightingales here (poor things! they sang in the snow). I thought of my own verses on the nightingale, only because I thought of Hartley, my *only* Child.' (Vol. i. p. 295.)

Mr. Dykes Campbell appears to think that Coleridge exaggerated the loneliness of his life in Germany: 'My im-'pression is that he had distractions,' and 'he no doubt fretted 'sometimes,' he says. But these letters read continuously appear to show that even though Coleridge had 'distrac-'tions' he felt keenly the solitariness of his life in regard to the absence of loved friends and relatives. Good-natured acquaintances, conversations with intelligent officials, and learned professors did not fill the place of those whom he had left behind—of his wife, his children, Poole, and Lamb. In an earlier letter to his wife, written from Göttingen in the bleak days of March, he cries, 'Love is the vital air of my genius, 'and I have not seen one human being in Germany whom 'I can conceive it possible for me to love—no, not one.' The writer whom we have quoted, kindly and just as he is, appears on this point scarcely to have appreciated the tender-ness of Coleridge's character, the absolute necessity of the most loving intercourse with a few kindred minds. It was one of the keynotes of his nature; the lack of sympathy, of understanding of him by his wife was the real cause of the unfortunate estrangement of later years. 'The wife of 'a man of genius,' so he wrote on one occasion to Southey,

'who sympathises effectively with her husband in his habits 'and feelings, is a *rara avis* to me.' This same quality of nature would prevent 'distractions,' which would make absence from home and friends bearable to one man, from being of any value to him. They might occupy an hour, they could not satisfy the void which he always felt. This very fact would, as we have said, render more powerful the literary influences of his study. He could not counteract them by hours of talk with Wordsworth, with Lamb or Southey. In these letters there is little allusion to his work; they are rather descriptive or outpourings of home-sickness. The extracts which we have quoted indicate, however, very vividly the influences under which Coleridge lay at the time; it was not only their effect which was permanent, but the absence of others of a different kind. But though Coleridge's life in Germany was often gloomy, it was a period of steady and hard work with a definite object in view, which was attained. He returned home, in July, 1799, a master of the German language, steeped in its literature, and with a considerable knowledge of its ethical writers.

The next sixteen years were terribly fragmentary, full of intentions which were never carried out or of projects only commenced, full of self-reproach and bodily suffering and of incapacity for sustained effort. A calmer and happier period began when Coleridge settled at Highgate with Mr. Gillman in 1816. Some tranquil eighteen years, the harvest time of a rich intellect, ensued; but it was a harvest scattered and broken. A large number of letters relating to the main period are printed in these volumes; the editor has subdivided them into different groups which mark what may be fairly considered as minor periods. The method is convenient; it formulates a distinct time for chronological purposes, such as that between 1804 and 1806, when Coleridge was in the Mediterranean, and then chiefly at Malta. Coleridge, as is well known, for a short time was private secretary to the Governor, Sir A. Ball, and subsequently acting public secretary. No place could be imagined more unsuitable to him. He appears often to have disliked the work extremely; yet it is probable that he proved a more efficient public servant than might have been expected, for it is unlikely that a capable official, like Sir A. Ball, would have promoted an incompetent private secretary who had no claim whatever upon him. But though this particular episode is distinct in itself, yet it forms only one part of this general period, which is marked throughout

by the same characteristics. Southey, full of common sense, obviously incapable of appreciating Coleridge's nature, wrote in reference to the appointment which has just been mentioned, 'Odd, but pleasant enough, if he would but learn to 'be contented in that state of life in which it has pleased 'God to call him—a maxim which I have long thought 'the best in the Catechism.' But Coleridge was not a discontented man. In this correspondence complaints of narrow means, of having to work for booksellers, appear from time to time, but to one of his nature the irksomeness of anything like task work must have been inconceivable. In one letter he calls himself a man of 'to-morrow,' a happy phrase in which to describe his unpractical habits. He regarded himself as a teacher of society, and one endowed with a peculiar genius to be employed for the improvement of his fellow-men. To such a one the mere necessity to use literature as a profession was necessarily heart-rending. The annuity from the Wedgwoods has seemed to some as though it put all difficulties out of his way. But it was, to some extent, an uncertain payment. Coleridge had a wife and children to support; he had the education of the latter to defray; he had also to keep himself. An income of 150*l.* was insufficient for these purposes. Even in the hands of an economical man of business it would have been a matter of difficulty to make it cover all expenses; and the mere necessity for rigid economy weighed far more heavily on Coleridge than it would have done on a man of less sensitive temperament. That he did not complain more is thus, after all, more remarkable than that murmurs arise here and there in this correspondence. A singular physical and mental nature combined to make him seem to more tranquil and commonplace natures a discontented man. Throughout the rest of these letters this troublesome physical state, aggravated by his abnormal use of opium, is constantly in evidence. We see it, for example, in the following interesting letter to Poole, written early in 1801, which may also be selected as one which well illustrates the general work of Coleridge at this time. Philosophy had overthrown poetry; 'Christabel' was being prepared for publication, but it was the publication of old, not of new work:—

'My dear Friend,—The interval since my last letter has been filled up by me in the most intense study. If I do not greatly delude myself, I have not only *completely extricated the notions of time and space*, but have overthrown the doctrine of association, as taught by Hartley, and with it all the irreligious metaphysics of modern infidels

—especially the doctrine of necessity. This I have *done*; but I trust that I am about to do more—namely, that I shall be able to evolve all the five senses, that is, to deduce them from one sense, and to state their growth and the causes of their difference, and in this evolvement to solve the process of life and consciousness. *I write this to you only, and I pray you, mention what I have written to no one.* At Wordsworth's advice, or rather fervent entreaty, I have intermitted the pursuit. The intensity of thought, and the number of minute experiments with light and figure, have made me so nervous and feverish that I cannot sleep as long as I ought and have been used to do; and the sleep which I have is made up of ideas so connected, and so little different from the operations of reason, that it does not afford me the due refreshment. I shall therefore take a week's respite, and make "Christabel" ready for the press; which I shall publish by itself, in order to get rid of all my engagements with Longman. My German Book I have suffered to remain suspended chiefly because the thoughts which had employed my sleepless nights during my illness were imperious over me; and though poverty was staring me in the face, yet I dared behold my image miniatured in the pupil of her hollow eye, so steadily did I look her in the face; for it seemed to me a suicide of my very soul to divert my attention from truths so important, which came to me almost as a revelation. Likewise, I cannot express to you, dear Friend of my heart! the loathing which I once or twice felt when I attempted to write, merely for the bookseller, without any sense of the moral utility of what I was writing. I shall therefore, as I said, immediately publish my "Christabel," with two essays annexed to it, on the "Preternatural" and on "Metre."—This done, I shall propose to Longman, instead of my Travels (which, though nearly done, I am exceedingly anxious not to publish, because it brings me forward in a *personal* way, as a man who relates little adventures of himself to *amuse* people, and thereby exposes me to sarcasm and the malignity of anonymous critics, and is, besides, *beneath me*, . . .) I shall propose to Longman to accept instead of these Travels a work on the originality and merits of Locke, Hobbes, and Hume, which work I mean as a *pioneer* to my greater work, and as exhibiting a proof that I have not formed opinions without an attentive perusal of the works of my predecessors, from Aristotle to Kant.

'I am confident that I can prove that the reputation of these three men has been wholly unmerited, and I have in what I have already written traced the whole history of the causes that effected this reputation entirely to Wordsworth's satisfaction.' (Vol. i. p. 348.)

The Life of Lessing was 'suspended;' Coleridge was on the verge of a great philosophical discovery; he was about to publish a book, half prose, half verse, obviously intended primarily as a means of bringing in a little cash. He has an idea of a work on Locke; he cannot sleep, and is nervous and feverish. Here is an epitome of a period of his life, which, with variations little dissimilar, lasted till he resolutely

endeavoured, under the care of the Gillmans in 1816, to attain a better physical state. The tranquillity he then attained may in part be set down to advancing age. When this letter was written, in 1801, Coleridge was not thirty, but he was already old beyond his years when he should have been in the fulness of mental and bodily power; yet there still existed the restlessness of unsatisfied capacity and of full manhood. At this period—namely, from 1800 to 1803—occurred that residence of Coleridge at Greta Hall, Keswick, which has identified him with the Lake Poets; here he again had the Wordsworths for neighbours. It is a melancholy time, for Coleridge was becoming weaker in health and purpose, and these infirmities and an absence of sympathy were separating husband and wife. 'Mrs. 'Coleridge's mind is light and unimpressionable, warm in 'anger, cold in sympathy, and in all disputes uniformly pro-'jects itself forth to recriminate instead of turning itself 'inward with a silent self-questioning. Our virtues and our 'vices are exact antitheses.' When we read this sentence in a letter to Southey, himself not overburdened with sympathy for uncommon natures, and whose character was well described by Coleridge when he wrote of him, 'It is impos-'sible for a good heart not to esteem and to love him; but 'yet the love is one-fourth, the esteem all the remainder,' and when we bear in mind Coleridge's nature, it is not the least surprising that domestic unhappiness resulted from a union between two persons who, each possessing more than the ordinary good qualities by which men and women are endowed, were yet wanting in that real sympathy which, to Coleridge at any rate, could alone have brought happiness.

That a delicate frame and an abnormal nervous system were so affected by a pernicious habit, originally acquired for the purpose of alleviating suffering, as to render the course of Coleridge's life after his return from Germany up to 1816 continuously unhappy, cannot be doubted when the tone of his letters before and after 1816 is understood. Not that after this date complaints of bad health are absent, but it is a bad health borne with cheerfulness, and though life may not be regarded as a period of happiness it is far from one of positive misery. This state of Coleridge's mind before the Gillmans' house became his home has been already exemplified; that subsequent to this event will be made clearer by the persual of the following letter to Mrs. Gillman. The cause of it was the sending to him of a plant of

myrtle.* It would be impossible to find a more charming or delightful reply:—

'May 3, 1827.

'My dear Friend,—I received and acknowledge your this morning's present both as plant and symbol, and with appropriate thanks and correspondent feeling. The rose is the pride of summer, the delight and the beauty of our gardens; the eglantine, the honeysuckle, and the jasmine, if not so bright or so ambrosial, are less transient, creep nearer to us, clothe our walls, twine over our porch, and haply peep in at our chamber window, with the crested wren or linnet within the tufts wishing good morning to us. Lastly the geranium passes the door, and in its hundred varieties imitating now this now that leaf, odour, blossom of the garden, still steadily retains its own *staid* character, its own sober and refreshing hue and fragrance. It deserves to be the inmate of the house, and with due attention and tenderness will live through the winter grave yet cheerful, as an old family friend, that makes up for the departure of gayer visitors, in the leafless season. But none of these are the *myrtle*! In none of these, nor in all collectively, will the *myrtle* find a substitute. All together and joining with them all the aroma, the spices, and the balsams of the hot-house, yet would they be a sad exchange for the *myrtle*! Oh, precious in its sweetness is the *rich* innocence of its snow-white blossoms! And dear are they in the remembrance; but these may pass with a season, and while the myrtle plant, our own myrtle plant, remains unchanged, its blossoms are remembered the more to endear the faithful bearer; yea, they survive invisibly in every *more than* fragrant leaf. As the flashing strains of the nightingale to the yearning murmurs of the dove, so the myrtle to the rose! He who has once possessed and prized a genuine *myrtle* will rather *remember* it under the cypress tree than seek to *forget* it among the rose bushes of a paradise.

'God bless you, my dearest friend, and be assured that if death do not suspend memory and consciousness, death itself will not deprive you of a faithful participator in all your hopes and fears, affections and solicitudes, in your unalterable

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. ii. p. 745.)

It is a tribute to Coleridge's character that for eighteen years he lived in a family to which he was bound by no ties of relationship in unruffled peace and with increasing content. It shows that when Coleridge was understood the closest intercourse with him could go on unbroken. He might not be an easy man to live with, but it was possible for those who would sympathise with him, when once he was

* The editor states that the plant passed after Coleridge's death into the possession of the late S. C. Hall, by whom it was given to the late Lord Coleridge, and that it now appropriately flourishes outside the library at Heath's Court, Ottery St. Mary.

freed from the worst despotism of his enemy, to find that the ties of home grew closer as the years advanced. The picture of this home does much to soften the harsher tones of earlier days. How much Coleridge owed to the Gillmans he was the keenest to perceive, and no more touching tribute of gratitude and affection has ever been penned by a great man than the letter which he addressed to Mrs. Gillman in 1830, at a time of serious illness. It begins without those invocations of affection which are common in Coleridge's letters to his intimate friends.

'Dear Mrs. Gillman,—Wife of the friend who has been more than a brother to me, and who have month after month, yea, hour after hour, for how many successive years, united in yourself the affections and offices of an anxious friend and tender sister to me-ward!

'May the Father of Mercies, the God of Health and all Salvation, be your reward for your great and constant love and loving-kindness to me, abiding with you and within you, as the Spirit of guidance, support, and consolation! And may His Grace and gracious Providence bless James and Henry for your sake, and make them a blessing to you and their father! And though weighed down by a heavy presentiment respecting my own sojourn here, I not only hope but have a steadfast faith that God will be your reward, because your love to me from first to last has begun in, and been caused by, what appeared to *you* a translucence of the love of the good, the true, and the beautiful from within me—as a relic of glory gleaming through the turbid shrine of my mortal imperfections and infirmities, as a Light of Life seen within "the body of this Death"—because in loving me you loved our Heavenly Father reflected in the gifts and influences of His Holy Spirit!

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. ii. p. 754.)

These two letters, however, throw next to no light on his work during this last period, and indeed the actual and apparent results were comparatively small. It is true that an extraordinary mind, full of thought and originality, stored with immense quantities of varied knowledge, was constantly sending forth a copious stream. But it was largely in conversation, in fragmentary lectures, in essays, and in isolated compositions for his *magnum opus*, to which we have already alluded, and other tasks contemplated but not performed. His intellect was never idle, but it worked almost automatically and without a plan. Each literary or ethical subject which attracted his attention distracted him from continuous labour. There is in this collection a remarkable example of this tendency. One of his corre-

spondents was Mr. Tulk, a man of fortune and a prominent Swedenborgian. Through this gentleman Coleridge's letters came to be read at the meetings of the community, and twenty-five of them in which he states his theories of ontological speculation were some fourteen years ago sold by auction. This correspondence would form the subject of no little thought, of a completely isolated kind. But in a letter to Mr. Tulk which is printed in this correspondence we can see this attention to each new subject exemplified. Mr. Tulk seems to have sent Coleridge a copy of Blake's poems, and he accompanies the return of the volume with a note, at the end of which he remarks, 'I return you Blake's poesies, 'metrical and graphic, with thanks. With this and the 'book I have sent a rude scrawl as to the order in which 'I was pleased by the several poems.' Incidentally it is curious to note, as the editor of these volumes does, that Coleridge had apparently for the first time just become acquainted with Blake's poems, though the 'Songs of Inno-'cence' were published in 1787, and Coleridge had so catholic a literary taste that he was ready to read anything. It is clear, however, that until this perusal Blake was unknown to him, and we may surmise from it how little Blake was known even to men of the largest literary knowledge at the beginning of the century. This 'scrawl' fills two pages of this book, and a portion of it contains what may be called a table of criticism—that is to say, Coleridge gives certain figures and letters as the expression of certain feelings and opinions: 'I signifies it gave me 'great pleasure.' To each of the several poems he appends one of these signs, so that his correspondent in a short space had a complete expression of his feelings in regard to these poems, each of which he must have weighed with care.

The amount of literary criticism, however, to be found in these volumes is less than would have been expected. For Coleridge's letters are, as a whole, extremely subjective: he wrote because he wanted to say something about himself—to feel, so to say, the support and the guidance of a friend. Let it not, however, be understood that from time to time his letters do not contain admirable and suggestive criticism, for they certainly do, and such criticism will give them to many their highest value, for we can never have too much of so sane, so stimulating, and so discerning a critic as Coleridge. A few letters to W. Sotheby are among those which are most noticeable from this point of view.

With him the correspondence was essentially literary in its character, and these letters have a permanent literary value. It would occupy too much space to quote each of them at large, nor would it fall in with what was stated at the commencement of this article—that we should chiefly endeavour to touch on those letters which throw light on Coleridge as a man rather than as a critic. As illustrations, however, of Coleridge as a literary correspondent they cannot be entirely omitted. In one, for instance, written in 1802, Coleridge is discussing German poetry, and he breaks off into this general canon of criticism :—

'It is easy to clothe imaginary beings with our own thoughts and feelings; but to send ourselves out of ourselves, to *think* ourselves into the thoughts and feelings of beings in circumstances wholly and strangely different from our own, *hic labor hoc opus*; and who has achieved it? Perhaps only Shakespeare. Metaphysics is a word that you, my dear sir, are no great friend to, but yet you will agree with me that a great poet must be *implicité*, if not *explicité*, a profound metaphysician. He may not have it in logical coherence in his brain and tongue, but he must have the ear of a wild Arab listening in the silent desert, the eye of a North American Indian tracing the footsteps of an enemy upon the leaves that strew the forest, the touch of a blind man feeling the face of a darling child. And do not think me a bigot if I say that I have read no French or German writer who appears to me to have a *heart* sufficiently pure and simple to be capable of this or anything like it.' (Vol. i. p. 372.)

The passage needs no commentary. Both in principle and in illustration it will be regarded as admirable. A little further in the same letter he drifts on to Wordsworth and his poetry. 'I warmly accord,' he goes on to say,

'with Wordsworth in his abhorrence of these poetic licenses, as they are called, which are indeed mere tricks of convenience and laziness. *Ex. gr.* Drayton has these lines :—

> '"Ouse having Ouleney past, as she were waxed mad
> From her first stayder course immediately doth gad,
> And in meandered gyres doth whirl herself about,
> *That, this* way, here and there, backward, in and out.
> And like a wanton girl oft doubling in her gait
> In labyrinthian turns and twinings intricate," &c.

The first poets, observing such a stream as this, would say with truth and beauty, "it *strays*;" and now every stream shall *stray*, wherever it prattles on its *pebbled way*, instead of its bed or channel. And I have taken the instance from a poet from whom as few instances of this vile, commonplace, trashy style could be taken as from any writer [namely], from Bowles's execrable translation of that lovely poem of Dean Ogle's (vol. ii. p. 27). I am confident that Bowles good-naturedly translated it in a hurry, merely to give him an excuse for

printing the admirable original. In my opinion, every phrase, every metaphor, every personification, should have its justifying clause in some *passion*, either of the poet's mind or of the characters described by the poet. But metre itself implies a passion, that is, a state of excitement both in the poet's mind, and is expected, in part, of the reader; and, though I stated this to Wordsworth, and he has in some sort stated it in his preface, yet he has not done justice to it, nor has he, in my opinion, sufficiently answered it. In my opinion, poetry justifies as poetry, independent of any other passion, some new combinations of language and *commands* the omission of many others allowable in other compositions. Now Wordsworth, *me saltem judice*, has in his system not sufficiently admitted the former, and in his practice has too frequently sinned against the latter. Indeed, we have had lately some little controversy on the subject, and we begin to suspect that there is somewhere or other a radical difference in our opinions. *Dulce est inter amicos rarissimâ dissensione condere plurimas consentiones*, saith St. Augustine, who said more good things than any saint or sinner that I ever read in Latin.' (Vol. i. p. 373.)

No doubt Coleridge's metaphysical speculations have stimulated men's thoughts and have borne much fruit in the works of younger thinkers. 'I wished,' he wrote on one occasion to this same correspondent, 'to force myself out of 'metaphysical trains of thought which, when I wished to 'write a poem, beat up game of far other kind.' And it may be permitted from a purely literary point of view to regret that they so often banished poetry and lessened the amount of general criticism. The result was possibly inevitable with a man of his nature, but also it must be attributed, as already pointed out, to his visit to Germany. It is singular, however, that it was apparently not in Germany that he became acquainted with Kant's works. In a letter to his nephew John Taylor Coleridge, in 1825, Coleridge emphasises the assertion that his philosophical opinions were formed before he left England.

'I can not only honestly assert, but I can satisfactorily prove by reference to writings, that all the elements, the differentials, as the algebraists say, of my present opinions existed for me before I had ever seen a book of German metaphysics later than Wolf or Leibnitz, or could have read it if I had.'

Some of his statements in later life as to facts and occurrences of his younger days have been proved not always to be quite accurate, and it is not easy to accept this statement to the full extent to which it goes. It is, however, worthy of remark that Mr. Leslie Stephen, in a note in these volumes, points out that it was about 1801, at

Keswick, that Coleridge began a serious study of Kant—that is to say, after and not during his sojourn in Germany. This study was of the greatest importance to the modification of his opinions, and moulded them much throughout his life.*

It is quite consistent, however, with this later study of Kant that the impetus to it was given by his reading in Germany.

'I reverence Immanuel Kant with my whole heart and soul, and believe him to be the only philosopher; for all men who have the power of thinking I cannot conceive the liberal pursuit or profession in which the service derived from a patient study of his works would not be incalculably great, both as a cathartic tonic and directly nutritious.

These words he wrote to J. H. Green in 1817; they may be regarded as his mature and deliberate judgement. Not that he went with Kant in everything; for, indeed, a few lines before the passage which we have quoted, he says, with something like anger—

'I reject Kant's *stoic* principle as false, unnatural, and even immoral, where in his "Kritik der praktischen Vernunft" he treats the affections as indifferent.'

We can never overrate the importance of this absorption of Coleridge for a substantial period in the works of German writers, at a time when such a complete study of these authors was quite unusual in England, or of the effect of the comparatively novel views, so far as regards the immediately following years, which were expressed by him in his own country.

It is time, however, to refer to another phase of Coleridge's life, in regard to which these letters are of peculiar value—his relations with his friends. Friendship was a necessity of Coleridge's nature, and of no common kind; it was intense and sensitive. It was so great for a time that there was always some one person who for a period, not altogether monopolising it, yet was supreme. But the same intensity necessarily narrowed it, and throughout Coleridge's life his friends were extraordinarily few, though towards the end of his days a somewhat larger and calmer feeling superseded the deeper and narrower one of previous years. These letters enable us to realise this phase of Coleridge's life with great clearness. They touch on all

* See also Coleridge's statements in the 'Biographia Literaria,' vol. i. ch. ix., on this point.

the friendships of his life, on the early intimacy with Lloyd, too lightly begun; the lifelong and steady attachment to Wordsworth and Lamb, interrupted once or twice, to be again renewed; the sensible relationship with Southey; the kindly and remarkable intercourse with Poole and Stuart, and with the editor of the 'Morning Post' and the 'Courier;' on his connexion in later life with those friends who brightened his days—the Morgans, the Gillmans, Allsop, and Green. These names almost exhaust the list. With Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphry Davy, Crabb Robinson, and one or two more we begin to reach men who perhaps should be accounted acquaintances rather than friends. The openness and the sincerity of Coleridge's friendship with these remarkable personages—for there was not one who had not some noticeable quality of mind or character—give a pleasing impression of his nature, and the very completeness of his reliance on them makes the relationships of the most unusual kind. When he quarrels with them, as on some few occasions he did, on subjects which we may regard as insufficient for a serious difference, or cause only for a quiet remonstrance, it is because the sensitiveness of his nature could not allow his friendships to be those of an ordinary man. Thus in 1812, when Coleridge was about to stay with Basel Montagu and his wife for some considerable period, Wordsworth, as Mr. Dykes Campbell says, 'with the kindest motives, and no doubt 'in the kindest terms,' expressed an opinion in confidence to Montagu that some of Coleridge's ways might be inconvenient in his household. Montagu repeated something of this conversation to Coleridge, who from it understood Wordsworth to have said that he had no hope of him, that he was an absolute nuisance in his family. Coleridge regarded this as though it were the most terrible of indictments. The letter to Wordsworth of May 4, 1812 (now for the first time published), is an extraordinary outburst of injured friendship. It may appear and, if written by an ordinary man of the world, would surely have been properly regarded as extravagant, but it was not dictated by mere extravagance of feeling; it was the result of that wholeness of friendship which could but feel cut to the quick by a single word of reproach addressed to a third person. This letter was written two years after the words were spoken, yet the occurrence was still vivid in Coleridge's mind. How it had seized on it is apparent from a single sentence in this letter, in which he explains that he had never voluntarily

talked of the occurrence, though on one occasion he had told it to Mary Lamb.

'Even then I did not intend to mention it; but, alarmed by the wildness and paleness of my countenance and agitation I had no power to conceal, she entreated me to tell her what was the matter. In the first attempt to speak my feelings overpowered me; an agony of weeping followed, and then, alarmed at my own imprudence, and conscious of the possible effect on her health and mind if I left her in that state of suspense, I brought out convulsively some such words as, "Wordsworth, Wordsworth has given me up. He has no hope of "me. I have been an absolute nuisance in his family . . . ." Had the whole and ten times more been proclaimed by a speaking-trumpet from the chimneys, I should have smiled at it, but that *you* had said it, this, and this only, was the sting—the scorpion tooth!'

The rankling sting was that the words appeared to Coleridge to be a breach of friendship; it was this and this only that had so broken his peace of mind. Coleridge ends his letter by the words, 'Whatever be the result of this long-'delayed explanation, I have loved you and yours too long 'and deeply to have it in my own power to cease to do so.' The explanation and the good offices of Crabb Robinson brought about a reconciliation, and then ensued all the old tenderness of Coleridge for Wordsworth, if not unmingled with some reproachful feelings. We may smile at what seems a small misunderstanding producing so complete a catastrophe, but we must not regard it from the point of view of ordinary men, nor must we read this letter to Wordsworth as if it were penned by a man of common feelings. Wordsworth himself, it is clear, did not rightly appreciate the sensitiveness of Coleridge's friendship. It was continued to the end of Coleridge's life, less intense as years went on, less personal and more literary, but none the less real and true. There is a letter in this collection, ascribed either to the year 1824 or 1829, which refers to a translation by Wordsworth of three books of the 'Æneid' which had obviously been sent by him to Coleridge for a critical perusal. The tone of this letter is in marked contrast to that from which extracts have been made above; it exemplifies the change which has come over the relationship between the two poets, and it has in addition a purely literary and critical interest.

'Dear Wordsworth,—Three whole days the going through the first book cost me, though only to find fault. But I cannot find fault, in pen and ink, without thinking over and over again, and without some sort of an attempt to suggest the alteration; and, in so doing, how soon an hour is gone! so many half-seconds

up to half-minutes are lost in leaning back in one's chair, and looking up, in the bodily act of contracting the muscles of the brow and forehead, and unconsciously attending to the sensation. Had I the MS. with me for five or six months, so as to amuse myself off and on, without any solicitude as to a given day, and could I be persuaded that if as well done as the nature of the thing (viz. *a translation of Virgil*, in English) renders possible, it would not raise but simply sustain your well-merited fame for pure diction, where what is not idiom is never other than logically correct, I doubt not that the irregularities could be removed. But I am haunted by the apprehension that I am not feeling or thinking in the same spirit with you, at one time, and at another *too much* in the spirit of your writings. Since Milton, I know of no poet with so many *felicities* and unforgettable lines and stanzas as you. And to read, therefore, page after page without a single *brilliant* note, depresses me, and I grew peevish with you for having wasted your time on a work *so* much below you, that you cannot *stoop* and *take*. Finally, my conviction is, that you undertake an *impossibility*, and that there is no medium between a prose version and one on the avowed principle of *compensation* in the widest sense—that is, manner, genius, total effect. I confine myself to *Virgil* when I say this.

'I must now set to work with *all* my powers and thoughts to my Leighton, and then to my logic, and then to my *opus maximum*! if indeed it shall please God to spare me so long, which I have had too many warnings of late (more than my nearest friends know of) not to doubt. My kind love to Dorothy.

'S. T. Coleridge.'

(Vol. ii. p. 733.)

Of Coleridge's letters to Lamb very few have been preserved, and in these two volumes three only appear. They bring him somewhat into the sphere of Coleridge's life, but by no means to the same extent as other friends, more especially Poole and Stuart. These two men were perhaps the two most steadfast and helpful, more especially Poole. Stuart, as editor of a newspaper to which Coleridge sent his somewhat irregular but valuable contributions, had in some degree a motive of self-interest in assisting Coleridge either pecuniarily or by advice. Poole was wholly disinterested, and after Coleridge's departure from Stowey it is surprising that so much of the former friendship was sustained. The last letter from Coleridge to Poole which is printed in this book was written in the year 1830, the first in 1795, immediately after his marriage. Thus for five-and-thirty years the friendship endured, a continual help to Coleridge and no doubt a constant intellectual stimulus to Poole. It is pleasant to see this smooth and lasting intercourse between two men in many respects very dissimilar in character.

How keenly the earlier periods of this friendship were kept alive in Coleridge's memory is shown by the concluding sentence of this last letter:—

'O that riches would make wings for me instead of for itself, and I would fly to the sea shore at Porlock and Lynmouth, making a good halt at dear, ever fondly remembered Stowey, of which, believe me your image and the feelings and associations connected therewith constitute four-fifths of my dear Poole.

'Your obliged and affectionate friend,

'S. T. COLERIDGE.'

It was to Poole that Coleridge owed his home at Nether Stowey. It was he who aided him in many practical difficulties, and he was always ready to sympathise with every tone of Coleridge's feelings. He was not only willing to receive these communications, he was hurt if they did not come. Here is an interesting letter, more cheerful than many of those which Coleridge addressed to Poole, but significant of the many-shaped relationship which existed between them:—

'August 14, 1800.

'My dear Poole,—Your two letters I received exactly four days ago—some days they must have been lying at Ambleside before they were sent to Grasmere, and some days at Grasmere before they moved to Keswick. . . . It grieved me that you had felt so much from my silence. Believe me, I have been harassed with business, and shall remain so for the remainder of this year. Our house is a delightful residence, something less than half a mile from the lake of Keswick and something more than a furlong from the town. It commands both that lake and the lake of Bassenthwaite. Skiddaw is behind us; to the left, the right, and in front mountains of all shapes and sizes. The waterfall of Lodore is distinctly visible. In garden, &c., we are uncommonly well off, and our landlord, who resides next door in this twofold house, is already much attached to us. He is a quiet, sensible man, with as large a library as yours—and perhaps rather larger—well stored with encyclopædias, dictionaries, and histories, &c., all modern. The gentry of the country, titled and untitled, have all called or are about to call on me, and I shall have free access to the magnificent library of Sir Gilfrid Lawson. I wish you could come here in October after your harvesting, and stand godfather at the christening of my child. In October the country is in all its blaze of beauty.

'We are well and the Wordsworths are well. The two volumes of the "Lyrical Ballads" will appear in about a fortnight or three weeks. Sara sends her best kind love to your mother. How much we rejoice in her health I need not say. Love to Ward, and to Chester, to whom I shall write as soon as I am at leisure. I was standing at the very top of Skiddaw, by a little shed of slate stones on which I had scribbled with a bit of slate my name among the other names. A lean-expression-faced man came up the hill, stood beside me a little

while, then, on running over the names, exclaimed, "Coleridge! I lay my life that is the *poet Coleridge*!"

'God bless you, and for God's sake never doubt that I am attached to you beyond all other men.

'S. T. COLERIDGE.'

(Vol. i. pp. 335–336.)

Distance and a close circle of friends at hand did something in Coleridge's later life to render this friendship, though it continued, less intimate. It is unquestionable that what Poole was to him in earlier days that Joseph Henry Green was from 1817, the year in which he became acquainted with Coleridge. But Green was more than a friend; he was a disciple, and gave up the later years of his life to the spreading and popularising of Coleridge's teaching. Thus he united in himself two functions, and in each he was very essential to Coleridge's happiness.

'It is seldom, my dearest friend,' he writes in 1833, 'that I find myself differing from you in judgement of any sort. It is more than seldom that I am left in doubt and query on any judgement of yours of a practical nature, for on the good ground of some sixteen years' or more's experience I feel a take-for-granted faith in the dips and pointings of the needle in every decision of your total mind.'

This is the best tribute to Green in matters theoretical and practical. Coleridge had relied for sixteen years on his judgement. He was a man of great ability, and he had the rare advantage of receiving Coleridge's fullest confidences when his mind was richly stored by thought and experience. But the fact that for a number of years it was Green's custom to pass two afternoons a week at Highgate prevented the necessity of a frequent correspondence. When a letter was sent the cause was some comparatively trivial demand, as of a book or a pamphlet, or it was necessitated by enforced separation from illness. On such occasions the monologue, as Coleridge's conversation largely was, had to be put on paper. 'I have been myself in no usual degree 'unwell,' Coleridge writes in 1820, and he then launches first into a discussion of a lecture on Divinity, next into various points in regard to the authencity of certain books of the Bible, and then into the physiological question, 'Does 'the efficient cause of disease and disordered action, and 'collectively of pain and perishing, lie entirely in the organs, 'and then reawakening the active principles in me depart?' The subject once opened leads to a long discussion without any definite end, and it is broken off abruptly by the sentence, 'Enough for the present.' No letter could be

more characteristic of Coleridge. It was like a piece from one of the essays in the 'Friend,' or a comment in the 'Aids 'to Reflection,' learned, subtle, groping at times after truth, at times quickly fixing on it.

There is one phase of Coleridge's life which appears to be very clearly illustrated by this correspondence—his relations with his family other than his sons and daughter; of them we see comparatively little, bearing in mind their close relationship. But the letters to his wife and their absence in the latter part of his life, their tone of a slackening affection, are the most striking sign of the actual state of affairs. With his brothers he kept up no regular correspondence, but at the beginning of his life there are a certain number of what may be called fraternal letters, arising out of the relationship only. Then there came the episode of the enlisting, and there arises a frequent correspondence with his brother the Rev. George Coleridge, who acted to him at that time in the kindest and most thoughtful manner. Of him Coleridge wrote to Poole a few years later—

'My brother George is a man of reflective mind and elegant genius. He possesses learning in a greater degree than any of the family excepting myself. His manners are grave and kind, hued over with a tender sadness. In his moral character he approaches every way nearer to perfection than any man I ever yet knew; indeed, he is worth the whole family in a lump.'

But in later years George became alienated from his brother, though Coleridge avers that he himself loved him 'as father and brother in one.' The coolness was not unnatural. George Coleridge disapproved of his brother's breaking away from his wife. It was impossible for him to regard the long absence in the Mediterranean with approval. The failure of Coleridge to make a certain living, the unpractical character of his opinions were sure to evoke a coolness even in the mind of a good man incapable of understanding his brother's singular character. With his other brothers in England Coleridge kept up no actual relations. He visited them from time to time, from a sense of duty rather than from any other cause. But as his life drew near to its close something of the old brotherly affection of early days sprang up for his brother's sons. Though the marriage of his daughter with his nephew Henry Nelson Coleridge naturally must have been one cause of this, yet it commenced before that event.

'My very dear nephew,' he wrote to his nephew Edward in 1825, 'you have left me under a painful and yet genial feeling of regret that my lot in life has hitherto so much estranged me from the children of the sons of my father. . . . It is not in my power to express adequately, so as to convey it to others, what a revolution has taken place in my mind since I have seen your sister, and John, and Henry, and, lastly, yourself. Yet revolution is not the word I want. It is rather the sudden evolution of a seed that had sunk too deep for the warmth and exciting air to reach, but which a casual spade had turned up and brought close to the surface, and I now know the meaning as well as feel the truth of the Scottish proverb, "Blood is thicker than water."'

This drawing together of old and young is a pleasant and noticeable feature in Coleridge's later life. Another instance is to be found in the letter in which he referred to his nephew John Taylor Coleridge's accession to the post of editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' which is throughout marked by the utmost kindliness, though tinged—as was natural—with some obvious feeling of soreness both towards the periodical and its publisher.

'I will not disguise from you, my dearest nephew, that the first certain information of your having taken the "Quarterly" gave me a pain, which it required all my confidence in the soundness of your judgement to counteract. . . . My fears were directed to the *invidiousness* of the situation, it being the notion of publishers that without satire and sarcasm no review can obtain or keep up a sale. Perhaps pride has some concern in it. *For* myself I have none, probably because I had time out of mind given it up as a lost cause, given myself over, I mean, a predestined author, though without a drop of true *author* blood in my veins. But a pride in and for the name of my father's house I have, and those with whom I live know that it is never more than a dog-sleep, and apt to *start up* on slight alarms. Now, though very sillily, I felt pain at the notion of any *comparisons* being drawn between *you* (to whom with your sister my heart pulls the strongest) and Mr. Gifford, even though they should be [to] your advantage; and still more, the thought that . . . Murray should be or hold himself entitled to have and express an opinion on the subject. The insolence of one of his proposals to me, viz. that he would publish an edition of my Poems, on the condition that a gentleman in his confidence (Mr. Milman! I understand) was to select, and make such omissions and corrections as should be thought advisable—this, which offered to myself excited only a smile in which there was nothing sardonic, might very possibly have rendered me sorer and more sensitive when I boded even an infinitesimal *ejusdem farinæ* in connexion with you.

'But henceforward I shall look at the thing in a sunnier mood.' (Vol. ii. p. 736.)

It is pleasant to see Coleridge in this happier mind and to leave him in the quiet evening of a troubled life.

ART. VI.—1. *The Great War with Russia. The Invasion of the Crimea: a Personal Retrospect of the Battles of the Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman, and of the Winter of* 1854–5, &c. By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D. London, Manchester, and New York: 1895.

2. *Memories and Studies of War and Peace.* By ARCHIBALD FORBES. London, Paris, and Melbourne: 1895.

'REMEMBER I can make or mar you!' Portentous words addressed not so very long ago by a 'war correspondent' to a British officer on service—to a young soldier in command of an advanced post, who had had the presumption to refuse to hand over to the representative of a newspaper important information on its way from the front to headquarters, words spurned as they deserved, but still bearing with them suggestions, the mere possibility of which should strike a warning note on the ear of the news-reading public at home.

Now, while the great Powers of the world are resting on their arms, the 'war correspondent' has for the present sheathed his pen, and it may not be out of place to consider who and what he is. Why has he come into existence at all? Why is he accepted now-a-days as part of the equipment of every army? Will such acceptance of him be beneficial to the army which he accompanies, or to the public for whom he caters? To what extent can that public rely on his information, on his criticism, or on his praise? What are his powers for good or for evil? Can he make or mar?

Mr. Forbes tells us that the first of the race was a 'Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, a well-known literary man not very 'long dead, who was sent to Spain by the "Morning Post" 'with the Spanish Legion' under Sir De Lacy Evans, between 1835–37, but that 'this new departure was not 'followed up, and no English newspaper was represented in 'the ill-fated Afghan campaigns of 1838–42, or in the great 'battles of the first and second Punjaub wars.' We may, however, assume, with no disrespect to the memory of Mr. G. L. Gruneisen, that the descent of the 'war correspondent' of the present day dates only from the Crimean war. Prior to that the public gained its information from 'the seat of 'war' from the official despatches alone, or from what might leak out from private letters. And not only from what might leak out, for private letters were undoubtedly written with the intention of being made public, written

with no sense of responsibility, often only the reflection of the discontent, the personal prejudice, or the ambitious longings of the writer. We are far from saying that no such letters are written now, but as a main source of information, as they were in those earlier days, nothing could be more baneful, and if the more recognised newspaper system has done much to cancel their effects, it will have done much also to alleviate the constant anxieties of a commander in the field.

'There is a system of croaking in the army,' says the Duke of Wellington writing from Portugal, 'which is highly injurious to the public service, and which I must devise some means of putting an end to, or it will put an end to us.' *

In the Crimea the same abuse made itself felt again, when

'the querulous letters from officers were so rife in England that the Duke of Newcastle, becoming indignant and even alarmed, imparted his disgust and anxiety to the commander abroad. Lord Raglan in answer observed that the same ugly symptom had disclosed itself at the time of the Peninsular War.' . . . 'He said their letters would not do "any real harm,"' and predicted that 'they would be eclipsed by "our own correspondent."' †

'Lord Raglan saw and frankly acknowledged the advantage that in one point of view might result from the communications of *skilled* correspondents whose writings, he thought, would outshine all the letters from wrong-headed officers.' ‡

But at the time at which Lord Raglan wrote, the presence with an army of representatives of the press was an entirely new departure. They might be skilled writers, they could not from want of experience be skilled war correspondents in the present meaning of the term, and in the acceptance of the word 'skilled' lies, we think, much of their *raison d'être*. They were not skilled, at any rate in the lessons of war; they could not be so; they were not soldiers, and they had had no opportunities, even as civilian spectators, of studying the conduct of campaigns. 'By ——, sir!' exclaimed General Pennefather to the 'Times' correspondent at Alma, 'I'd as soon see the devil! What on earth do you 'know of this kind of work, and what will you do when we 'get into action?' Few of our commanders in the Crimea appear to have known much 'of this kind of work' either, and a little later on many great people at home, as well as

* Wellington's Dispatches, vi. 429.
† Kinglake, vi. 231. ‡ Ibid. p. 233.

at the 'seat of war,' would, we feel sure, much rather have seen the devil than Mr. W. H. Russell of the 'Times.'

'What on earth do you know of this kind of work?' probably reflected the feeling of every soldier in the Crimea. 'You have come to write about us, to write about the army, 'you who know absolutely nothing about what you are 'writing;' and then came the terrible charges against these newspaper men of giving information to the enemy by their careless letters home.

'I know something,' writes Lord Raglan, 'of the kind of information which the commander of an army requires of the state and condition of the troops opposed to him, and I can safely say, that during the whole of the war in the Peninsula, the Duke of Wellington was never supplied with such details as are to be found in the letter to which I am desirous of attracting your attention.' *

The letter in question had been written from his own Headquarters Camp, from the army which he commanded, where he was all powerful, and where the evident future remedy was in his own hands. It may be safely said that no commander of the present day worth his salt would tolerate such a state of affairs for five minutes.

We have known a breach of confidence on the part of a 'correspondent' meet with instant dismissal from the force to which he had been attached; and though the newspaper he represented certainly at once did its best to write down the high-handed commander it signally failed.

In the Crimea, however, the accusation was not of a breach of confidence, but of furnishing information to the enemy which might jeopardise the army and the lives of many men. And yet beyond official complaints sent home, and empty promises of reform on the part of editors, nothing was done, and the sources of information in the Crimea remained in the same condition.

There is much to wonder at in the conduct of that Crimean campaign, brilliant gallantry, endless suffering and sacrifice of British lives, marvellous and incomprehensible incapacity. And the treatment, or rather the non-treatment, of the newspaper correspondents in the Chersonese would appear on a par with much else we read of there.

On the one hand, the army commanded by leaders trained to a great extent in the Peninsula, imbued with that strong dislike for the press they had inherited from their great chief, full of professional, perhaps rather narrow professional,

* Kinglake, vi. 243.

pride; on the other hand, this 'new departure,' these 'war 'correspondents,' ignorant civilians who had come to criticise; and no master mind to perceive and weld together the common interests of soldier and penman.

Surely a broader view of things at headquarters, a more liberal appreciation of this new factor in the daily life of the army, might have done much, even in the absence of definite regulations, to assist its objects and control its irregularities. But, says Mr. Russell, 'the notion of giving correspon- 'dents the smallest official recognition .... would at that 'time have been rejected by any one in authority.'

The 'war correspondent' in the Crimea was in a difficult position. His calling sanctioned by his government at home, allowed to accompany the army, allowed to draw his rations, but cold-shouldered everywhere, hunted from pillar to post, he relied for information on his own untutored eyes, or upon mere camp gossip. Years of peace had passed since the victories of the Peninsula, the army and the nation it served appeared to have forgotten the lessons of the past, and he, surrounded by an incapacity and a want of organisation which any sensible civilian might have perceived, wrote home from the darkness of the middle ages before the Renaissance. He wrote surrounded by unjustifiable suffering and misery, he wrote bitterly and to the point, and his editor at home did not tone down his story. 'It is for the editor on 'the spot,' says Mr. Russell, 'to decide what ought to be 'made public, and what ought to be suppressed, in my 'correspondence.' A dangerous maxim, certainly not one we should care to see sanctioned as sufficient guard for the safety of an army—a maxim which might appear to go perilously near an admission not only of the right to make public or 'suppress,' but also to colour!

Much that was written home returned, mainly by telegraph wire, to Sebastopol. Nothing could be worse. Nevertheless we are convinced that no want of patriotism can be attributed to the newspaper chroniclers of the Crimean campaign. They erred through ignorance, through impressions wrought on them by terrible horrors, through excess of zeal to tell the truth to the public, through want of direction and control. The very weakness of the military rule which tolerated them justified their action. They spoke up for the recognition of the requirements every army has a right to expect from the nation it serves—if such demands had been committed to official channels alone, when would they have been answered? They broke through old-world prejudices. They

appealed to the nation which responded with a will, and there can be no doubt that their civilian criticism did much to save the army.

At that time the telegraphic system was only in its infancy. It was not till May 1855 that a wire was laid between the Chersonese and Varna.* The newspaper letters of which Lord Raglan complained were sent by post, no doubt under the belief that before they could be returned to the Crimea as public property so much time would have elapsed that the information they contained would at any rate be useless to Russia. The telegraphic communication, however, between London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and the Russian commanders, and the slow march of history in the Crimea falsified such a short-sighted trust.

Since the terrible winter of 1854 the world has marched apace. The developement of electric telegraphy, increased speed in travelling, better means of communication everywhere, the perfecting of all systems for the transmission and distribution of news, have not only changed the old order of things, but would appear to have brought with increased facilities an increased thirst for information of all sorts, with something of almost an hysterical craving for sensation, for news with a little more spice in it than mere matter-of-fact details can afford.

'Surely if science has annihilated distance, and a general 'action can hardly be fought beyond the ken of the same 'day's evening papers, we have a right to expect something 'with a little more colour in it than an official despatch.' So say, we imagine, the newspaper-reading public. And accordingly, from the seat of war, news the more sensational the better is flashed in eloquent periods over the wire, the mischief that may accrue from it a hundredfold increased since Crimean days by its instantly realisable value should an enemy obtain it.

The 'war correspondent' of the present day would appear to be one of the necessary results of expectations to which the scientific advances of the age have given rise. His calling has become a profession. Requiring energy, ability, and courage, and offering some chance of distinction, some chance of witnessing and even sharing indirectly in momentous events, it has attracted to its ranks many able and adventurous spirits. Its followers, too, have been highly paid.

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* Kinglake, vii. 213.

The American War of Secession, the Seven Weeks war of 1866, the Franco-German war, the Russo-Turkish war, the Afghan and Egyptian campaigns—'Our Own Correspondent' has seen and written of them all. He has been officially accepted with all armies in the field upon certain rules and conditions. And in each succeeding campaign his indiscretions (to use a mild word) in the transmission of news vitally affecting the interests of belligerents have pointed more strongly to the necessity of better defining his position and more strictly controlling his pen and person. Yet it does not seem entirely to have dawned on 'the profession' that the interests of a newspaper must be subservient to the interests of an army.

The evil influence of the American press in the War of Secession is a matter of history; in later years the betrayal by a newspaper of the nature of the defences of Kars and of Rustchuk is well known; while in the Franco-Prussian war the fact of MacMahon's having left his camp near Reims for the north was first made known to the Germans by a telegram from London repeating a paragraph which had appeared in 'Le Temps.' We quote at haphazard the first cases that occur to us.

It seems strange that men living with an army in the field, drawing its rations, sharing to a great extent its dangers, friends with its officers, should not think twice before doing it a deadly harm. Yet so it has happened on several occasions, as many can bear witness. The public may ascribe such work to careless writing or to what they will. From the point of view of the army it is treachery and nothing else.

Soldiers have, of course, seen and acknowledged the danger, and to meet it various regulations were framed both in the Franco-Prussian * and Russo-Turkish wars, consisting of a mild censorship, and 'correspondents' badges,' establishing the identity and calling of the wearers. Nevertheless, the indiscretions in recent years to which we have referred all occurred under regulations specially intended to guard against them.

Consequently we cannot wonder that, with the experience of former campaigns to guide it, our own War Office during the Afghan campaign of 1879 issued rules for the guidance of newspaper correspondents with an army in the field, and distinctly defined their position. Early in the campaign

* They were very slight in the Franco-Prussian war.

the flagrant disregard and evasion of regulations framed on the spot had rendered such action absolutely necessary. This was, we believe, the first attempt made to draw up a precise code of rules for their control. It raised a storm of criticism in the Indian press, whilst at home Mr. Forbes took up the cudgels on behalf of his comrades.

Before the Egyptian campaign of 1882 another set of rules was issued, which we believe may be taken as giving generally the conditions upon which correspondents would now accompany a British army in a great war.

We give the rules in full.

RULES FOR NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.*

1. 'All newspaper correspondents accompanying the army in the field must be furnished with a license † granted under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief at home. In this license the paper or papers for which the correspondent is agent will be stated.

2. 'A correspondent may not write for papers other than those mentioned in his license. If he desires to do so he must get leave, and the permission must be duly registered on his license.

3. 'Licenses will not be granted to those whom it is considered undesirable to have as correspondents in the field. Retired officers will be preferred.

4. 'All correspondents in the field will be under the Mutiny Act during their stay with the army.

5. 'Correspondents will not be allowed to go to the outposts without special permission, to be granted in writing each time a correspondent may wish to visit them.

6. 'The use of any cypher is forbidden to correspondents. French and German are the only foreign languages permitted.

7. 'A Staff Officer will be named to act as press censor. He will register licenses granted under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief at home, and will grant licenses to local correspondents *not accompanying* the army in the field. These licenses will be issued under similar conditions to those granted to correspondents accompanying the army. He will also grant passes when necessary to all correspondents at the seat of war. He will be the channel of communication between the General Officer Commanding in the field and the correspondents. Each newspaper having a correspondent in the field, or at the seat of war, will send him a copy of every issue of their papers, so that he may, by examining their contents, be assured that the press rules in the field are strictly adhered to.

8. 'This Press Censor will have the power of insisting that all communications from correspondents to their newspapers must be sent

* 'The Soldier's Pocket Book,' p. 178.

† The license sanctions the presence of the correspondent with the army, and gives authority to draw rations and forage.

through him; and he may detain or alter the communication should he deem it injurious to the interests of the army.

9. 'The General Officer Commanding will, through this Staff Officer, give as much information as he may consider advisable and consistent with his duty, to correspondents. The Press Censor will fix an hour when correspondents may call upon him daily for information, and he will be authorised to tell them everything that can be published with safety to the army.

10. 'The military authorities will facilitate, so far as they can, the despatch of the messages of correspondents.

11. 'Should the means of communication at the disposal of the General Officer Commanding in the field not be sufficient to convey the messages of correspondents, the latter may, under his sanction, arrange for special means of transmitting their messages. It is, however, to be clearly understood that such arrangements are to be entirely under the control of the Press Censor.

12. 'The General Officer Commanding in the field has power to revoke, at any time, any license granted under the authority of the Commander-in-Chief at home, or under his own authority, should he consider it advisable in the interests of the army to do so.

13. 'Editors of newspapers desirous of sending agents to the theatre of war, and the correspondents whom they propose for that purpose, will be required to sign the following declaration:

have read the rules for the guidance of editors of newspapers, and of correspondents with an army in the field, and hereby agree to abide by the same.

Signed Editor of the ————

Signed Proposed correspondent to the ———— to accompany the army.'

The rules are of course framed with the intention of preserving an army from the dangerous effects of communications to the public which might be beneficial to an enemy, or which by ill-judged criticism might weaken the authority of a commander or undermine the *moral* of his troops.

Their most important provisions are the placing of correspondents under the Mutiny Act,* and the power given to the Press Censor to forbid the organisation of special means of communication, or the despatch of messages beyond the zone of military jurisdiction.†

They appear to us to reach as far as any military authority can hope to reach, and the experience of the past thoroughly justifies them. But though the justice of such

* Army Act.

† These conditions were more clearly defined in the rules of 1879, but those of 1882, though not so explicit, evidently contain the same powers.

stringency may be admitted, the causes which have led to the necessity for it may not appear so clearly.

We think Mr. Forbes's pages supply the explanation, for nothing strikes us more in his 'Memories' than the frequent evidence of the enormous sums of money newspapers are prepared to pay for their news, and the intense rivalry amongst 'war correspondents' to supply their employers with the 'latest intelligence.'

During the Turkish war Mr. Forbes sent from Bucharest 'several messages of more than 8,000 words each,' and 'the scale was about eighteenpence a word,' so that he sent telegrams the cost of which was about 600*l.* apiece. 'But 'there was no stinting; it seemed as if a thing could not 'cost too much that was well done.' Again: 'Each of us 'had a wagon and a pair of draught-horses, several saddle-'horses, a couple of servants, and couriers at discretion.'

The prices to be paid for 'latest intelligence' were evidently lavish, and the contrivances of one correspondent to beat another were no less striking. The best results seem to have been obtained by the despatch of telegrams from offices in neutral countries, or from points outside the sphere of military authority, and therefore beyond the power of any censor. In this direction Mr. Forbes's greatest triumphs were his ride to Landmann's Drift after the battle of Ulundi, and his clever organisation of his pony express between Bucharest and Kronstadt during the Russo-Turkish War.

Lord Chelmsford had for some unaccountable reason resolved to send no courier with the news of his victory till next morning, and Mr. Forbes decided to ride through the night to the nearest telegraph station at Landmann's Drift, a distance of about one hundred miles. If recollection serves us aright, some fortunate instinct directed Mr. Forbes to the horses laid out for Lord Chelmsford's staff officer with the morrow's despatches. At any rate, he had reason to be proud that his story of our success was the first news that reached England.

On the second occasion to which we have alluded Mr. Forbes was with the Russian army in Bulgaria, and his base of operations for the despatch of telegrams to the 'Daily News' office in London was properly Bucharest, where a Russian press censor had been officially established, and as to whose strictness of supervision correspondents seem to have been somewhat apprehensive.

Mr. Forbes, of course, like a good soldier, endeavoured

by all the means in his power to secure his base. Presents of cigars and opera tickets were freely distributed to officials and telegraph operators, and the goodwill of the wives of Roumanian cabinet ministers was specially sought after. But, in case of accidents, an alternative base was established at Kronstadt in Transylvania, connecting with Bucharest by pony express over the Carpathians. Admirable strategy! Yet if newspapers find it worth their while to sanction such expenditure and such organisation, the uncharitable may well wonder whether the means of obtaining and transmitting information will always be above suspicion!

What was the object of Mr. Forbes's pony express? It was by good organisation to circumvent the authority of an official appointed by the Russian authorities to supervise Mr. Forbes's letters, he having been accredited to the Russian army with the knowledge that telegrams sent from Bucharest would be so supervised. The fact that the Russian authorities approved a particular telegram in no way affects the case. It was in order to despatch telegrams they would not approve that the Transylvanian connexion was established, and it is in order to guard against strategy of this kind that the regulations for 'war correspondents' have been drawn up. We cannot conceive that in these days of rapid transmission the commander of any army could be content to trust the despatch of reports affecting its well-being to the unsupervised judgment of any newspaper correspondent, however experienced.

Mr. Forbes has on various occasions admitted the risk that belligerents incur from the injudicious disclosures of 'correspondents.' But in his chapter on 'War Correspondence as a Fine Art,' he bitterly laments that 'his craft' is in future to be 'controlled by precise and restraining limita-'tions,' and that it must therefore cease to be 'the fine art into 'which zeal, energy, and contrivance elevated it for a brief 'time,' and then he goes on, we think, to let the cat out of the bag entirely: 'I am far from objecting to the changed 'conditions in the capacity of a citizen of a nation which 'may have the wisdom to prefer victories to news.'

Well, we should hope so! Does Mr. Forbes mean his readers to infer that the smuggling of illicit news may hitherto have hampered the gaining of victories?

We have quoted Mr. Forbes freely as the distinguished representative of this modern profession which he has done so much to create, and it is with real regret we notice that he alludes to himself as 'laudator temporis acti.' For he

has earned not only a world-wide reputation as a writer, but as the possessor of an instinctive grasp of the many varying phases of war. Yet we confess that a perusal of his pages only confirms our own experience, that the correspondent's unqualified allegiance to his newspaper, for the sake of triumphs of early publications and increased sale, has become a danger to military operations which could not be ignored.

Our readers may perhaps hardly credit the lengths to which such allegiance has been carried. We can vouch for the following. The day before a large force was to advance for the attack of a position, a 'war correspondent' entered a small telegraph station at the point from which the troops were to move, and handed a message to the operator. It was to the effect that 'troops had advanced, 'severe fighting, and retreat on ——.' The clerk handed the message to an officer in the building, to whom the correspondent admitted that the telegram was entirely untrue from beginning to end, but that if sent it would greatly increase the sale of his paper, and that he would contradict it by telegram next day. We need hardly say no great time elapsed before he left the force concerned; but once outside the sphere of active operations he again tried to forward the same telegram, and was only prevented doing so by orders from the front.

There is, however, a power with which no military rules can ever deal, the editor at home, who in his office will receive the now carefully revised reports of his emissaries at the seat of war. In his honesty and highmindedness must rest much of the success of any regulations.

It would be interesting to know what latitude the editorial code of honour sanctions with regard to the amplification or otherwise of telegrams received. For our own part, we are entirely unacquainted with the mysteries of the editor's sanctum. We have, however, watched his emissaries at work, and they have occasionally appeared to us to be furnished with home-made spectacles which they find it difficult to remove. The political bias of an ably represented newspaper is worth studying. 'Indeed,' says Mr. Forbes, 'it is 'no exaggeration to aver that for better or worse MacGahan 'was the virtual author of the Russo-Turkish war.'

We are well aware that MacGahan always claimed to be the author of that war, a terrible responsibility for any man to wish for—more terrible still to admit that a claim for such power could with any show of reason be put forward by the foreign correspondent of an English newspaper. As

a matter of fact, however, he was not the author of the war, though he did by sensational writing to a certain extent beguile Europe, and cover the objects of the advance of Russia, the fitting sequel to which were the kidnapping of Prince Alexander and the Kaulbars mission. Wittingly or not, he was the one-sided newspaper supporter of an ambitious war, waged under cover of Christianity and justified by atrocities since proved to have been grossly exaggerated.

But MacGahan is dead, and we have no wish to throw doubt on the personal intentions of a brave and able man. We would only say that these powerful 'pen pictures' of accomplished writers, drawn beyond the sphere of any control but directly connected with possible difficulties and possible campaigns in which our own country may be involved, may, if carelessly exhibited to our sensation-loving public, weaken our judgement and cripple our powers of action.

If we mistake not, the great commanders of the future will not undervalue the possible manipulation of the power to which we have referred. If the misled sentiment of a nation may render popular a campaign, news falsely coined may help to win its battles. False impressions, false rumours of movements, concentrations, successes, or defeats, flashed from the seat of war through every capital in Europe, may puzzle hostile armies in the field. And, as we write, the recollections of a hot day in August 1882 come back to us—ships in Alexandria harbour dressed for the Bairam festival, bands playing, men-of-warsmen cheering, a magnificent flotilla crowded with British troops under way for Aboukir Bay, and a little steamer bearing the well-informed representatives of the press to see the attack on Aboukir Forts!*

Such appear to us to be some of the larger consequences that follow the rise of this modern profession. But the lesser influences it wields, the connexion it bears to the social existence, if we may so describe it, of an army in the field, cannot be ignored. The presence in camp of an unofficial power that may even faintly claim to 'make or mar' appears to us a disagreeable presence, though we set little value on

* Orders were posted in the companion-ways for the troops to land at Aboukir. The ships entered the bay, but, instead of attacking the forts, left again soon after dark, and next morning were off Port Said. The Canal was in Lord Wolseley's hands, and not till then was the well-kept secret known.

the claim. For no war correspondent's pen will ever transform a bad soldier into a good one, or permanently ruin the reputation of the latter. A little evanescent fame it has it in its power to bestow: the mention of a name for some small deed of simple duty is enough. The correspondent may not wish to make or mar, but he wants to send a vivid description to his newspaper, and to individualise his 'pen-'picture' some name is quoted to the world. His power is felt, and to it some will pander, and those not the best, for from the suspicion of such assistance finer natures will recoil.

We have endeavoured to trace the profession of War Correspondent from the unbridled license of its early Crimean days, through its period of *brassards* and weak censorship, down to the sterner regulations of recent years by which it will in future be guided, and have pointed out what appear to us, from the experience of more than one campaign, to be its possible influences on the conduct of war. And evil as those influences have in some cases been, and might still be if misdirected, we are far from saying that the presence with an army in the field of the representatives of the press must of necessity be injurious. We bargain only for the control of those representatives in respect to the well-being of the army they accompany.

In dealing with the question we have only alluded to those civilian writers who have adopted the 'war correspondent's' craft as a profession, and not to the many soldiers who have at various times accompanied foreign armies as military correspondents of a newspaper, with the main object of studying a campaign under advantages and with opportunities which they could not otherwise hope to obtain. But beyond this a tendency on the part of the military authorities would appear of late years to have arisen in the direction of sanctioning, if not encouraging, the presence with our own forces in the field of officers on the active list in the capacity of newspaper correspondents: a custom which, though it may obviate to some extent the recurrence of abuses to which we have referred, and must certainly contribute to the peace of mind of a general in command, we should be sorry to see generally recognised. We are old-fashioned enough to dislike the admission amongst 'brother 'officers' of one of themselves in unofficial but direct communication with the public, and the same objection holds good, though in a lesser degree, to retired officers. Moreover, we do not believe the army need suffer from the

independent views of civilian opinion, and are inclined to think that the close atmosphere of any society of experts is likely to be the better for a little outer air.

Neither need the profession suffer from that removal from the category of fine arts which Mr. Forbes so much laments. Any popularity which by the supervision of sensational 'pen 'pictures' it may lose it should more than regain by increased reliability. There is no reason why the profession should not rise to an even higher standard than it has hitherto attained, and its future success will lie in the justice of the claims its civilian followers can put forward to be recognised by the public as those 'skilled correspondents' for whom Lord Raglan sighed.

ART. VII.—1. *La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine.* Par ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE. Paris: 1895.

2. *The Present State of the Fine Arts in France.* By the late P. G. HAMERTON. London: 1892.

3. *Considerations on Painting: Lectures given in the Year 1893 at the Metropolitan Museum of New York.* By JOHN LA FARGE. New York and London: 1895.

4. *La Peinture Anglaise.* Par ERNEST CHESNEAU. Paris: 1882.

'IL y a une peinture anglaise,' commences M. de la Sizeranne, in words which, simple as they seem, are not exactly translatable. For he by no means intends to imply that there is an English school of painting. On the contrary, that is exactly what he denies. The characteristic of English painting, according to our French critics, is that it has no fixed characteristics at all. The individual artists all differ from each other in style, method, and aims; and the combined sum of their work differs from that of any other country. In lands other than England, says our author, the French visitor finds himself before paintings which in some degree remind him of what he is accustomed to. But the English painters seem not to be aware that there is a continent. 'S'ils l'ont appris, ils n'y ont rien pris;' they are still waiting for the Channel tunnel. This is not merely M. de la Sizeranne's personal view. M. Chesneau, writing some thirteen years earlier, is in the same tale. He observes, speaking of our artists, 'Il semble que leurs ateliers soient 'fermés par un pan du grand mur de la Chine;' by a system of exclusion they have made an art 'vraiment national.' The French school, he observes, up to a dozen years ago (he is writing in 1882), had painted absolutely nothing by which their own time could be handed down. They suppressed all incident in view of an harmonious unity, aiming at a perfect balance. The English art was the antipodes of all this; the painters of the two countries had nothing in common except the tools—canvas, pigments, and brushes. Whether the contrast is in every respect so marked at the present moment is a point we shall have to consider later on. In the meantime it is instructive to see ourselves as others see us, and to learn that by French critics our art is regarded as entirely destitute of any central aim or principle; as interesting mainly on account of the individuality and intensity of purpose evinced by special artists.

But this kind of interest, according to M. de la Sizeranne, dates mainly if not entirely from the rise of the now almost forgotten pre-Raphaelite movement. One special quality of English painting, however, he notes as easily recognisable among the generation of artists who immediately preceded that epoch. This is what he defines as 'l'intellectualité du 'sujet;' in other words, the feeling that *what* is painted is more important than *how* it is painted, and he refers to the numerous paintings of scenes in literature and history which formed the staple of our figure-subjects in the days when Wilkie, Redgrave, Frith, Leslie (the elder) were among the prominent names in our art; in this group he might certainly have included Maclise and Egg. Among the works of this period, he observes, we see plainly affirmed the idea, which had been previously quite evident in the works of Hogarth, that the pencil was an instrument 'pour écrire, 'pour raconter, pour instruire, non simplement pour montrer.' There is, as we shall see, something to be said on the other side in regard to this criticism, which is a shrewd one nevertheless. Another characteristic of English art of the last generation which M. de la Sizeranne notes is the endeavour after intensity of expression, but only in animal painting, in which respect he cites Landseer, but has probably been misled into regarding Landseer, who was in his day a quite exceptional animal painter, as typical of a class. In regard to any other branch of painting he considers that intensity of expression was entirely wanting among English painters of the period referred to; they painted commonplace subjects in a commonplace manner; and, although here also there are some exceptions to be made, it cannot be denied that the verdict is painfully true in the main.

From this worship of banalities the artistic and even to some extent the public mind was aroused by the pre-Raphaelite rebellion, the real and efficient originator of which is considered by our French critic to have been Ford Madox Brown; and, though as a matter of fact Brown declined formally to enrol himself with the 'P.R.B.,' apparently from a wholesome dislike to 'deal in watch-words 'overmuch,' it is probably true that he was the first to practise if not to preach the new gospel. His leading idea, says our author, was that the art of painting was going to ruin through a systematic generalisation of forms, and could only be saved by the contrary process of minute research into individual facts. Sketching graphically and with a good deal of detail the rise and developement of the movement, M.

de la Sizeranne invites us to regard it as the originating cause of whatever is valuable in English painting at the present moment, and he then proceeds to consider successively the works of the following seven artists, as the representative great English painters of the present day: Mr. Watts, Mr. Holman Hunt, Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Tadema, Sir John Millais, Mr. Herkomer, and Sir E. Burne-Jones. Some consideration of the works of Madox Brown and Rossetti, no longer living, is comprised in the general chapter on the 'Définition et Résultats de Pré-Raphaélisme.'

How far is this estimate of the permanent results of the pre-Raphaelite movement really true? The avowed object of the 'P.R.B.' was to get at the reality of things; to paint nature as they saw it, not according to any artistic convention; to express intensity of action and emotion in the human figure, instead of mere conventional attitudes. As far as landscape was concerned their success was not great to begin with, and their influence at present has almost evaporated. It can be traced in a general way only so far as this, that it probably gave birth to the increased importance attached in modern English landscape-painting to truth of local colour, and to the careful study of actual *effect* in nature; not actual *incident*, which is quite another matter. If we compare the productions of some of the most prominent English landscape-painters of the earlier part of the century—Callcott, for example—with those of the most prominent landscape-painters of the present day,* we see that Callcott, fine in sentiment as he often is in his own way, painted a conventional landscape in a conventional scheme of colour; he conveyed the composition, the sentiment of a scene often very finely, but the effect was that of the studio, not of open-air nature; while in the landscapes of Mr. Alfred Hunt and Mr. H. W. B. Davis, and the sea-pieces of the late Henry Moore, though there is no attempt at bald realism of detail, there is an evidently most earnest attempt to represent the colour and the effects of nature as the painter saw them, with no subordination to any studio scheme of colour or composition. This intensity of study of natural effect is, indirectly at least, a legacy of the pre-Raphaelites; it arose out of the protest they made in favour of nature as against convention. But the pre-Raphaelites, as far as

* We are speaking here only of England, for the works and the theories of the 'P.R.B.' had absolutely no effect out of England; the whole movement was purely insular.

landscape was concerned, made the initial mistake of aiming not merely at truth of effect but at truth of incident in the realistic sense; as M. Chesneau says, in an earlier work,* 'they paint nature through a telescope, which changes its 'focus as you get to the distance, so as to set everything in 'the same plane, and ignore aërial perspective.' The most curious point about the pre-Raphaelites as landscape-painters was their making a special idol of Turner, and claiming artistic relationship with him—Turner, of all men, who composed imaginary landscapes, and altered the real ones to suit his own purposes! As Mr. Chesneau remarks, after the passage in which he speaks of the telescopic landscapes, 'they must have been very much in want of a name to back 'them, when they chose Turner as a patron.'

When we turn to figure subjects—and it is with these almost solely that our French critic concerns himself—the case is rather different. The rude shake, as it were, given to both popular and artistic intellectual indolence by the style of illustrative painting of the pre-Raphaelites, compelled at all events a new departure, the effects of which have been felt ever since. It had been the habit previously. as M. de la Sizeranne observes, for both painters and public in England to think principally about subject in painting, but in a loose slipshod manner; so long as the arrangement of the picture satisfied a conventional standard of composition, the question of its relation to actual or probable fact troubled no one very much; it was accepted as representing what it professed to represent. The pre-Raphaelite demand was that the artist should say to himself, not 'how will this 'scene compose best,' but, 'how did this really happen?' and should spare no pains to realise it as it did or might have happened, abandoning conventional gesture and seeking to represent intensity of individual expression. No two pictures could be more typical in this sense than Sir J. Millais's early painting of the scene from Keats's 'Isabella,' and Mr. Hunt's painting of 'Valentine rescuing Silvia.' Both paintings want that blending element which we recognise as 'style;' both are what French critics call *criarde* in colour, Mr. Hunt's in particular; but there was in each work the palpable effort to *realise* the scene, to impart intensity of expression to the figures, more especially exemplified in the well-known figure of the elder brother, in Sir J. Millais' painting, setting his teeth with anger as he cracks

* Les Artistes Modernes en France et en Angleterre. Paris: 1862.

his nut, and in the 'Julia' of Mr. Hunt's picture, whose uneasy embarrassment in her male attire, as she foresees immediate discovery, is conveyed not only in her face but in every limb, with a delicacy and truth which render this one of the most expressive figures in modern illustrative painting. The production of such works marked a revolution in our ideas as to the scope and aims of subject-painting.

The French critic notes a point in technical procedure as characteristic of the pre-Raphaelite painters; viz. that they painted on a white canvas without the preliminary process of laying a dark ground; that Mr. Watts is technically in relation with them through his practice of obtaining a certain desired effect of colour, not by mixing pigments, but by separate touches of colours which blend, to the eye, into the desired colour; and that Delacroix thought this so characteristic a feature of their practice that he defined the pre-Raphaelites as 'l'école sèche.' And thereafter M. de la Sizeranne thus sums up the characteristics of the pre-Raphaelite school:—

'Vu dans son ensemble, de Madox Brown à Millais et de Watts à Rossetti, depuis les cartons de Westminster jusqu'à l'*Adieu à Angleterre*, et du *Festin d'Isabelle* au *Huguenot*, comme de l'*Annonciation* au *Rêve de Dante*, le mouvement de 1850 fut ceci: des hommes nouveaux, voulant un art nouveau, substituant le geste curieux, inédit, individuel, au geste banal et généralisateur et la couleur franche, à sec, sans dessous, brillante par ses juxtapositions, à la couleur fondue, renforcée par des superpositions, en un mot la ligne expressive au lieu de la ligne décorative et le ton vif au lieu du ton chaud. Voilà, en toute simplicité, ce que fut le pré-Raphaélisme. Le reste n'est que logomachie.'

Not quite. The definition is good as far as it goes; but it rather suggests than defines the æsthetic position, and it omits what was certainly an element in the creed of the 'P.R.B.,' as well as of their champion, Ruskin, viz. the idea that a picture should have a moral element and aim. It is impossible to ignore this fact, which is, at all events, fully recognised by M. Chesneau, who concludes his remarks on this point with the words: 'Noble erreur en somme, et qui mérite 'tout notre respect!' Taking these as the essential characteristics of pre-Raphaelitism in its original form, how many of M. de la Sizeranne's selected eminent English painters of the day can fairly be connected with it? Mr. Holman Hunt is perhaps the only one who may be said to have remained throughout his artistic life faithful to the original creed. Madox Brown, so far as he was an adherent *de facto*, retained

throughout his life the same principles with which he commenced, searching always for the essential truth of the subject he painted, aiming always at intensity and individualism of expression, and for the most part showing indications at least of a strong predisposition towards emphasising the moral element in painting. Rossetti was a pure 'P.R.B.' in his unfinished picture of the countryman finding his former sweetheart as a harlot on the London streets; a separate study which he made for the face of the girl is one of the most pathetic things in modern art, and is a worthy pendant to 'Jenny;' but only in this and perhaps in his 'Annunciation' was he a true pre-Raphaelite. In the majority of his subsequent works he seemed rather to eschew a moral aim; he did not study his figures properly; he painted, without models, such figures of women as fortunately do not exist in real life; and in spite of his being in a certain sense an inspired colourist, it may be said that Providence really intended him for a poet, though he never gave his mind to the literary workmanship of poetry sufficiently, and was, in fact, essentially an amateur poet and an amateur painter. Mr. Watts is certainly connected with pre-Raphaelitism by his insatiable desire to use painting for moral ends, and to some extent, but only in a limited sense, by his *facture*, and also, we may say, by his earnest desire to realise as strongly as possible the expression which should be characteristic of the personage he is illustrating; witness his 'Jonah' in the last Academy exhibition; an ugly picture, but perhaps the first attempt that has ever been made in painting to realise the probable personality and manner of a man who could go about a city shouting incessantly 'Yet forty days, and 'Nineveh shall be overthrown.' Sir E. Burne-Jones may be regarded in some degree as a follower of Rossetti (whose work, as just observed, was only to a limited extent representative of 'P.R.B.' principles); but he is connected with the school by the decidedly moral element in his painting, and by his untiring aim after perfection of execution, as well as by a certain *naïveté* of conception which, though ignored by our French critic, was certainly an element in the 'P.R.B.' school. Sir J. Millais practically renounced his adherence at a very early period, being a much too powerful personality to remain bound up in any form of artistic dogmatism: and if we take him as he is at present, it would be difficult to trace the slightest affinity between his work and the 'P.R.B.' school, save perhaps in the patient and conscientious elaboration of foreground detail in some of his landscapes, such as 'Over

'the Hills.' As to Sir F. Leighton, Mr. Tadema, and Professor Herkomer, they may, no doubt, unconsciously inherit some of the effects which arose out of the 'P.R.B.' rebellion, but in any other sense it is impossible to trace any connexion, and we are disposed to think that all three of them would have painted much as they do now had no pre-Raphaelite movement ever existed. For some time after the knowledge of that movement had penetrated to the ears of the groundlings, it was the custom for the average exhibition lounger to dub as 'pre-Raphaelite' every picture of which the subject was beyond his comprehension, or which showed more than usual power of conception or execution.* Recent critics seem rather too much inclined to apply the same system of classification, only the other way about.

Before considering more broadly the present tendencies of English painting, we may notice briefly our French critic's chapters on the painters whom he has selected as foremost among English living artists, interposing here and there our own opinions, not offered from the technical point of view, but from that of the outside spectator, who has a right to an opinion; for it is certain that artists paint for the world and not for themselves or for each other (however it may please them sometimes to affirm the contrary); and the educated spectator is justified in putting the question, what has this furnished to my intellectual enjoyment? how am I the better for it? The theory which we have heard solemnly enunciated by artists, that the sole business of those who do not paint themselves is to accept respectfully what the painter offers them, and be thankful that they have it, we can only characterise as empty and illogical vanity, the sole possible excuse for which is the unquestionable fact that the technical operation of painting a picture is one of the most difficult and exacting of human accomplishments. That we freely grant; but the business of the spectator is not with the technical difficulties but with the intellectual result; and when an artist undertakes to illustrate a great subject and adds nothing whatever to our conception of it, or when he spends a great amount of technical ability on a trumpery or vulgar subject, it is beside the purpose to demand that we should admire the technical ability dis-

* We remember to have heard Sir F. Leighton's 'Summer Moon' referred to as 'Pre-Raphaelite' the year it was exhibited at the Academy.

played in the work; the natural reply is, 'So much the more 'lamentable waste of human energy and ingenuity.'

Of Mr. Watts the French critic says truly (and we imagine the painter would quite accept the view) that he is pre-eminently a painter of moral ideas expressed through art. 'Nous mettrions volontiers des scènes de genre dans nos 'églises; lui, il voudrait mettre des scènes de la Bible dans 'les gares des chemins de fer.' 'On trouverait difficilement 'un tableau de lui qui ne fût un sermon.' To Mr. Watts's grand and unique position, as a painter totally independent of and indifferent to artistic or other fashions, to worldly success or honours, he does full justice; but he seems to regard Mr. Watts rather with awe than with sympathy. 'Il 'n'a rien peint qui nous récrée. Il a été le bourreau de 'tous nos rêves de joie, le bourreau de toutes nos illusions, le 'bourreau de toutes les formes fraîches, graciles, de toutes 'les nuances délicates, de tous les plaisirs.' These be very bitter words, and go rather too far. There is a melancholy about all Mr. Watts's work certainly, but we should say rather of his art, in the words of Wordsworth's 'Protesilaus'—

'Calm pleasures there abide; majestic pains.'

The French critic does not seem to be acquainted with Mr. Watts's noble and beautiful 'Daphne,' Greek in perfection of form, mediæval in sentiment and in warmth of colour, or he would perhaps have modified his remarks. As to the colouring and treatment of the nude figure, M. de la Sizeranne's criticisms are not without reason. There is no doubt that Mr. Watts has studiously abstained from painting 'the 'nude' in the ordinary sense. He uses the figure as an engine for the expression of thought, but he is under no care to paint it in a realistic manner; there is something abstract and sculpturesque about his treatment of it, and this treatment is not unsuitable to the intellectual plane, so to speak, of his painting. But it leads to danger, and the criticism is not without point which objects to his bronze flesh-tones, and says of his figures, 'les personnages ressem-'blent à de grands arbres que le vent jette dans les chimé-'riques embrassements.' An unfortunate example was that colossal figure in a recent Academy exhibition, labelled in the catalogue 'She shall be called Woman;' a statement surely met by a direct negative from every spectator who looked from the catalogue to the picture. And there can be no doubt that Mr. Watts, in his recent works espe-

cially, has not infrequently stepped dangerously near the line which separates painting from literature; that is to say, he has come to painting pictures which are valuable much more for the thought they convey than for their beauty as painting; and that is a heresy which, if carried far, would soon wreck the art of painting altogether. His great successes, to our thinking, in addition to some of his noble and intellectually treated portraits, are the 'Daphne' before mentioned, 'Love and Death,' one of the finest allegory pictures ever painted, and 'Hope,' which is a beautiful conception pictorially, besides conveying a really original thought. 'Love and Life' is a failure, in comparison with its companion picture, because, though the thought is quite as fine as in 'Love and Death,' the latter impresses us as a grand work in a pictorial sense, and 'Love and Life' does not, at least to anything like the same extent. There are other works, however, in which the conflict between the pictorial and moral element has been carried much further, and which are likely to be regarded with more curiosity than admiration by a future generation of critics, who will probably hesitate to give their author the supreme position among the painters of to-day which many persons have been led to accord to him, from a natural and laudable sympathy with his noble aim in his art.

Mr. Holman Hunt, says M. de la Sizeranne, 'est la con-'science faite peintre,' and the remark is not overcharged. The strong determination to study the surroundings of the life of Christ so as to paint scenes from it with the greater verisimilitude, which led to his exiling himself for years, is characteristic of the painter's whole artistic life. His patience and perseverance in giving years of toil to a single picture, in the endeavour to realise his ideal, can evoke nothing but admiration, even reverence; and it is with nothing short of reverence that he is regarded by many of his admirers; nor do we decline, so far, to sympathise with them. But we must confess that we regard Mr. Hunt as a great and devoted artist who has lost himself by getting on a wrong track, and that in more ways than one. His studies of details, buildings, and landscape in Palestine undoubtedly enabled him to give a greater interest and a new suggestiveness to the accessories of his pictures; it may be doubted whether such studies take any one far on the path towards the most striking portrayal of the history of Christ. In other words, it is Christ we want, not the accessories. The figure in the 'Shadow of the Cross' may be studied from a Nazarene

peasant; does it on that account realise our ideal of Christ? On the contrary, this realistic study only opposes a stumbling-block; although Christ may, in the phrase from Isaiah which has been applied to Him, have had 'no form or 'comeliness,' there must have been something in his appearance and look to indicate his extraordinary character; was this to be attained by taking a Nazarene peasant for a model? And then, when it comes to endeavouring to get everything correct, there are limits of possibility. As M. de Chesneau remarks in reference to the 'Finding of Christ 'in the Temple,' 'il est difficile de contenter tout le monde 'et son valet;' and he relates an anecdote of a Jewish lady who said she liked the picture very much, but the artist was not acquainted with the tribal characteristics; he had given the doctors the flat foot of the tribe of Reuben, whereas those of Judah had 'le cou-de-pied fortement cambré.' To such criticisms is the painter exposed who takes his stand on accuracy. 'The Finding in the Temple' will probably always remain Mr. Hunt's greatest work, not on account of accuracy of detail and national personality studied on the spot, but for the dramatic force and intensity with which the incident is depicted, and the careful study given to the attitudes and anatomical balance of the centre group. The picture is more a *whole*, too, than any other of his large works. For Mr. Hunt's paintings afford an illustration of the fact that it is not to be accepted that if you take care of the details the whole will take care of itself. His pictures want the comprehending element of style; the effect is obscured and confused by the unsubordinated detail. The point of the 'Awakened Conscience,' which is a good one, is half lost amidst the jumble of details of upholstery, clothing, carpet, mirror reflections, and the necessary cat (for the cat and canary point a moral), all painted with exaggerated finish, and flaunted in our eyes, so that there is not a chance of repose for them. The figure of Christ in the 'Shadow of the Cross,' as M. de la Sizeranne rightly points out, is almost repulsive from the over-accentuation of every detail of the anatomy; the scene is a litter of detail, all, down to the shavings on the floor, painted with the same hard insistence; the figure of the kneeling woman is beautiful in its lines, but that of the Christ is, we must fairly say, one of the ugliest things to be found on canvas. But the most serious matter in connexion with Mr. Holman Hunt's religious paintings is one in which the public (or a portion of them) are to blame equally with him, since they are content to walk back-

ward in his track; that is, the utterly puerile character of their intellectual conception. We are totally unable to understand the attitude of mind which can lead educated persons in the present day to talk solemnly of 'The Light of the World' as a great religious painting. It is a very clever painting in a technical sense, and it would have been an admirable kind of teaching-picture for people in the Middle Ages who could not read, but who could understand the symbolism of the closed door and the weeds grown up round the door-sill, and the lantern, and so on; but such an illustration is below the necessities of a Board-school child in these days. So also with the foolish symbolism of the 'Shadow of the Cross'—the shadows of the hands contrived to fall on the instruments of the Passion, represented by nails and cords hanging on the wall; and the device of the magic bubbles, or whatever they are, which roll about in the picture of the 'Innocents,' and show symbolical scenes enshrined in them. If this is 'religious art' *par excellence*, so much the worse for religion. One can only account for such things on the supposition that the painter intended to carry into literal interpretation the sentence of Christ, 'Except ye . . . become as little 'children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' We have little doubt that in the true sense of the words Mr. Hunt is one of the most Christlike men among us; but surely the warning was intended to refer to our moral, not to our intellectual attitude.

There is something to be said in the same direction as to the art of Sir E. Burne-Jones. This remarkable painter is a splendid, we might say an inspired colourist, with a completely matured and balanced style, and a severity of line which renders his works in the truest sense decorative; they look most in their place in combination with an architectural setting. There could hardly be a more beautiful application of painting to the decoration of a wall surface than his 'Tree of Life' designed for the American church in Rome, where the figure of Christ hangs not on a cross, but in front of a great decorative tree whose stiffly waving branches fill the background; the wood of the cross expanded into the Tree of Life; the hands of the Christ turned *upwards* as if in welcome; the typical figures of men and women filling in the angles of the space in a manner at once expressive and decorative. But when we regard Sir E. Burne-Jones's art as a whole and from the intellectual point of view we must be conscious of very serious shortcomings in it. The artist is, in the first place, a confirmed manner-

ist. He is so far from following the pre-Raphaelite principle of seeking individuality of character and expression in the figure, that he has 'generalised' it down to a single type of face which is common to both sexes. The attitudes of his figures are for the most part entirely conventional, and his men lamentably deficient in manliness and vigour. The 'Fairy 'Prince' who enters the bower of the Sleeping Beauty is half asleep himself, and is the very last kind of person to awake a sleeping palace. The lovers in 'Love among the 'Ruins' have the same sleepy appearance, although the very point of Browning's poem, which the picture is supposed to illustrate, lies in the contrast between the old ruins, and their vanished life, and the ardent full-blooded passion of the two young people. He often ignores the real proportion of the figure and draws it ten heads high, and he not infrequently ignores perspective; as M. de la Sizeranne points out, for example, in the 'Golden Stair,' the figures at the top of the stair, which, according to the composition, *must* recede from the spectator, are as nearly as possible the same height as those in the foreground. This remark perhaps suggests the excuse for, or explanation of, the general characteristics of his painting; it is a conventional style suitable mainly for treatment in flat planes on a wall or in stained glass. The whole assemblage of his pictured personages belongs to a dream-country which takes its type perhaps from the early Renaissance; as the French critic says, 'Ses Grecs parlent comme Chaucer et ses héros bretons 'se promènent dans un décor du Décameron.' The one exception perhaps is the 'Circe,' which has more of antique feeling about it, and is in every respect one of the most interesting of his works. As with Mr. Hunt, so with Sir E. Burne-Jones, we find too often an air of childish *naïveté* in the conception of a picture which it is impossible to regard without something of contempt; the 'Days of Creation,' for instance, is a charming piece of decorative painting, but, as a pictorial symbol of the supposed successive phases of creation, this row of angels holding transparent globes in which the scenes of creation are depicted in little, down to the little Adam and Eve in the last globe, seems, intellectually regarded, a sort of conception more suited for a child's Sunday picture-book than for persons of grown-up intellects. In spite of all this, however, Sir E. Burne-Jones is a great painter, for he has achieved the creation of a style, and one which is always harmonious and consistent with itself. In this respect we may usefully compare his work with the far

more vigorous and masculine paintings by Mr. Abbey, from the Morte d'Arthur legend, which were the occasion of such delight and surprise to those who had the opportunity of seeing them at the Conduit Street Galleries twelve months ago. Mr. Abbey has the making of a great decorative painter in him, but he has not yet achieved a consistent style; he is apt to become 'anecdotal,' and his Sir Galahad walking into the hall to take his seat in the 'Siege Perilous' somewhat suggests a Broad Church curate of the muscular variety masquerading as Galahad. Such a relapse at least can never be charged against Sir E. Burne-Jones; he is king in his own realm, and has complete mastery over it. We agree with M. de la Sizeranne in regarding the 'Chant 'd'Amour' as his most successful and typical work. It is a poem in colour and composition, and such a one as is seldom seen in these degenerate days.

With the French critic's estimate of Sir F. Leighton we are mostly quite in agreement. He considers the President of the Academy to be the most widely cultured, the least insular, of all our painters, though girding at his treatment of drapery, which he professes to regard as representing a distinctly English trait in the preference for multitudinous folds; 'nues, les femmes des tableaux de M. Leighton sont Françaises; drapées, elles sont Anglaises;' in other words, all that is good in them is of French extraction, all that is weak is English. In the matter of the draperies the opinion expressed strikes us as merely a French prejudice, which, let us boldly say, is just as rampant in its way as insular prejudice. It is to the credit of M. de la Sizeranne, however, that he can recognise Sir F. Leighton's real elevation of style, which the French critics generally, at the time of the 1889 exhibition, entirely failed to recognise, feeling no sympathy with a method in painting so entirely opposite to the fuller and broader execution of their own leading painters of the classic school. No doubt the hard texture of his paintings, and the general lack of human interest in his figures, are serious drawbacks; and if we were asked to point to the most perfect of Sir F. Leighton's works, we should be inclined to select, not any of the great canvases, but that little gem of a picture entitled 'Weaving the Wreath;'* a complete inspiration in composition, colour, and texture, such as one comes across not often in a lifetime. It must be admitted

* This, and Mr. Watts's 'Daphne,' before mentioned, are in private collections, but they have been several times publicly exhibited.

that his pictures illustrate rather too pointedly that tendency of the classic school of painters to ignore the characteristics of landscape, which Hamerton referred to and illustrated by the example of Ingres's 'La Source,' with the conventional rocks behind the figure. In the 'Daphne-'phoria' the background is a stage background, and the trees (notwithstanding the famous 'Study of a Lemon-tree') are property trees, and the skies in his pictures are stage skies. But the artist may reply that these were but accessories; and conversely it must be remembered that Turner inserted very bad figures in his foregrounds, and was defended by Ruskin for doing so on the ground that they were not to distract the attention from the real subject of the picture, the landscape.

On M. de la Sizeranne's judgements in regard to Mr. Tadema and Professor Herkomer we need not dwell; he appreciates both artists, laying perhaps a little too much stress on the portraits of the latter and too little on his subject pictures—and this artist has seldom diverged into subject-painting without making a notable success; never more so than with his large picture in the last Academy of the 'Burgomaster and Town Council of Landsberg,' a group of portraits, certainly, but remarkable for the powerful and broad pictorial treatment of the whole, in every detail. One remarkable point in Mr. Tadema's pictures he passes over—the fine and thoroughly learned treatment of ancient architecture;* and one salient defect he passes over, the want of personal and characteristic interest for the most part in the figures. They are figures in classic costume, but that is all; they seldom interest us in a human sense. But to Sir J. Millais the French critic is absolutely unjust. He does not even realise the greatness of the portraits, those of eminent men especially, such as Mr. Gladstone (the old portrait of the statesman standing with hands clasped), John Bright, Lord Shaftesbury, in which latter the whole genius of the Evangelical party seems to be summed up in one figure. He almost sneers at the painter's variety of successes, as if this were not the natural result of the versa-

* More remarkable even than this, perhaps, was the painter's revival of the Roman triremes in his small picture of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' hung in the Grosvenor Gallery a good many years ago. Such a real and convincing reconstruction of a great ancient engine of war has, perhaps, never been seen in modern painting; one almost felt as if one had seen the real thing.

tility of his talent. No doubt, there is a limitation in Sir John Millais's genius, an apparent want of feeling, or want of the power of expressing feeling. In his wonderfully clever picture in the last Academy, 'Speak!' a picture which grew upon one as it was studied, one felt somehow, rather provokingly, that it just stopped short of exciting emotion. But in the power of painting equally well everything that he undertakes to paint, it appears to us that Sir J. Millais stands alone among English painters of the day. In the series of collective exhibitions of one artist's work, which were held for several successive years at the Grosvenor Gallery, it may be confidently affirmed that Sir J. Millais stood that drastic test of the collection of a large number of his works in one place better than any one else; there was more variety both of subjects and of power to treat them. Certainly one looked with a sigh at the poetic feeling of some of the early works —that delicate fancy, for instance, of Ferdinand listening to the invisible music in the island, his hands hollowed against his ears the better to catch the faint sounds; we could have wished to have more of that early promise fulfilled. But when all is said, on the simple principle that 'the best 'painter is he who can paint best,' we believe Sir J. Millais is the great representative English painter of his day, and that posterity will recognise him as such.

It is quite in accordance with our French critic's contempt for mere 'subject' that he should have omitted from his list of representative English painters of the day so remarkable an artist as Mr. Orchardson, only according him a back seat in a supplementary appendix. Not only has Mr. Orchardson, in such works as 'Voltaire,' 'Napoleon on the '"Bellerophon,"' and 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' thrown a real and vivifying light on characters and events of past history, but his principal pictures of modern life, such as 'Mariage 'de Convenance,' 'After!' 'The First Cloud,' &c., are not only striking works in a pictorial sense, in their unity of style, finish of detail, and originality of colour, but they are really what Matthew Arnold said poetry was or should be—'a criticism of life.' It is difficult to understand why Mr. Watts should be praised for painting moral lessons in the shape of allegory, while Mr. Orchardson is to be sneered at for painting them in the (perhaps more difficult) shape of pictures of modern life. But this idea that it is beyond the scope of true art to illustrate characters, real or in fiction, is one of the most foolish pieces of cant of the new school of critics. A speaker at a recent Academy dinner quoted a remark of a critic

of this school, in answer to an objection to a portrait as having no resemblance to the original—'Think away the head and 'face, and you have a residuum of pure colour.' In accordance with this principle we have had the late Albert Moore placed, by writers both in England and America, as the greatest English artist of the day, because he sought purely for decorative line and colour. Then human expression and character are to go for nothing in painting? The fact is that, beautiful as Albert Moore's compositions are to the sense of line and colour, it is possible to tire of them even in this sense, and it is impossible to give a high intellectual position among painters to a man who treated the human figure simply as a doll to hang draperies on, or at most as an assemblage of contours; who gave us a succession of women all with the same vacant, sensuous face, in which the soul seemed to have gone out. And as to subject-painting, it seems to be entirely forgotten by this school of critics that one use of painting, and a very important one, is to assist our imagination in realising events and personages in history, drama, or fiction; to enable us to see them as we cannot see them in our mind's eye; and that to do this well involves an intellectual effort a good deal beyond the painting of decorative draperies and accessories. Mr. F. D. Millet bestows immense care on the painting of rooms of the Georgian era, but the figures in them are of no interest, they merely fill up the composition. Our painters of such scenes seem to regard the furniture and decoration as the main object. Mr. Dendy Sadler has studied effectively the costume and general character of the Georgian period, but with no attempt to revive special characters. What might be done with Jane Austen has been indicated in Mr. Hugh Thomson's admirable illustrations to a recent edition of 'Pride and Prejudice;' but who ever sees a picture from 'Jane Austen'? And what about Thackeray's great gallery of figures? Not an attempt at them on the part of English artists, except an occasional scene from 'Esmond,' which seems (possibly for the sake of the old costumes) to have some attraction for artists which they do not find in such a far greater work as 'Vanity Fair.' We have already observed that there are exceptions to the charge of commonplace brought by our French critic against the subject-painters of the earlier part of the century. The Winter Loan Exhibitions at Burlington House have served sometimes to remind one of this. We recall at one of them a picture by Newton, 'The Return of Olivia

'to her Home,' which for delicacy of insight in the realisation of Goldsmith's characters it would have been difficult to surpass; the painting was weak as a matter of style, but the people were the real people, one knew them at once. So also with a painting of the elder Leslie's at another loan exhibition, of the party at Farmer Flamborough's; one did not need the catalogue; Mr. Burchell, Moses, the Miss Flamboroughs, &c., were fully characterised and were recognisable at a glance. Both works may have been comparatively weak in a mere pictorial sense, but the artist in both cases had given his mind to what, in such a picture, was the main point—understanding and realising the characters he professed to be illustrating. How do we go about it now? A few years ago a prominent artist (now knighted and president of an art society) exhibited a small collection of paintings under the title 'Scott and Scotland' or 'The Country of Scott'—we forget the precise words. One of the first things we saw there was a painting of a tall fair-haired man in what we presume was a Scottish uniform of the early part of the century, with the title 'Colonel Guy Mannering.' Scott particularly says that Mannering never wore uniform, having entirely severed his connexion with the army; and he is incidentally referred to (in a conversation in the novel) as a dark-featured man. Near this was a half-length of a pretty Scotch girl with red hair, 'tip-tilted' nose, and high cheek-bones: 'Julia Mannering.' Miss Mannering is specially described by Scott as having a dark complexion and a profusion of jet-black hair; and one of the points in the story is that the Mannerings were so intensely English that Julia rather grumbled at first at having a Scotch friend put upon her in the person of Lucy Bertram. So that the artist had never even *read* the work he pretended to be illustrating. That is what we have come to now; study the costume of a period carefully, get an harmonious combination of stuffs, put any head you like on it, and call it by any name that suits the costume. Is it any wonder that literary men sometimes speak contemptuously of the amount of intellect that goes to make a successful painter? *

* In connexion with this we may remark on the blunders frequently made by painters through not knowing things they ought to have known before they undertook the subject at all. One typical instance may be mentioned here. A young painter exhibited at the New Gallery two or three years ago a cleverly painted scene called 'Earth-rise: from the Moon.' This gentleman, we presume, must often have looked at the

It is still worse when painters will lay hold of great poetic figures or legends and vulgarise them by association with paintings which have hardly perhaps even been initially designed to illustrate them. How often do we see pictures which are merely 'conscientious nudes,' carefully finished life studies, labelled for exhibition as 'Eve,' 'Andromeda,' 'Venus,' 'Godiva,' and what not! Surely some higher ideal should go to a representation of Eve than a mere life study. We see a modern girl in a dressing-gown, wading, in some distress, into a bright sunlit sea; a very pretty picture; but this is 'Ariadne'—a *genre* Ariadne! And who is this scraggy naked lad, capering among a collection of wild animals? Could you have thought it? No other than 'Orpheus'! Think of the associations with the name, not only in Greek but in English literature—

> 'What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
> The muse herself for her enchanting son,
> Whom universal nature did lament,
> When by the rout that made the hideous roar
> His gory visage down the stream was sent,
> Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?'

Which gives us the higher association in connexion with the name—Milton or Mr. Swan? The classic or the *genre* Orpheus? An exceptionally clever animal painter wishes to paint the nude in combination with animals, and nothing less than Orpheus will serve his turn. Why could not he have called it 'Boy and Tigers'? There is no pretence of poetic sentiment in the picture. 'Circe' serves to give a name to the curious spectacle of a modern lady sitting naked under one of the trees in her park; or a painter wants to show his skill in foreshortening a number of recumbent nudes in different attitudes, and dubs it 'The Sleep of the 'Gods;' and so on *ad nauseam*. If painters have no imagination, no elevation of feeling, no poetic fancy to bring to the treatment of a great poetic legend, let them at least keep their hands off it.

While it seems necessary, however, to make some protest against the contempt for 'subject,' the exaggeration of the

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moon, and seen that she always showed the same side to the earth, yet he had not geometric perception enough to realise that in that case the apparent position of the earth in regard to the moon's horizon would always be the same from any one point on the moon's surface, and that the phenomenon of 'earth-rise' was an impossible one; and not a single art-critic, we believe, detected the blunder!

doctrine of 'art for art's sake,' which characterises the new criticism, we are by no means denying that it is the treatment of the subject rather than the subject itself that gives artistic quality to a picture, or that the inability to recognise this fact is the besetting weakness of the English public. The idea that painting is to show you something you know of, and that it is good or bad in proportion as it reminds you of the real thing, is absolutely rooted in the popular mind, and the most one can hope is that the minority who can rise above this may gradually become a rather larger one, as among the best-educated class it is becoming. But to any one who notes the comments among the sightseers at the Academy, which is an essentially popular exhibition, the case seems hopeless, and it is difficult to imagine what the majority of them come to a picture exhibition for. We remember standing twice for some time before Mr. Arthur Hughes's beautiful triptych picture, 'Viola d'amore,' portraying symbolically three periods in a girl's life—unconscious maidenhood, love, and marriage—without hearing a single word from the people who kept filing past which betrayed the slightest possibility of comprehending the meaning of the picture: 'Viola d'amore; h'm; queer thing,' or 'What does it mean?' were, in Cuddie Headrigg's phrase, 'the best words in their wame.' It would have been possible, however, to explain at least the meaning intended to be conveyed in such a picture, though the audience might not have appreciated the delicacy of poetic sentiment with which it was treated; but there are pictures, and they are among the best, which defy explanation. We remember few pictures on the walls of the Academy which left on the mind such an impression of artistic thought and completeness as one by Madame Henriette Browne, which was hung in Gallery IV. some twelve or fifteen years ago; we forget the title, which was of no consequence—a mere motto for identification; it represented the cloaked figure of an old man seated and examining a coin which he held up before him; artists who saw it will remember it. That was a work of exceptional power, yet in what possible way could one 'explain' to any ordinary English exhibition-goer *what* was the quality that one admired in such a work? It is a matter of perception, it eludes verbal definition altogether. The kind of picture, among the better class of works, which the English public understand and care for, is such a one as Mr. Fildes's 'The Doctor,' which we by no means wish to depreciate; the principal figure is a fine

summary of the best side of the medical character—'Gideon 'Gray' translated into painting; but the point with the public is that it represents with a good deal of feeling a situation which they can all appreciate; and that is pretty much all that popular interest in the art of painting comes to in this country.

'The nude' is still a tremendous stumbling-block to the English mind, as was evident in the famous scare of the 'British Matron,' whose letter, however, we have always suspected to have been concocted in the 'Times' office in order to raise a controversy, in which it certainly succeeded, though the memorable letter signed 'M.' does not seem to have left any lasting effect behind it. Owing to the increased attention given by some of our artists to subjects of an ideal and poetic type, the public are more familiarised now with nude subjects at our exhibitions,* but the feeling still of the majority of our exhibition-goers is 'look and pass,' unless where it comes to 'don't 'look and pass.' It must be said that painters, or some of them, have not entirely helped the public to understand the philosophy of the nude, because they have not always used it with discrimination. For while it is certain that the nude figure is the highest object of painting, the grandest medium of poetic expression in art, yet on that very account it is, like matrimony, 'a thing not by any to be enterprised 'nor taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly:' there is no need to continue the quotation for English art, though we do not know that it is entirely uncalled for in regard to French art. There are two reasons for painting the nude figure—one for the pure display of its beauty, and a good reason enough in itself; indeed, as Mr. Poynter remarks in one of his lectures, the fact that we do not see the nude human body now in everyday life is exactly one reason for painting it, not with absolute realism (which no painter ever does), but to show its possible beauty in its highest and most healthful standard. But the higher reason is that the nude figure is the noblest medium for the expres-

* It is a curious indication of the progress of public feeling in this respect that Sir E. Burne-Jones's fine and passionate work, 'Dic mihi quid feci,' was removed from the walls of the Water-colour Society when first exhibited there some twenty or more years ago, in deference to an absurd clamour about its supposed 'impropriety;' but it was exhibited at the New Gallery not long since without exciting the slightest comment of the kind.

sion of abstract poetic ideals in painting. M. de la Sizeranne quotes Mr. Watts as saying, in regard to the figure of the youth trampled under foot in his 'Mammon'—'Why 'did I paint the youth naked? Because he is a type of 'humanity; if he had been clothed, and therefore particu-'larised, he would have ceased to be a type;' an argument which ought to be intelligible even to Mrs. Grundy. When M. Gervex chose to paint a naked woman with a velvet mask on her face, a slipper on one foot and one knee on a cushioned chair in an ordinary boudoir, and her habiliments scattered about, he did what was vulgar and unseemly. On the other hand, his large picture from 'Rolla,'* with the young girl asleep, and her selfish seducer standing by the balcony, was a truly pathetic work which fully justified itself; but superficial observers would not distinguish between the one use of the nude and the other, and certainly it would be useless to exhibit the 'Rolla' picture in London, for the majority would not know what it meant, and most of those who did would call it 'immoral,' as certainly as they would call De Musset's poem immoral. When, again, an English academician chose to give an absurd misreading of the story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, and to represent her as kneeling naked before a committee of monks, he did a stupid thing, dragging in an utterly improbable incident for the mere sake of showing ability in the nude. What a contrast to Mr. Watts's treatment, in a little-known picture, of the subject of 'Lady Godiva,' generally supposed to be fair game for a 'nude study,' while Mr. Watts represented her as helped from her horse by her maidens who throw a drapery over her, and nearly fainting from the stress on her feelings; not (as we have just noticed) that Mr. Watts has the slightest prudery about the nude figure when there is a good reason for it, but that he felt that the subject was worth a higher treatment, and that to gloat over the nudity of Lady Godiva during her unwilling ride, even in a picture, is a piece of vulgarity worthy of 'Peeping Tom.' It is this kind of vulgarity in the treatment of the nude, sometimes really verging on indecency, which goes far to confirm the prudish part of the public in their prejudices. Let them see that the nude figure is introduced where it has an intellectual meaning and object, and they will at least have a better chance of getting hold of the right view

* The two pictures hung close to each other in the splendid collection of 'Ten Years of French Art' in the 1889 Exhibition at Paris.

of the subject. Our artists have not shown very strongly lately even in legitimate nude subjects. Mr. Hacker's 'Daphne,' in the last Academy, was a weakly designed figure, and was one of the class which give the impression of having been painted as studies merely, and given a classic name afterwards. Mr. Collier has produced some admirable nude figures; but they are fine nude studies simply, devoid of sentiment. Sir F. Leighton's works of this class are always finely designed, and always in an elevated classic style. His great figure of 'Phryne,' of heroic scale, a good many years ago, deserves not to be forgotten; but his figures also seem to us deficient in sentiment; their beauty is that of form only. The French, in a general way, are far beyond us in the poetic use of the nude. No one who ever saw it could forget M. Lefebvre's lovely and spiritual figure of 'Psyche,' and we recall in recent Salons such works as M. Raphael Collin's 'Éveil,' and in a broader and richer style, in the same Salon (1894), M. Gervais's 'Jugement de Paris,' a remarkable work both in colour and design. It is the fashion to scoff at M. Henner now, because he has repeated his type so much, and exaggerated his mannerisms; but for all that M. Henner at his best understood the poetic element of the nude figure in a composition as few modern painters have done.* It is true that the French also have a habit of rushing at nudity, sometimes, in a most illogical manner, as when M. Gervais shows us the 'Three Maries' (Christian saints) getting out of a boat, without a rag among them (the mere excuse being that they have been shipwrecked), and M. Aublet illustrates 'L'Été' by the figures of two or three modern ladies seated in undress by a lake; but then M. Aublet keeps the whole tone of his work so completely decorative and conventional that there is hardly any sense of incongruity; it is a dream picture rather than one of real life. Nor was any excuse needed for M. Roll's fine and vigorous realistic painting of a naked young woman leading a black bull; he simply wanted to show the two creatures in their grand contrast of life and colour, and he had the sense to call it honestly 'Femme et Taureau,' instead of spoiling it by dubbing it 'Europa,' or some such legendary name. In M. Loewe-Marchand's 'Myrrha,' again,

* Sir E. Burne-Jones must surely have been under the influence of M. Henner when he painted his charming little picture of 'Pan and Psyche,' one of the best of his minor works.

in the Salon of 1892, a subject from Dante *—it was no mere 'nude study' that we saw—the powerful evil-looking solitary woman, crouched among the rocks, half hiding her face, was the very embodiment of Dante's vision. In short, the French bring to the treatment of the nude figure not only a greater artistic mastery, but a far more intellectual sense of its value in art than we are accustomed to meet with in English exhibitions.

Among recent special tendencies in English painting we may perhaps define three. There has been of late an increased attention to, or perhaps we may say return to, subjects of classic and romantic legend, the former especially, with an endeavour (in spite of the *genre* classicalities we have referred to) to put more study, and to put new artistic life, new thoroughness, into them. If we remember what Etty's versions of Greek legend used to be, we can better appreciate the far fuller comprehension of the antique spirit shown in such paintings as Mr. Waterhouse's 'Ulysses and the Sirens' and the 'Hamadryad.' Mr. Solomon, who paints much bigger pictures and gets much louder trumpets blown for him, is, intellectually, pretty much where Etty was in the treatment of classic subjects; but elsewhere we recognise an aim, in the treatment of such subjects, to penetrate more thoughtfully into the essential element of antique feeling; and possibly the great impulse given to archæological study of late has not been without its influence on art. The second point to note is the impulse which has been lately given to the study of life and character among the humbler classes, owing in great measure to the example of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, whose 'Health of the Bride' was one of the most able and careful studies of personal character that have been seen among us for some time.† Allied with this is painting of the operations of handiwork, in which Mr. Forbes has also led the way, in such pictures as 'The Forge' and 'The Smithy.' In this direction there is promise of new material for the subject-painters; and we had even a promise of a new painter of the pathos of humble life, hardly inferior

* 'Quell' è l' anima antica
Di Mirra scellerata, che divenne
Al padre, fuor del dritto amore, amica.'

† We say nothing about the so-called 'Newlyn School,' because there is no such thing. There are some painters who live at Newlyn; that is all.

to Mr. Forbes, when a young artist, Mr. Bacon, exhibited, the year before last, his picture called 'The Announcement,' a most remarkable combination of power and truth in details with pathetic expression in the figures. Unfortunately, in his last year's picture he did not carry out the promise of this, but he may yet do so. A third tendency, which is more specially an artistic one, in the full sense, is the painting of figures or scenes, not for their facts, but mainly for their light and colour effect, combined with a certain indefinable sentiment which may be evolved from a figure picture of this class (as in the case of Henriette Browne's work before mentioned), and which belongs neither to history nor to *genre*, but simply to *art*. Such were Mr. Swan's little pictures of the 'Goat-herd,' and the 'Piping Fisher-boy,' and Mrs. Corbet's 'Goat-girl' in the 1893 Academy. Mr. Greiffenhagen is an experimenter in the same way in the treatment of the figure under special conditions of colour and light. A similar principle is at the bottom of such pictures as Mr. Melton Fisher's interior of a draper's shop ('Vanity Fair') in the last Academy. As mere realism it would be a commonplace subject, but it is not realism; it is an endeavour to catch the salient effects of light and colour in the scene, and as such it merits the title of a 'picture.' As to attempts to attract attention by sheer blank realism—painting a row of ordinary people inside an omnibus, for instance—that has no relation to art at all, and such things should be debarred from exhibition under the Academy's regulation prohibiting 'any mere transcripts of 'the objects of natural history.'

The influence of 'impressionism' in England has been of very little account. The 'New English Art Club,' which has entered a protest something like an inversion of pre-Raphaelitism—all effect and no detail—has hardly been able to keep itself together, and its best member, Mr. Furse, who began by being an impressionist portrait-painter, is rapidly degenerating or regenerating into a portrait-painter of sober and reasonable aims, only with more than ordinary originality of style and colour. The Glasgow group of painters, some of whom seem to have aimed, like American painters who betake themselves to Paris, at being more French than the French themselves, have at least produced important work, though their foremost representative, Mr. Lavery, whose reputation has long ceased to be local, seems to have lost some of his breadth of style, and has not lately produced anything equal to his 'Ariadne' and 'Equestrienne.'

M. Chesneau, as we saw, drew a contrast between French art, with its severe subordination, at the time he wrote, to the demands of school and style, and the unchartered liberty and individualism of English art. But all this has changed. Writing in 1892, Hamerton remarked that formerly French artists were allowed very little liberty, they were confined to the school colouring; but that now, owing to the influence of democracy, and partly to the rebellion of various strong and original spirits, they have the same liberty and variety as in England—a point which M. de la Sizeranne apparently does not see.* Hamerton adds: 'The 'French have reached that stage in the differentiation of 'the art of painting when it has no connexion with the 'decorative arts, except when it is intentionally subordi-'nated to decoration. Even in mural painting they have 'great difficulty in restricting themselves to the exigencies of 'architecture.' If this was true three years ago, it is more emphatically so now. The grand opportunities which the French painters enjoy from living under a government which freely gives commissions for decorative painting for public buildings are half lost through their misuse of their opportunities. M. Lhermitte's picture of 'Les Halles' in the 'New Salon' of last year, painted for the Paris Hôtel de Ville, is simply an enormous *genre* picture, without a pretence of decorative effect. M. Roll, in the same exhibition, produced an equally large 'decorative' painting, 'Les Joies 'de la Vie,' in the shape of a grey-toned wooded landscape with nude figures lying about in the foreground, and a group of men in modern dress playing violins and violoncellos behind them; and other similar absurdities might be cited. All sense of elevation and consistency of style is lost in such work; and one can hardly be surprised at this kind of lapse in individual pictures, when we find the Panthéon in process of decoration by a number of painters of totally different styles and artistic convictions, each of whom is allowed to do as he will with his portion of the walls, without the slightest regard to the total effect! There was a time when one would have thought such a treatment of the interior of one of their great monumental buildings a blunder impossible to French artists or the French Government. The fact that

* It must be admitted that the charge of departing from school principles seems rather a secular one in the history of French painting. It would surprise many people to learn that Delacroix was considered in his day a dangerous revolutionary in art; but such was the case.

mural paintings in France are not now painted on the walls but on canvas, which is afterwards affixed to the wall—'*marouflée*'—affords, no doubt, a temptation to treat the work as a great easel picture and make a hit with it on the vast wall-spaces which the Paris Exhibition buildings afford. In 1888, M. Benjamin-Constant produced a really fine decorative work for the Sorbonne, the 'Salle de Conseil 'Académique,' but he has since abandoned this gravity of treatment for a more sensational style. M. Puvis de Chavannes almost alone abides by the pure principles of decorative art. He has been called 'the French Burne-'Jones'—one can understand why, though the association of names seems an odd one: he is no colourist, indeed he seems to ostentatiously evade colour; but he is emphatically a 'mural painter' in the true sense; his designs harmonise completely with an architectural setting; he is free from mannerism except in regard to tone; his figures have neither conventional attitudes nor conventional proportions and anatomy; and he is a much more intellectual thinker in art than his English compeer; he appeals to the matured modern mind, and to sympathise with the intellectual ideal in his pictures it is not necessary to go back to our pinafore days.

The division in the French artistic camp, which led five years ago to the institution of two annual Salons instead of one, has been, on the whole, an artistic misfortune. Although there is some resemblance between the relative position of the old and new Salon and that of our Academy and New Gallery—subject pictures being more prevalent in the one and æsthetic pictures in the other—the secession was not made upon any such ground, as indeed was evident from the fact that Meissonier, a subject-painter *par excellence*, was the first president of the New Salon. By a kind of spontaneous tendency, however, it came to pass that the New, or Champ de Mars, Salon became the resort of the painters in whom the artistic ideal was predominant, or who aimed at the study of special effects; M. Carolus-Duran, the fabricator of fashionable portraits in glory of satins, appearing among them like Saul among the prophets; though his nude half-length, under the title 'Lelia,' in 1890, showed that when he chose he could paint flesh as splendidly as satin. The main result, however, was that an element was withdrawn from the Old Salon which it could ill spare, and that both were under the necessity of lowering their standard of merit in order to keep their walls

filled. It would be far better for contemporary French art for the two Salons to make up their differences and combine to produce an annual exhibition in which the general average of work should be kept at a higher level.

It is in the New Salon that we meet with the most typical examples of the new school in French painting, the characteristics of which are the research after sunlight effects in landscape (a kind of reaction against the old brown-toned and sunless 'school' landscape), and the treatment of figure-subjects in an entirely unrealistic and symbolical manner, as in M. La Touche's 'Four Seasons' in last year's exhibition, and M. Friant's 'Les Jours Heureux,' a decorative triptych for the Hôtel de Ville at Nancy, consisting of a landscape with figures characterised at once by a luminous effect and a flat conventional treatment which is completely suited to decorative painting. Here also we may recognise the fact that there are French painters of to-day who can paint small and delicate landscapes having a close affinity with some of the best qualities of English landscape-painting, but such as would be utterly killed amid the coarser and more violent standard of effect which prevails in the Old Salon. In the New Salon also the pedestal is erected for Mr. Whistler, whose portrait of the 'Comte de Montesquiou-'Fézensac,' the year before last, excited extravagant laudation among the new school of critics, though more sober-minded persons, we imagine, would only see in it an eccentric portrait of a gentleman of apparently preternatural height and lankiness of figure. The recent apotheosis of Mr. Whistler by the French is one of the curious examples of their tendency, while in general decrying and contemning English art, to set up an over-acted enthusiasm for some one particular English artist, and fall down and worship him. How utterly apart are these sudden likings from any principle in criticism may be gathered from the fact that a simultaneous French enthusiasm for Sir Thomas Lawrence is now running its course. That the same people should be making artistic idols of Lawrence and of Mr. Whistler, at the same time, is a curious instance of the utter captiousness of French criticism in regard to English art.

But the direction of the main current of French art at the moment is better estimated from the vast and far more popularly frequented collections of the Old Salon. And here there is no sort of question that subject-painting is the order of the day, nor can one say much for some of the subjects. In the last Salon one of the most prominent

works, 'purchased by the State,' was M. Gervais's 'Maria 'de Padilla,' which contains certainly one of the very finest nude figures we ever saw on canvas, but of which one can only say that both the story and the treatment of it are nasty and sensual to a degree; and when one saw near this another large painting representing the cruelty of some princess of Hungary, whose pleasure was to have women thrown into the snow, stripped and tied hand and foot, and see them frozen to death, one could only think of Milton's vigorous parenthesis—'Lust hard by Hate.' This too frequent predilection for cruel and barbarous subjects is a most unpleasant feature in modern French art, especially when one finds a paternal Republican Government purchasing such works for the benefit and instruction of the people. Fortunately, there is no want of subject-pictures of a healthier tendency. Here we see a great picture of the building operations on a mediæval château; there one of a modern engineer corps at work on an extemporised bridge. At every turn we recognise the desire to paint the life of the day in a vigorous and more or less realistic manner. For two or three years there was rather a run upon hospital and medical subjects, and some of the very best of modern *genre* pictures have been the result of this endeavour to find a new class of subject; nor have these scenes, as far as we have observed, ever been treated but with dignity and an entire absence of repulsive detail. The interest in subjects of artisan craft, to which Mr. Stanhope Forbes has given an impulse in this country, finds its counterpart at the Salon in such pictures as M. Bourdes' 'Le Laminoir,' the welding of a steel coil, and M. Cormon's 'Une Forge.' The life of the humbler class is largely illustrated, and some of the religious and educational institutions of the country find illustration in such typical pictures as M. Dagnan-Bouveret's 'Bretonnes 'au Pardon,' and M. Geoffroy's 'La Leçon du Dessin à 'l'École Primaire,' the latter a commission from the Department of Fine Arts. Too often, however, the immense spaces available at the Palais de l'Industrie tempt artists into painting *genre* pictures on a scale quite out of proportion to their requirements. Occasionally, no doubt, mere scale produces its effect. We recall one painting of a boat lowered from the side of an ocean steamer, where the towering hull of the steamer, painted the size of reality, actually gave an impressiveness such as the same work on a smaller scale could not have had. But to see a prettily composed 'plein-air' painting of 'Les Bains du Dinard,'

a stretch of sand and some girls in bathing-dresses in the foreground, painted the size of the whole side of a drawing-room, does give one a sense of wasted effort—or canvas. With all this *genre* painting is mingled not a little of more poetic aspiration. To the idealistic treatment of the nude by some of the best French painters of the day we have already referred. Historical painting is often splendidly represented, as witness such works as M. Laurens's 'Voûte d'Acier;' M. Henri Martin's 'Chacun sa Chimère,' in the 1891 Salon, painted in the singular technique which he has made his own, was an example of imaginative allegory not to be readily forgotten; M. Detaille is the greatest military painter of the day; every Salon contains several memorable examples of portrait-painting; and what is called 'still-life' painting assumes a richness of effect, a breadth of treatment, sometimes almost a grandeur of style, to which we are strangers in England. Making all allowance for the amount of commonplace and even vulgar work which is to be found there, the annual Salon is an extraordinary spectacle of vitality and energy in painting, and of intense and varied interest in life; and we have small sympathy with the *précieux* type of critics who affect to scorn it all because it does not accord with a special and rather narrow ideal of their own. Only we do say that the tables are turned on such criticism of us as M. Chesneau gave utterance to a few years ago, and that French art is at present as much characterised by individualism and subject-painting as English art ever was.

Except as regards landscape-painting. In English landscape-painting individualism is as marked as it is in subject-painting; in France it is not. In France there is still a school of landscape-painting, as there has been ever since the French school was built upon the basis of Constable's art; but the characteristics of that school have a good deal altered in the last few years. Since the days of Troyon, Dupré, and Rousseau, it has shown a slow developement in the direction of greater realism of detail, and finally of greater realism of lighting. In the earlier days the predominant characteristics of French landscape were great breadth of treatment, sombre colouring, with no attempt at realism; the picture was not so much nature as the painter's translation of nature into his own medium of expression. Such a picture as Dupré's 'Mare aux Oies,' exhibited a good many years ago in London, remained on the memory ever after as a work of immense power; a desolate bare field, a vast

expanse of sky, with the cloud-lights loaded on as if the paint had been put on in handfuls; one felt almost overawed by it; but it was not nature, it was Dupré. Lately we have seen something very different; but we have still, until quite recently, found French landscapes lamentably deficient in sunlight and real open-air effect. M. Pelouse's 'Bords de Seine,' for instance, in the 1890 Salon, was a powerful work, but with a gloom over it as if there were no sun in the sky; M. Quignon's 'Sainfoins' and 'Blés en 'Fleurs,' in two succeeding Salons, were typical French landscapes, admirably and learnedly painted, and with a purpose in them, but undeniably dull. Some of the contributors to the New Salon first seemed to awake to the perception that there was such a thing as sunlight, and an occasional scene on the Mediterranean coast showed even an intense effect of heat and light; but these were mostly rather slight works. During the last year or two, however, the sun has come out on the larger and more highly elaborated landscapes which, in the Old Salon, represent the central efforts of French landscape painting; and in such works as M. Didier-Pouget's 'Bruyères en Fleurs' and M. Bourgeois' 'Bords de la Creuse,' in the last year's Salon, the effect of broad and strong sunlight was given with such power that one or two beautiful English landscapes, which had seemed bright enough at the Academy, were quite dulled by comparison. And this sunlight effect was produced by no trick, no leaving out of detail to give an *ad captandum* effect of light; the whole thing was solidly worked out in every part. We may cordially hail this arising of the sun on French landscape, while remarking that it has been a long time in coming. But while admitting that the French have a school of landscape, and we have not—that each landscape-painter with us does what is good in his own eyes, and has his own independent ends and methods—we must also assert that there are individual (or individualist) merits in our landscape-painting to which our French critics seem either wilfully or ignorantly blind. Of Turner even, who may be said to have been a school in himself, they seem to know next to nothing. And when M. de la Sizeranne asserts 'On n'y trouvera non plus 'les paysagistes, parce qu'il n'y a pas, ou plus exactement 'qu'il n'y a plus, de paysage anglais,' it may be suggested that he does not know what he is talking about. There may not be a school, but there is as much a 'paysage anglais' as there is, by his own admission, a 'peinture anglaise.'

How much he knows about contemporary English landscape we may gather from the fact that he apparently does not even know the name of Mr. Alfred Hunt (an ignorance which, it must be admitted, the Royal Academy seems to share with him). M. Charles Yriarte, in his article in the 'Nineteenth Century' for December, glancing at the fact that the French landscape school was of English origin, asserts that 'la revanche était complète, en ce sens 'qu'inspirés jadis par les fondateurs de l'École de Paysage 'Moderne en Angleterre, les artistes français devenaient à 'leur tour des maîtres originaux, et exerçaient leur influence 'sur les paysagistes anglais.' Who among our best-known landscape-painters obviously owes much to French influence? Mr. Mark Fisher, no doubt, and Mr. Adrian Stokes, and, to some extent, Mr. David Murray, though he has lately shown symptoms of developing a much greater variety and native originality than he at first evinced. Are there any others? Not Mr. Alfred Hunt certainly, who has gone straight to nature all his life, and who possesses almost alone among living English landscape-painters that absolute freedom from mannerism which made his oil paintings, when a number of them were collected some years ago in Bond Street, appear almost like a collection of landscapes by so many different painters. The French critic might say that was want of style; we should reply that it is the result of trying to get at the heart of every scene direct from nature, and not according to a recipe. We all know of prominent and successful landscape-painters who have made one powerful effect, and repeat it with so little variation that when you have seen one picture you have seen all, and the matter becomes rather a trade than an art. How far the individuality of the landscape-artist should modify his treatment of the scene—in other words, what is the true end of landscape-painting, to show nature herself, or the mind and feeling of the painter as acted upon by nature—is, of course, a very large question, and would require an article to itself; the former view is the more characteristically English in the present day, the latter the more characteristically French. But so far from the French having a right to deride English landscape-painting, it appears to us—and it will be admitted that we have not shown in the preceding pages any bigoted national prejudice in favour of English art—that the works of some of our best landscape-painters have very decided beauties which French art of the same class has not, and to

which French critics seem to be perversely and preposterously blind.

And what about sea-painting? Is that supposed to be included under the general term 'landscape,' or are we rather to consider that our French critics prudently avoid a subject in which they can hardly hope to have the best of it? As Englishmen proverbially love the sea, so Frenchmen proverbially dislike it, and the two national qualities seem curiously illustrated in the art of the two nations. The French paint the sea as if they had never seen it, and painted only from books and description. Who ever saw such a sea as in M. M.-Auguste Flameng's large painting of a ship in a gale in the 1892 Salon, or a ship stuck on the water in such a manner? Among the Salons of the last few years we cannot recall a single good bit of sea except by one or two American-born artists who have betaken themselves to Paris. Such paintings as Henry Moore's 'Clearing after 'Rain' and Mr. Brett's 'Skomer and Skokham' are alone worth all the French *marines* we ever came across; and when we add the names of Mr. Hook, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Napier Hemy, Mr. Wyllie, and Mr. Somerscales, we may well feel that in this branch of paintings at least our supremacy is unassailable; and in the case of the four latter we may add also the power of painting shipping, no unimportant element in sea-painting. Mr. Hook can do a satisfactory boat, but does not often trouble himself with it; Mr. Brett avoids shipping on a large scale; and Henry Moore could not paint ships, and probably did not try. But we still enjoy—on canvas at all events—the command of the sea.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Duties of the General Staff.* By General BRONSART VON SCHELLENDORF. Third edition. Corrected and revised by Colonel Meckel, of the Great General Staff, Berlin. Translated from the German for the Intelligence Division, War Office, by W. A. H. HARE, Lieut.-Colonel R.E. 1895.

2. *The Brain of an Army: a Popular Account of the General German Staff.* By SPENSER WILKINSON. Second edition. With letters from Count Moltke and Lord Roberts. Westminster: 1895.

3. *The Report of the Royal Commissioners appointed to enquire into the Civil and Professional Administration of the Naval and Military Departments, &c., &c.* London: 1890.

4. *The Letters of 'Vetus' on the administration of the War Office.* Reprinted by permission from the 'Times.' London, Paris, and Melbourne: 1893.

THE most salient facts in the history of the past forty years are the defeat of Austria in 1866 and the overthrow of the Napoleonic Empire in 1870. The Prussian army has played a part in politics which is without a modern parallel. The grenadiers of Frederick won as much glory, but wrought fewer changes on the face of Europe. The hosts of Napoleon won more brilliant victories, but the fruits of these victories were unsubstantial. Nor did such solid results as the consolidation of an empire, the acquisition of fair provinces, the isolation of the hereditary foe, follow the campaigns of 1854 or 1877–78.

The military power of England, expressed in the campaigns of Nelson and Wellington, in the building up of her colonial empire, and in the ruin of her most dreaded enemy, is the only historical rival of the strong right arm of Germany. And England, in the great war with France, was not without allies. In the final phases of the struggle all Europe was on her side. Prussia, in 1866, had neither aid nor sympathy. In 1870 she was assisted by no considerable Power. With her own good sword she fought her way to the highest place amongst the States of Europe; and the hands of her own people, neither more numerous nor more warlike than other nations, placed on the brows of her sovereign the imperial crown. As to the cause of her extraordinary success, little diversity of opinion exists. It was evident from the very first, in 1866 as in 1870,

that in every single respect she was far superior to her adversaries. The veteran generals of Austria and France, men of wide experience in European warfare, were utterly outmanœuvred by a man who previous to Königgrätz had never seen a shot fired except in an obscure skirmish in Asia Minor. The soldiers of Solferino and of Algeria, the splendid Hussars of Hungary, the Imperial Guard of France, the Zouave and the Turco, were driven in rout by the conscripts whom they had been taught to despise as a mere militia. 'Scars were more common in the French army 'than freckles,' and yet officers who had seen more fights than they had seen field-days found more than their match in captains and subalterns whose hardest service had been the autumn manœuvres. Nor did the administrative arrangements of Prussia fall short of the general standard of efficiency. Never was an army better fed or better cared for, and the mobilisation of her million soldiers was far more rapid than that of three hundred thousand Frenchmen, whose chief had boasted that 'to the last gaiter-'button' everything was ready for instant action.

Even her adversaries, when the smoke of the conflict had cleared away and men had time for reflection, were fain to admit that such careful preparation for war was an absolutely novel phenomenon in the history of nations, and it was at once acknowledged that her marvellous success was above all a triumph of sound administration. Selection of the best men, forethought, economy, definite responsibilities —such were the watchwords of every branch of the service, and their rigid application was the strong foundation of her military pre-eminence.

It is little wonder, then, that during the five-and-twenty years which have elapsed since the army of Imperial France crossed the Rhine as captives every State in Europe has been busily engaged in applying to its own needs an imitation, more or less close, of the German system.

'Out of the ruins of 1870, France, in twenty years, with steady, silent determination, strangely inconsistent with the supposed character of the race, has built up a new system, deriving its powers from a new form of government. . . . Italy has created a great army, well prepared and trained for war. Austria, in spite of the difficulties arising from her dual nationality, can now place a large force of excellent troops in the field at short notice. Russia, if less advanced in preparation, has huge masses of men at command, and carries out annual manœuvres on a grand scale. The militia army of Switzerland is exactly suited to the national requirements—cheap, admirably equipped, and well trained. Roumania can rapidly mobilise two hun-

dred thousand men out of her population of five millions. All those Powers have succeeded in creating effective armies ready for war under national conditions varying as widely as those of Germany and Italy, and under forms of government as absolutely diverse as those of Russia and Switzerland.*

Nor has England stood still. In some respects her army has been more radically reformed than even that of France. But have those reforms been effective? Is our army abreast of those of other Powers? Is it ready for any task which our national requirements may impose upon it? Let 'Vetus' answer.

'In the years which have elapsed since the tremendous lesson taught by the overthrow of France, the progress attained in England has been relatively trivial. . . . In all that relates to organisation and the preparation for war, we are as far behind Switzerland to-day as France was behind Germany in 1870.'

No stronger indictment could be framed. But that it is at least within measurable distance of the truth there is ample evidence to prove. More significant than aught else has been the growing uneasiness of the nation:—

'It is necessary,' as we wrote in April 1889, 'to take account of the distrust of War Office administration which has grown up in our midst. . . . Failure to give the country an organisation which is satisfactory at any one point, in capacity for transacting ordinary business with reasonable despatch, inability to procure the armaments which distant colonies acquire with ease, the perpetration of blunders occasionally bordering upon the ludicrous, some scandals—all these things are, rightly or wrongly, charged against the administration of the army, and, when coupled with demands for more and yet more money, have produced a revolt only too natural. . . . Neither the House of Commons nor the country has ever grudged military expenditure upon objects which have been properly explained to them; but both feel growing reluctance to entrust ever-increasing funds to a department whose administrative failure has become a by-word.'†

This uneasiness has by no means disappeared. Besides the suspicion—or something more—that the administration of the army is wasteful, and the training of the troops superficial, there exists an instinctive feeling that the organisation of our field forces is altogether incommensurate with the needs of the Empire. It is true that those needs have never been clearly defined, that no government has dared to

* The Letters of 'Vetus.'

† Edinburgh Review, vol. clxix. p. 589.

declare that the British army is maintained for any other purpose than the defence of our own shores, of our colonies and dependencies. It has been argued that 'it is the pos-'sible needs of India which should determine the strength 'and organisation of the British army.' India, it seems, is to be the only battlefield on which the full strength of the Empire is to be put forth, and in case of a war in which India is not threatened the attitude of the army is to be passively defensive.

In face of the enormous armaments of Europe, no doubt this idea is one which may be entertained with some show of reason, and it is certainly inconceivable that England alone should venture to invade the territory of a great military State. But, at the same time, it is as well to remember that history repeats itself; and whenever in the past we have been committed to a conflict the army has invariably been called upon to complete the victory which, with all its strength, the navy has only been able to prepare. We may be permitted the opinion that the belated awakening to the necessity of a strong navy has had the effect of obscuring the necessity of the navy and army working hand in hand. It would seem that a proud confidence in the power of the fleet has led men to forget that inside the five-fathom line the most magnificent battleship is of far less use than a company of marines. It is very generally supposed that the appearance of the Mediterranean squadron, and the threat of a bombardment, are in themselves sufficient to force a foreign potentate to his knees.

England, it has been said, should her policy find expression in armed interference, must rely on her fleet alone. No doctrine is more dangerous. We will do no more than allude to the invasion of Egypt in 1882, where more than 30,000 men were required to maintain our free passage to the East. Such complications, it may be argued, are not likely to recur. But we will recall the bombardment of the forts of Alexandria, where, because the fleet was unable to land a sufficient force, the city was gutted by the mob, five millions worth of property was lost, and thousands of lives were sacrificed. It is well to remember that our dealings with the Dey of Algiers were an altogether exceptional case. Unless the fleet is supported by the army, the massacres of Alexandria may be repeated on a larger scale; and there are few cities, on whatever seaboard they may be placed, where British interests do not form a fair target for revenge. Protection or compensation can only be secured by British bayonets.

The late Secretary for War is probably the most influential advocate of a purely defensive army. 'In this country,' he says, 'there is in truth no room for "general military policy" 'in the larger and more ambitious sense of the phrase. We 'have no designs against our European neighbours. Indian '"military policy" will be settled in India itself.' *

It is probable that to this idea is due the reduction of the field force which England is prepared to send out on any foreign expedition. For many years that force figured on paper as 70,000 men, or two army corps and a cavalry division. Under the late government it fell to 20,000 men, or two infantry divisions and a cavalry brigade. But such force, in our opinion, is ludicrously inadequate to the needs of the Empire. It is certainly ludicrously small when compared with the number of men that are paid in peace. On the Home establishment we maintain, including the reserve, 220,000 soldiers; and we are most firmly convinced that an efficient administration would give us, at the same price, a much larger expeditionary force, and also that the general sense of the country is in favour of such a force being ready to march at short warning. Not only would it form a strong backbone to our system of defence on any part of our frontier, but it would be prepared to render effective support to the operations of the fleet, and might play an important *rôle* in any European conflict. It is conceivable that some serious disturbance of the balance of power in either Western or Eastern Europe might render it imperative that England should interfere. Often, in the past, such disturbances have called her to quick action. The instinct of self-preservation may once more assert itself with like effect. A highly trained contingent, well equipped, maintained at full strength by our powerful reserve, and susceptible of increase, would neither render her assistance less acceptable nor her interference of less avail. A British army which never exceeded 35,000 men on the main theatre of war brought about the downfall of Napoleon. The English contingent which served under Marlborough was even smaller; and in the war of 1877–8 the aid lent by 35,000 Roumanians practically rescued from defeat a Power whose armed force included two millions of soldiers.

We are perfectly aware that we may not always be able to count on allies. Without having 'any designs against our

* Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, 'Report of the Hartington Commission,' p. xxix.

'neighbours,' we may be forced into war, with or without allies. To ourselves alone we may have to trust. But in any case it is a vicious strategy that puts aside all idea of the counterstroke. And that counterstroke, by which alone the exhaustion of the enemy can be effected, the navy is incapable of delivering. Like the artillery in a land battle, it can prepare the attack, but it cannot deliver the decisive blow. Nelson defeated Napoleon on the sea, closed the harbours of France, and destroyed her navy; but it was Wellington who completed the victory. So long as England monopolises the carrying trade of the world, so long as the sea is her own domain, on which the enemy has no footing nor any vulnerable points, the navy will be powerless to do more than Nelson. Great as were his achievements, he could never have brought the war to an end without the help of the Peninsular army. We are by no means advocating the idea that after the destruction of the enemy's fleet our army should march unaided on the enemy's capital. Such was never our policy, even when our strength on land was less disproportionate to that of our neighbours than it is to-day. But colonies and dependencies lie open to the attack of the Power which holds command of the sea. No great nation could contemplate with equanimity the loss of its foreign possessions to the Power it had wantonly attacked. It is thus that our counterstroke would be dealt, that we should find compensation for our losses, new markets in exchange for those that had been closed to us, and that we should follow out the traditional policy of the nation.

'What,' asks Captain Mahan,' 'were the military enterprises and achievements of the justly famed Seven Years' War? They were enterprises of exactly the same character as those undertaken in the French Revolutionary War, and as those which, it may be added, are so constant a feature of English history . . . that it may reasonably be suspected that there is, in the conditions of the British Empire, some constant cause for their recurrence. . . . They are mixed military and naval expeditions, based upon the fleet and the control of the sea.' Again, speaking of 1795, he says: 'The military effort of Great Britain was at once concentrated on the proper object of ruling the sea, and securing positions that contributed to naval control and commercial developement.' *

It is because attack on the enemy's colonies is our traditional policy, because history is an open book, because it

* Influence of Sea Power upon the French Revolution and Empire, ii. 387, 393.

is instinctively realised that a passive defence is the weakest form of war, that the good sense of the nation is discontented with an administrative system which makes so small provision for an energetic counterstroke. That good sense is hardly in accord with the optimism of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who believes that because we have no design against our neighbours they will consistently respect our pacific attitude. Such a creed, if carried to its logical conclusion, would inevitably lead to the reduction of the navy and the disbanding of the militia and volunteers. Recent events, moreover, by no means justify the inclusion of the late Secretary for War among the prophets.

Furthermore, however peaceful may be the disposition of the British people, we much doubt if they would submit to a war which should be purely defensive. The sight of a few captured traders or riddled battleships, towed in triumph up Portsmouth harbour, would hardly be held a sufficient compensation for increased expenditure and commercial injury. Nor can we conceive that the war would be permitted to drag on without a strong effort being made to finish it, or that the army would be allowed to grow fat in garrison whilst the navy spent its weary watches off the enemy's ports.

We have no intention of trespassing on the domain of the strategist. To determine the strength and organisation of the force that should be prepared to embark on such errands as we have indicated, would necessitate a very close examination of every possible objective. We will only say, in general terms, that our field army should be of such size as to form an efficient defence for our frontiers, in all quarters of the globe, to render useful aid to our probable allies, to maintain our prestige should we be called upon to join in the armed occupation of disturbed territory, and to take part with the navy in such measures as may be thought advisable against the vulnerable points of any prospective enemy.

It can hardly be gainsaid that, since continuity in our foreign policy has been accepted by both parties as a principle of government, a great cause of public uneasiness has been removed. The same continuity in our military policy would have the same result.

As we have already suggested, the distrust of our military administration has undoubtedly been due, in great part, to the absence of all definite idea as to the purpose for which the army exists, as to the duties it is expected to perform, the strength at which it should be maintained, and the

measure of preparation which is necessary for effective action. It is to be hoped that this distrust may be speedily removed.

But the fluid nature of our military policy, and the constant chopping and changing to which our establishments have been subjected, have not been the sole cause of uneasiness. We may quote 'Vetus.'

'To our home military administration, since the Crimean war, stability has been unknown. During thirty-six years changes have been incessant, and the army has suffered from successive shocks felt throughout its whole structure, and engendering a universal sense of uncertainty and distrust. The operation of certain forces can be clearly traced in these changes; but of any attempt to go back to broad principles, or to imitate forms of administration proved to be efficient, such as those of the Admiralty and of India, or of Germany, there is no sign.

'I have given examples of the results which that administration (of the War Office) produces. Such examples were mere haphazard selections from a galaxy of blunders, palpable to the veriest tyro in military matters. Excessive expenditure, unwarrantable waste, dire inefficiency, and unreadiness for war, are the charges. . . . I assert that connexion between cause and effect is indisputable, and that the present disastrous condition of the army, which is guessed at by all civilians, and known to all executive officers, can be distinctly traced to a system radically faulty.'

Nearly four years later, he writes: 'The letters containing these charges have drawn comments of every description. . . . Of refutation on the one hand, or reasoned criticism on the other, there has been none.'

Further comment is superfluous. The system has been condemned, and, although no statement has yet been made as to our military policy, we are now making a vigorous endeavour to recast the administration of our army on which will lines render it capable of fulfilling the national requirements.

As we have already said, Germany has supplied a universal model. It would be absolutely impossible, however, to apply an exact imitation of the German system to the British army. But the German system has stood the test of two great wars; the principles which control it have been applied with success elsewhere; and, in our judgement, the best touchstone of the new methods of administration which have been devised by Lord Salisbury's Cabinet is the extent with which they are imbued with the German spirit.

But the questions at once arise: What is this spirit? Where is the German system described? What is its inner

working? How are the principles already referred to—forethought, the selection of the best men, definite responsibilities—so attractive in theory, applied in practice?

A satisfactory reply is by no means easy. Certain features of the system are familiar to every educated soldier. But of the working of the great machine as a whole we have but to turn to the report of the Hartington Commission, to find that it is but imperfectly understood.

Nor is it easy to discover how the component parts of the machine fit in, how it is they work with such exceeding smoothness, or from whence comes the motive power which has produced such remarkable results. The Germans themselves are by no means silent on military subjects. With full knowledge that it is altogether useless, when every foreign nation has a large and active Intelligence Department, to attempt concealment, the military authorities have never attempted to withhold from the army or the nation any single item of information that may tend either to instruct or to reassure.

Nevertheless, with all their apparent frankness, the German military authorities remind us of the conjuror who at the close of his performance explains to his audience the secret of his tricks, knowing perfectly well that the knowledge of how they are done will not teach his hearers how to do them. No one can study the official account of 1870 without feeling convinced that the full experience which the victors gained in 1870 is not to be learned from its many volumes. Nor can we rise from the perusal of General von Schellendorf's third edition with the assurance that we now understand the work done by the General Staff in preparing the troops for war. Admirable as it is as a staff officer's handbook, the volume so ably edited by Colonel Meckel is far less useful, as a revelation of the extraordinary influence exerted by the German General Staff, than 'The Brain of an 'Army' by Mr. Spenser Wilkinson.

To these two works we shall have occasion to refer hereafter. At present we shall confine ourselves to describing, as shortly as possible, the structure of the German system of military administration. At the head stands the Emperor, the Commander-in-Chief, with a personal staff of four generals and four field-officers. It is hardly necessary to point out that the Emperor, as a thoroughly well-educated soldier, holds a position entirely different from that of the Secretary for War in England. There is but one analogy between them, and that is that they are each

supreme head of their respective armies. Such being the case, we will ask our readers to note carefully the manner in which the supreme head, in either case, is connected with the military machine. To the Emperor of Germany no less than twenty-four officers are directly responsible: the Minister of War, for the supply of food and *matériel*, military finance, and certain technical establishments; the Chief of the General Staff, for the training and efficiency of the staff corps, for the preparation of plans of campaign, for the ordnance survey, for military railways, for the collection of intelligence, and for the execution of the larger manœuvres; and in addition to these two high officers, but in no way subject to them, the commanders of army corps, and the five Inspector-Generals of field artillery, engineers, fortress artillery and fortification, of military education, and of the Jäger battalions. To the English Secretary of State, on the other hand, but two officials, under the late system of administration, were in any way responsible, the Commander-in-Chief and the Financial Secretary. We will now consider the position of the German Emperor as Commander-in-Chief, and compare the manner in which he exercises control with the method which has hitherto obtained in England. To the German Emperor twenty-four officers report direct; and it will be admitted that unless his subordinates had the power of settling all but the most weighty questions for themselves, his task would be of an exceedingly formidable nature. No man of business would face with a light heart the charge of twenty-four departments. Responsibility entails supervision, and supervision with large numbers must necessarily be imperfect. In England, however, we find that a far greater task than this was forced upon the Commander-in-Chief. In theory, only ten officers were responsible to his Royal Highness. In practice, that number was very largely exceeded. Through the adjutant-general, every officer commanding a district, a colonial garrison, a fortress, or an island, was also directly responsible to the Commander-in-Chief. Twenty-nine of these commands appear in the 'Army List.' Moreover, the powers delegated to these officers have been much more circumscribed than is the case in Germany. The fact that we have to maintain a foreign as well as a home army, as well as the peculiar conditions of our recruiting system, are to a certain degree answerable; but it is not to be disguised, first, that the weight of responsibility devolving on the Commander-in-Chief has been far too great for any single brain to bear, and, secondly, that centralisation

is far more excessive in England than in Germany. What this means may be soon learned.

'In matters great and small,' writes 'Vetus,' 'an intolerable centralisation works evil throughout the British army, destroying the initiative of the officers, rendering incompetence undiscoverable in posts high and low, strangling progress, denying scope to the mechanical genius of the nation, and entailing waste and inefficiency. . . . In a single sentence, Bacon has gone to the root of all sound administration. "Preserve likewise the rights of inferior places, and think it more honour to direct in chief, than to be busy in all."'

Herein, adds 'Vetus,' 'lies the secret of ruling an army.' It is most certainly the secret which has brought the German army to its present standard. There is another aspect of centralisation to which the same writer has alluded. To his description of the functions of the late Commander-in-Chief he adds the following: 'It is inconceivable 'that any one could consent to serve as Atlas to the War 'Office except with the full understanding that no real 'responsibility could be brought home to him if the burden 'fell.' The responsibility of the military head of the army has been, therefore, merely nominal, and nominal responsibility, under any circumstances whatsoever, is fatal to efficiency.

Another source of the spirit which gives such robust life to the German army is the Chief of the Great General Staff. The functions of that officer are twofold—he is the adviser of the Commander-in-Chief on all questions of strategy and tactics; he selects the officers of the staff, conducts their training, recommends them for promotion, places them where they will do the best work, and is responsible for their efficiency. He has no executive functions; he has no concern with the drill and discipline of the troops; he has no authority over the officers commanding army corps or the inspector-generals; but at the same time he may initiate reforms in organisation, mobilisation, and administration, although on such questions he has to consult with the War Minister.

It would seem that in England much misconception exists as to the functions and status of the Chief of the Staff. It is understood that he is the adviser of the Commander-in-Chief, that he is the head of the Intelligence Department; but it was not understood by Lord Hartington's Commission that he is also the head of the General Staff, and that, although he has no executive duties, he is responsible for

the efficiency of the staff officers and, through them, for the tactical training of the whole army.

The extent of his influence is difficult to measure in words. It is hardly too much to say that in every single question connected with the fighting value of the army the Chief of the Staff is paramount. To put the matter shortly, he communicates to the army, through the Commander-in-Chief, the principles on which its training should be conducted, and, by means of the officers of the General Staff, educated by himself and able to explain his ideas, he not only makes those principles clear, but satisfies himself that they are strictly followed.

The Chief of the Staff is thus much more than a mere adviser. He has other duties than those of an intelligence officer. He is not concerned merely with abstract questions, but is a living force—than which none is more powerful—in the training and administration of the German army.

In England, as in France before 1870, there has been no permanent Chief of the Staff. The Commander-in-Chief, in theory, has been the sole adviser of the Secretary of State. In practice, it would seem, whenever warlike operations were in prospect, the officer with the best reputation for practical knowledge has been consulted by the Cabinet. This officer has usually been the Adjutant-General. But neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Adjutant-General has been entrusted with the duty of strategical preparation in time of peace, of framing plans of offence and defence, of studying the theatres of possible campaigns. Neither has been concerned with the tactics, organisation, and relative efficiency of foreign armies, and it is abundantly evident that so multifarious have been their responsibilities, so engrossing their routine duties, that it would be impossible for either to have given to those questions which deal with preparation for war, or to those which deal with training and administration, the same undivided attention as Moltke or his successors. Moreover, there is no English equivalent to the Greater General Staff in Berlin, that body of highly trained officers who act as the immediate assistants of the Chief of the Staff.

'In May, 1887,' says Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, 'a Select Committee was appointed to examine into the Army and Navy estimates. On July 8, Major-General (now Lieut.-General, and Military Member of Council in India) Brackenbury, in the course of examination by the Committee, made a series of comparisons between the English and German systems of army management. He referred particularly to the great general staff of the German army, which he described as "the

keystone of the whole system of German military organisation . . . the cause of the great efficiency of the German army . . . acting as the powerful brain of the military body, to the designs of which brain the whole body is made to work." "I cannot but feel," he said, "that to the want of any such great central thinking department is due that want of economy and efficiency which to a certain extent exists in our army." ' (*The Brain of an Army*, p. 39.)

The Intelligence Department is not called upon to work out in peace plans of campaign or the details of expeditions which may be necessary over seas. The duty of that department is the collection of information. It has little to do with strategy. It is merely called upon, when an expedition is imminent, to lay before the officer selected to command a mass of statistics on which he may base his plans. Furthermore, neither Commander-in-Chief nor Adjutant-General has hitherto in any way been directly responsible for the training of the staff. This has been committed to the charge of the Commandant of the Staff College; and, except through confidential reports, the officers of the staff, as well as those preparing for it, have not, as a rule, been personally known to the authorities at headquarters. Nor has the staff, as in Germany, had any special head responsible for the efficiency of his officers, aware of their relative capacity, and with power to allot them to the position which they are best qualified to fill.

We have been unable to do more than indicate the most striking differences between the German system and our own. Other differences, to those who have acquaintance with the army, will suggest themselves on a study of Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's excellent little volume. But, to sum up, we may point out that the decentralisation and definite responsibilities of the German system have hitherto found no counterpart in England; that the supreme head of the German army has a confidential adviser, who has leisure to give his every thought to the ever-recurring problems of strategy, tactics, and administration; and that the German General Staff is trained, educated, and supervised by the most able officer in the service of the Emperor.

We may now consider whether the Order in Council promulgated on November 21 is likely to abolish the evils under which the British army has long groaned, and to produce at the same time the efficiency, the economy, and the high state of preparation which characterise the armies of other European Powers. The framers of the Order can have had no difficult task. In the reports of successive

Royal Commissions, in the mass of evidence tendered both by soldiers and civilians, and in the letters of 'Vetus,' they have been furnished with every possible assistance. They have been enabled to compare the systems of other Powers; they have had laid before them a complete exposition of the working of the Board of Admiralty; their attention has been directed to the working of our great railways; one scheme of reorganisation has been proposed by the Hartington Commission; another, based on the same principles, but far more practical, has been submitted, under the signature of 'Vetus,' in the columns of the 'Times;' while Sir Charles Dilke, collaborating with Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, has written much and ably on Imperial Defence. In discussing the Order, the first point to be noted is that the suggestions of the Hartington Commission have been to a great extent ignored. The suggestions of the Commission were the fruit of long deliberation. Those responsible for their utterance are men of proved ability, of wide administrative experience, and impelled by but one motive—the public good. That their proposals have been universally approved it is impossible to say; but they betray so earnest an endeavour to assimilate the spirit of the German system that the wisdom of the present Cabinet in rejecting them is certain to be questioned.

The Commission recognised the chief defects of the old system, the excessive centralisation, the absence of direct responsibility, and the want of a Chief of the Staff. These defects, however, it proposed to remedy by an organisation which commended itself to few. The office of Commander-in-Chief was to be abolished. All the high officials at the Horse Guards were to meet in council on an absolute equality, and each was to be responsible for the conduct of his department to the Secretary of State. A Chief of the Staff was to be appointed; but as this officer had no staff under him, except the dozen officers in the Intelligence Department, his title was a misnomer; his only means of influencing the army was through the Secretary of State; and he had no connexion whatever with the troops. All tactical training, together with the selection and efficiency of the staff, was to devolve upon the Adjutant-General; and a new appointment, that of General Commanding Troops in Great Britain, was to relieve that officer from the most onerous of his executive duties; whilst, to assure proper combination between the army and navy, a Council of National Defence was to be established.

It will be admitted that the reforms here advocated are

sufficiently sweeping. But they are far more subversive than would appear at a first glance. To put the matter in a nutshell, the practical outcome, had they been adopted, would have been to make the Secretary of State directly responsible for the administration of the army; that is, in place of the German Emperor—an educated soldier, holding permanent authority and gaining experience every year—to put a series of civilian officials, succeeding each other at short intervals, without the slightest tincture of technical knowledge, and without the possibility of acquiring it. We have no hesitation in declaring our conviction that the majority of the Commission 'attached'—to paraphrase Mr. Spenser Wilkinson—'more importance to the rigorous 'assertion of Cabinet supremacy than to preparations for 'war.' In attempting to place the Secretary of State on the same footing as the German Emperor they attempted an impossibility. So close an imitation of the German system as that which they propounded is altogether unsuited to the peculiar conditions of English military administration. It may be an unpleasant reflection to those who are uncompromising upholders of constitutional law that the Secretary of State, in very many matters, must needs be 'an adminis-'trative puppet' in the hands of his chief military adviser, whether he be called Chief of the Staff or Commander-in-Chief. But where a great technical department is in question, whose various branches incessantly overlap, we cannot conceive that the final decision on any disputed question can rest elsewhere than in the hands of an expert. Moreover—and this is a most important consideration—how is that element of stability, the absence of which has wrought so much injury, to be provided except by giving the army a permanent head? It should not be forgotten that, before the war with France broke out, Moltke had been Chief of the Staff for thirteen years. The reforms initiated by the Order in Council are of a far less radical character than those suggested by the Hartington Commission. A Commander-in-Chief with ample powers is still retained as the keystone of the administrative structure, and the whole of the departments of the War Office remain under his supervision. But, at the same time, the heads of the more important departments have—on paper—definite responsibilities assigned to them. They are brought into close contact with the Secretary of State; they may be called upon by him for advice, and it is distinctly recognised that they have powers of initiative which have hitherto been denied them.

That a close examination of the Order in Council does not reveal many inconsistencies it is impossible to gainsay. But, in our opinion, the time has not yet come for exhaustive criticism. The new system will be judged by its fruit, and we shall confine our comments to a few points only. We are hardly satisfied, in the first place, that the spirit of the German system has been always kept in view. The framers of the Order do not appear to have been impressed by the force of the contention which was urged with so much insistence by the Hartington Commission and by 'Vetus.' Both of these laid the utmost stress on the appointment of a confidential adviser to the Secretary of State, who, free from executive duties and general supervision, should have ample leisure to give to those great questions which, in the German army, are dealt with by the Chief of the Staff. The Order does indeed lay down that the Commander-in-Chief should deal with such questions, and it might be argued that the task of exercising a general supervision over five departments, each of which is responsible to the Secretary of State, should not be of so onerous a nature as to prevent him devoting sufficient time to his own special functions. Unfortunately, the quasi-official defence, entitled 'Notes on Reforms,' of the Order in Council dispels this idea. In this document it is stated that 'in an enormous 'business like that conducted by the War Office, professional 'and technical questions of a minor character constantly 'arise which require immediate settlement;' and the Commander-in-Chief is to be called upon to decide 'all minor 'and technical questions arising in the ordinary conduct of 'business.'* As these minor questions 'constantly arise,' and as to the Commander-in-Chief have to be referred, in addition, 'all important questions before submission to the 'Secretary of State,' it may well be asked where the 'principal military adviser of the Secretary of State' is to find time to devote to 'the preparation and maintenance of 'detailed plans for mobilisation, and of schemes for offensive and defensive operations.' Probably, in the opinion of the writer of this communication, these schemes necessitate so little consideration that they can be left till war threatens, or can be settled as the Commander-in-Chief rides down to the Horse Guards. This is certainly not Lord Wolseley's conception of the amount of care which a

* Times, November 22, 1895.

Commander-in-Chief should expend upon his more important functions.

'No man,' he says, 'can ever be a great general or organiser of armies who is content to prepare his army to meet the tactics of any previous war. The wise general peers far ahead, well into the distance, so that he may be able to picture mentally what war will be in the future. He studies not only the inventions and most recent discoveries in applied science, and improvements in mechanical implements of the day, but he catches eagerly at those which he sees looming in the distance. He questions himself how all these can be most usefully enlisted, and promptly and efficaciously adopted in his army. He is eager to adopt new ideas. . . . To excel, the general must be ahead of his adversary in tactical knowledge, and in the application of modern inventions to tactics; and those he commands . . . must be well trained in the new system of tactics he has thus elaborated to meet this new condition of things.' *

How is Lord Wolseley, with 'a mass of minor and technical 'questions' to deal with, to work out his own theories of strategy, and, as he said of Von Moltke, 'to educate men 'to be the leaders capable of carrying it out successfully'? In short, this optimistic defence of the Order in Council appears to us to regard the Commander-in-Chief as a mere War Office official whose chief functions are to see that routine business is despatched without friction, and who has very little to do with preparation for war.

It has not, we believe, been generally noticed that Lord Wolseley has spoken decisively on the organisation of the War Office. We may recall his evidence before the House of Commons Commission of 1888.

'"I do not see why . . . the officer in charge of the manufacture and repair of warlike stores . . . and the inspector-general of fortifications should not act directly under the order of the Secretary of State." Again, before the Commission of 1887, "I do not think they (director-general of artillery and stores and inspector of fortifications) ought to go to the Commander-in-Chief. I think the artillery and stores department is a great manufacturing department, and I do not think that the Commander-in-Chief should be over that."' (Report of the Hartington Commission, p. 66.)

These suggestions do not appear to have found favour in the eyes of those responsible for the Order in Council. Their adoption, however, involves so radical a change in the whole machinery of the War Office, that it may possibly have been merely postponed to a more convenient season. But at

* Von Moltke. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B. 'United Service Magazine,' October, 1891.

present, whether wittingly or unwittingly, the Cabinet have placed too heavy a load on the shoulders of the Commander-in-Chief.

We now come to an equally important principle, the direct responsibility of the departmental chiefs, and we will take one department as an example. The Order in Council makes the Adjutant-General directly responsible to the Secretary of State for discipline and training. In the first place, it is idle to urge, as do the 'Notes on Reforms,' that such questions of discipline as come before the War Office are of a neutral or routine character. The standard of discipline maintained throughout the army is directly dependent on the action of the higher military authorities, and we need only refer to the general orders issued by the late Commander-in-Chief as to the exercise of their powers by courts-martial to prove our contention. 'With regard to 'discipline,' say the 'Notes,' 'no latitude is possible.' This we absolutely deny. It is notorious that in some commands leniency is the rule, in others punishment is swift and severe; and excess in either case can only be checked by the direct intervention of the Horse Guards. Again, the proper training of both the staff and the troops is a matter on which diversity of opinion is certain to exist. It is sufficiently well known that the ideas of Von Moltke and Von Steinmetz, the leader of the First Army in 1870, as regards the best means of beating the French, were diametrically opposed, and it is not impossible that the Commander-in-Chief of the British army might hold altogether different opinions on training and tactics, as well as on the standard of discipline to be maintained, from those held by the Adjutant-General. But under the Order in Council, the latter is to be directly responsible to the Secretary of State for both discipline and training.

The truth is, whatever may appear on paper, that the Order in Council does away altogether with the direct responsibility of the Adjutant-General, as well as of the heads of other departments. An Adjutant-General whose ideas on discipline and training were not in accord with those of the Commander-in-Chief, but who would have nevertheless to submit all important questions to that officer, and practically to take his orders, might complain that he was held responsible for matters in which he had no initiative whatever. And his complaint would be perfectly just. If the Commander-in-Chief issues orders as to methods of discipline and training, the responsibility for these orders, both as

regards effect and execution, must rest on his shoulders. If—to suppose an extreme case—both discipline and training, when put to the test of war, should break down, the Commander-in-Chief would have to bear the blame. The Adjutant-General would plead that he had received certain orders; that he had done his best to carry them out; but that, as he had had no hand in framing them, he could not be held responsible for their failure. Even if it could be proved that he had not carried out the orders to the best of his ability, the Commander-in-Chief would not be exonerated. The man who issues the orders is directly responsible that they are obeyed both in letter and in spirit.

The new system may be characterised as the system of indefinite responsibilities. That the War Office may be administered under such a system may be the opinion of officials trained under the old *régime*. It is certainly not the opinion of practical soldiers. A battalion in which the company commanders were directly responsible for the discipline and efficiency of their men to the general officer commanding, and yet at the same time were tied down by the orders of their colonel, would hardly be a happy family or an efficient war machine. Yet these are the principles that are applied by the Order in Council to the whole working of the War Office. We by no means anticipate that these contradictory provisions will inevitably produce friction. Much will depend on the good sense of those on whose shoulders rests the burden of their adjustment. But we are most decidedly convinced that under circumstances easily conceivable they might prove a grave embarrassment, and that the whole question of responsibility, if the confidence of the public and the army is to be secured for the new system, should be reconsidered.

The quasi-official defender of the Government—the author of the 'Notes on Reforms'—with a sense of foreboding that does credit to his personal good sense, anticipates that their scheme will by no means satisfy the critics. But he consoles himself with the reflection that the general public will trouble themselves but little with the organisation of the War Office so long as it is effectively administered. We are of opinion that he will be disappointed. It is true that the nation has full confidence in Lord Wolseley. The choice of the Government has been unanimously approved. But it is not the continuance in office of the Duke of Cambridge which has been the sole cause of popular discontent. The general public is hardly likely to believe that the substitution of one man

for another will make an effete system of administration permanently sound. A change of doctors does not benefit the dyspeptic who consistently breaks the ordinary rules of wholesome living. It is possible that the British public, as the writer asserts, is imbued with 'a distrust of paper constitutions.' It is perfectly certain that the same public has a profound admiration for sound systems of administration, for the management of our great industrial corporations, of our railways, of our great schools, of our shipping companies, and of our navy; and also that it has a well-grounded faith in businesslike methods. We have been called a nation of shopkeepers, and the taunt is true, though in a different sense from that which the speaker intended. Our national aims are neither narrow nor sordid, but the great bulk of the British people are perfectly conversant with the principles on which all successful organisations are administered. 'Quite 'recently,' says a writer in a military magazine, 'when it was 'proposed to make certain changes in the arrangements of the 'War Office, appeal was made to the general experience in 'such matters of the great organised bodies of the country.' The result of that appeal was the report of the Hartington Commission. The suggestions in that report have been rejected almost *in toto* by the framers of the Order in Council, and there is certainly much reason to fear lest the recent schemes should add to the complication, and make the working of the machine even more dependent than before on the personal characteristics of its attendants.

The writer of 'Notes on Reforms' appears to be of opinion that these personal characteristics are of more importance than the perfection of the machine; and under the galaxy of brilliant soldiers who now control the War Office there is no fear that the army, despite the system of administration, will not reach a far higher standard of efficiency than it has hitherto attained. The Commander-in-Chief's capacity for hard work is not one of the least of his recommendations in the eyes of the nation. The man who, in the quiet intervals of an exceedingly active life, could find time to produce a work like 'Marlborough,' will probably find time to deal with each one of the innumerable questions that must come before him. His long sojourn at the War Office, his profound knowledge of war, his wide experience of service in many lands, and his habit of constant study, have provided him with a fund of knowledge which cannot but lighten his labours. But Lord Wolseley is not immortal. Sooner or later he must lay down the reins of office, and it would be

rash in the extreme to anticipate that his successor will possess his exceptional qualifications. 'I strongly hold,' says 'Vetus,' 'that if a system of administration is to be efficient 'its lines must be definitely laid down; that it is not safe to 'trust implicitly to human nature; and that for the swift, 'intelligent, and economical transaction of an enormous 'mass of public business a perfected machine is essential.'* This, we are of opinion, will be the verdict of the public.

If we cannot congratulate the Government on their first attempt to reform our army organisation, we may find consolation in the thought that their scheme is not necessarily final. Modifications may readily be introduced. A distribution of functions is inevitable. Means may yet be found to relieve the Commander-in-Chief of duties which interfere with his position as 'Chief of the Staff.' So long as the best men are selected for the higher appointments, and an earnest endeavour is made, not only to introduce sound principles into the existing system, but to construct such a system as will stand all changes of *personnel*, we need hardly fear that the upas-tree of centralisation will again strike root. We do not scruple to confess that our hope that order will be evolved from chaos is based on the knowledge and ability of the Commander-in-Chief.

The fear has been expressed, in a quarter which cannot be ignored, that the very extensive powers given to the Commander-in-Chief over all the military departments may result in a centralisation more excessive even than that which has hitherto obtained. It is perfectly conceivable that a man ignorant of the first principles of command might succeed in monopolising the entire control of the several departments, and that this should be possible is a distinct blot on the new system.

But that the present Commander-in-Chief will show the least tendency to absorb in his own person the whole government of the army we are not in the very slightest degree apprehensive. No one has inveighed more bitterly against the evils of centralisation. No one has shown more clearly, as the records of the campaigns where he has held command testify, that he grasps the full meaning of a sound system of command. No one is less inclined to discourage initiative, to discard counsel, or to let supervision degenerate into interference. Four years ago he wrote as follows:—

* Letters of 'Vetus' to the 'Times,' November 29, 1895.

'The most remarkable point about Moltke's strategy, especially in 1870–71, is the self-restraint he imposed upon himself in leaving his subordinate commanders such full scope, each within his own immediate sphere of action. He could not, he dared not have adopted this policy in the field with the ordinary run of even German generals, had he not previously trained them and their staff officers to the responsibilities the new condition of things would necessarily impose upon them. . . . He had taught his generals self-reliance, and to work as it were in a team, each not only playing his own hand, but always looking out for how, when, and where he could help his brothers in command.' *

We can hardly imagine that a mind so deeply imbued with the principles which rule the working of the German military machine, not only in the field, but in peace, will fail to apply those principles to the administration of the British War Office.

We have now the more congenial task of indicating the reforms which will meet with universal commendation. As regards the Chief of the Staff, although no such office is named in the Order in Council, there is no essential difference between the system now established and that which obtains in Germany. The Commander-in-Chief of the British army is the Chief of the General Staff. His functions, as now defined, are in great degree exactly similar to those exercised by Von Moltke. 'He shall be the principal 'adviser of the Secretary of State on all questions. . . . He 'shall be charged with . . . the preparation and maintenance of schemes of offensive and defensive operations, and 'with collecting and compiling military information; with 'proposing fit and proper persons for staff . . . appointments,' as appears from the 'details of procedure,' for the making of all staff appointments up to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Directly under the Commander-in-Chief are the head of the Intelligence Department and the officer in charge of mobilisation services.

This arrangement, we venture to think, is admirably adapted to the peculiar constitution of the War Office. In Germany the influence of the Chief of the Staff reaches the army through the Emperor. All tactical instructions require the sign-manual of the Commander-in-Chief to render them authoritative. According to the scheme proposed by 'Vetus,' the Chief of the Staff could only have reached the

* Von Moltke. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B. 'United Service Magazine,' October, 1891.

army through the Secretary of State for War, and we can well imagine that a drill-book, for instance, issued under the signature of a civilian minister, would have met with no cordial reception from the troops. In Germany the case is different. The supreme head of the army, as we have already stated, is a practical and well-trained soldier, and his decision, in matters of training as in all else, is accepted by the troops as final. In the Report of the Hartington Commission the duties to be assigned the Chief of the Staff were so far-reaching that, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman very wisely pointed out, a new office would have been created, 'which, while lacking some of the advantages, would soon 'display most of the disadvantages of the office (Com-'mander-in-Chief) to be abolished.' 'Vetus' proposed to reduce these duties. Only as regards organisation, plans of campaign, mobilisation, and military education, was the Chief of the Staff to be the responsible adviser of the Secretary of State. The tactical training of the troops, and their distribution, he leaves to his general commanding-in-chief. With all due respect for the exceptional ability of the writer, we are unable to convince ourselves that training and education can be divorced, or that the officer responsible for the system of mobilisation and defence should have no word to say to the distribution of the troops. It may be argued that any difference in opinion would be settled by the Army Board, the permanent council of the high officials, meeting under the presidency of the Secretary of State; but we cannot forget that in disputed cases the ultimate decision would rest with the latter, 'who is necessarily a 'civilian without professional or technical knowledge.'

In yet another respect we find that the new system is far more comprehensive than that advocated by the Hartington Commission. The latter laid no stress whatever on the status and training of the General Staff; in fact, it ignored altogether the mainstay of German efficiency. The Order in Council, on the other hand, although it nowhere mentions the staff as a body, virtually makes the Commander-in-Chief the immediate head of the corps of staff officers, responsible, like the German Chief of the Staff, for their training and distribution. The importance of this reform can hardly be over-estimated.

'The carefully thorough and successful system,' says Lord Wolseley, 'under which Moltke educated the German General Staff to its present high state of efficiency is most remarkable. He taught his officers to feel, as it were, what he wanted and aimed at without

any elaborate demonstrations of the problem before them. He had educated them to fully understand his short and concise orders, and his army was thus ready at all moments to give effect to his plans, or to change from one object to the other on the field of battle as he might think desirable. . . . Eminently practical and businesslike in all he did, the training of these generals and staff officers had been for years his special aim. . . .'

And then, summarising Moltke's methods of war, he continues:—

'This strategy would have been disastrous, if not impossible, unless there were trained leaders and a practical staff to manœuvre and move large bodies of troops in presence of the enemy to the best possible advantage. . . . Such was the theory of his strategy, and for years he had educated men to be the leaders capable of carrying it out successfully.'*

No words can express more clearly Moltke's methods, and it is not too much to say that such methods are the only means of establishing the admirable uniformity of tactical action and the constant regard for the grand principle of mutual support which characterises the German army. From the moment Moltke had selected the officers to be trained at the Kriegs-Akademie he supervised their training. Of that training the three years' course at the Akademie was only the foundation. After a short interval of regimental duty those officers who showed most promise were brought back to Berlin and attached to the Great General Staff. It was written as long ago as 1867 that

'the time that these officers spend at headquarters (a year or a year and a half) exercises an important influence over their future career. They are then at a higher special staff school, of which General Moltke himself is the head. He, while teaching, learns to know and appreciate them; he carefully familiarises them with the duties of each of the subdivisions of the Great General Staff. He lectures to them, gives them memoirs to draw up on subjects selected by himself, and reads and criticises their productions.'

By this means the Chief of the Staff not only learned to know his subordinates personally, and was thus able to place them in the position which they were best fitted to fill, but he inspired the whole army with the spirit of his teaching; he made certain that any tactical instructions which might be issued were understood by all, as in every brigade there would be a staff officer capable of explaining them; he maintained close touch between head-

* United Service Magazine, September, 1891.

quarters and the troops, and he made the same principles of action common throughout the whole army. That this is far from being the case in England it is impossible to conceal. To take a single instance:—In 1892 a new Drill Book was issued to the infantry, in which tactical principles novel to the army were introduced. But it is a notorious fact that some of the main principles laid down in the Drill Book are but seldom followed, for the one reason that they are imperfectly understood. It will doubtless be difficult to apply Moltke's system in England. To attach a number of officers to the Intelligence Department is a measure which would be contested by the Treasury. The department, nevertheless, is so small that the author of the German official handbook, referring to the British War Office, permits himself to indulge in a warning:—

'It is very difficult to conceive how so few officers can properly carry on the work and duties of what corresponds to the "Great General Staff," especially as to being informed on, and keeping pace with, the arrangements of foreign armies, seeing that the reports of the military attachés furnish but a very small portion indeed of the necessary information.' *

When it is considered that our Intelligence Department has to take cognisance not only of civilised nations but of every tribe that stands upon our frontiers, this strikes the unprejudiced mind as fair criticism. Moreover, if a portion of the staff were to be trained at headquarters, one or more assistants to the Commander-in-Chief would be required, and more expenditure would be entailed. However, knowing as we do Lord Wolseley's high opinion of Moltke's system, we do not despair of seeing that system applied at the Horse Guards.

We now turn to a feature of the new system which has not been generally noticed, but which, in our opinion, is of paramount importance not only to the army, but to the Empire. Lord Wolseley's appointment has been exceedingly popular. Immediately the resignation of the Duke of Cambridge was made public the choice of the Queen and of the nation was made. But the full significance of this choice has not been everywhere appreciated. It is possible that men have not spoken out for fear of wounding the feelings of Lord Wolseley's predecessor. We cannot think that such reluctance is well founded. It is undoubtedly true that Parliament, with a generous acknowledgement of work well

* Duties of the Great General Staff, p. 100.

done, forbore to press the reforms advised by Lord Hartington's Commission until his Royal Highness thought fit to resign his office; but because, while he remained in office, the system could not be altered, it would be unjust in the extreme to suggest that his Royal Highness was never fitted for the position he so long occupied. That after long years of honourable service he did not altogether appreciate the advantages of reform is hardly to his discredit. A man of weaker character would have given way without remonstrance; a man of less ability would have obstinately resisted every innovation. To be *laudator temporis acti* is no uncommon failing. It is certainly no proof of incompetence. It is to be remembered, too, that the Duke was not the creator of the system which he administered. That system was evolved by Parliament, and of Parliament his Royal Highness was ever a most loyal servant. It was not his fault that the conscientious performance of his far too onerous duties left him but little leisure to observe the progress of other armies. The marvel is that those duties were so efficiently fulfilled.

The significant change to which we have alluded is intimately connected with the changes inaugurated by Prussia. Before 1866 preparation for war was hardly known. Since that era the increased speed at which military events move may be realised by comparing the speed of an express train with that of a stage-coach. There is no time, when hostilities threaten, for the Government to cast about and seek an adviser. That adviser must be at their elbow, and, if the enemy is to be met on equal terms, the plan of campaign must have been already drawn up, the army equipped, the reserves made ready for service, and the commissariat organised. Nor is it sufficient to choose as an adviser the first experienced soldier who may offer. So deeply has strategy been studied, so wide-spread is the knowledge of the science of war, so highly trained are the staffs, that it is absolutely necessary that the military adviser of the Cabinet should be the ablest soldier in the army. He must be a profound strategist, a student of war after the fashion of Napoleon and of Wellington, of Lee and Moltke. He must have the confidence of the army, of the ministry, of the people, and he must have trained his generals and his staff to give effective expression to his ideas.

As defined by the Order in Council, the more important of the Commander-in-Chief's functions are no longer connected with discipline and administration. As chief adviser

of the Secretary of State, as military member of the Council of Defence, the Commander-in-Chief will be responsible for the conduct of military operations—that is, for the strategy to be pursued—so far as the Army is concerned, either in defending the Empire or in extending our frontiers. Strategy, it is to be regretted, is an art which is held in small estimation by English soldiers. It is studied by few. The rules, indeed, are simple. They may be taught by familiar illustrations or a dozen diagrams. Common-sense seems all that is needed to detect the enemy's weak point, to place an army in the right position, and to guide it without mishap to the appointed goal. On their common-sense alone, when strategy is in question, English soldiers are accustomed to rely. But Napoleon himself has assured us that there is only one means of mastering strategy, and that is incessant study and exhaustive thought. We have now, fortunately for the Empire, for almost the first time in our history, a student of thi type, as is abundantly proved both by his writings and his campaigns, as the adviser of the Cabinet. The importance of the change can hardly be overrated.

In the Napoleonic wars the armies of France overran Europe. Why? Not because her soldiers were braver, more patriotic, better trained, better disciplined, or more experienced than those of other nations, but because the armies of Austria, Prussia, Spain, Russia, were directed by Aulic councils, by the reigning sovereigns, by Cortes, or by Cabinet, while those of France were directed by a great strategist. In 1866 two great armies went down before the might of Prussia without inflicting the slightest check on her victorious progress; but at the right hand of the King of Prussia stood the best soldier in his army, while the Austrian operations were directed by a brave soldier who confessed that he was no strategist. To aid the Emperor of the French in 1870 an officer had been selected to whom the manœuvring of armies was manifestly an unknown art. A still more striking instance may be drawn from the American war. In the spring and summer of 1862 the star of the Confederacy was at its brightest. 200,000 Federals were driven from Virginia by 80,000 Southerners, and the war was carried into Northern territory. During that period Lee acted as confidential adviser of the Confederate President, while Lincoln and his War Secretary contented themselves with the counsels of a few unknown officers. Later in the year Jefferson Davis himself, with an honest mediocrity as Adjutant-General, assumed the control of military opera-

tions, and Lee was relegated to the command of one of the several armies. The results were not in favour of unaided common-sense. England, too, has suffered in the past from the want of a Moltke. In no important campaign throughout her history, except when Marlborough was in command, has her best soldier been the chief military adviser of the government. Many of her worst disasters, of her lost opportunities, are directly attributable to this one fact. The worst enemies with whom Wellington had to contend in the Peninsula were the Home Government and its military advisers. Had it not been that Sir Arthur Wellesley happened to be on leave in London at the time the Cabinet had resolved on sending troops to fight the French, it is doubtful if the Peninsular War would have taken place. Had it not been that his brother was a member, during a critical period, of the Cabinet, it is certain that the troops would have been withdrawn. The fatal and useless expeditions to Walcheren, Buenos Ayres, and Egypt, the waste of men and money where no good could be effected, the neglect to reinforce the army in Portugal, were due, simply and solely, to feeble military advice. The conflict of opinion, before Waterloo, between the Commander-in-Chief in England and the Commander-in-Chief in Belgium, was by no means creditable either to the Duke of York or to our military system; and the Crimean campaign was hardly less remarkable as an exhibition of the incompetency of the Horse Guards. Other instances might be cited, but it is unnecessary to enlarge on the number of British soldiers who have been sent to a useless death because 'the brain of the army' was far feebler than the limbs. It is useful to remember, moreover, that a sailor, and that sailor a great strategist, was First Lord of the Admiralty at the brightest period of our naval warfare. Lord St. Vincent's services were hardly less eminent than those of Nelson. We have good reason to be thankful that we have at last placed our nearest approach to Moltke at the right hand of the Secretary of State, and that the principle is now firmly established, once and for all, that the professional heads of our armed forces shall be the ablest men whom the army and navy can produce.

Lord Wolseley has before him no easy task. He has not merely to direct the system evolved by the Cabinet into the destined grooves, but he has—practically—to construct a new one. It is fortunate that he finds in office colleagues who understand his methods, and who may be confidently

expected to render him the most cordial aid. Nor can we imagine that the Government will decline either to accept such modifications as may be suggested or, in the words of 'Vetus,' to decide for what purpose the 'British 'army is maintained, and to what ends its organisation 'should be directed.' And if the Commander-in-Chief should desire to disembarrass himself of the fortification and ordnance departments, he will not be thwarted. Should he find it necessary to increase the Intelligence staff, so that the department may approximate in efficiency to that remarkable organisation which has wrought so much for Germany, financial considerations cannot be allowed to stand in the way. The initial cost of giving the 'brain of the army' free play would probably be less than the price of a big gun or a concrete fort; and the prospective economy of blood, treasure, and prestige will more than justify the expenditure. But, despite the support he may count upon receiving from the Government, his colleagues, and the country, it will be years before Lord Wolseley's work is done. The new system will not be constructed without much thought and toil, nor brought into working order without conflict. The evils which have characterised the administration of the War Office are rampant throughout the army. Over-centralisation, disregard of the chain of responsibility, the crushing of all initiative, the apotheosis of 'red tape,' are matters of complaint and scorn in every mess-room in the service. These evils must be swept away with a strong hand, for the opposition will be powerful. Reform will be resisted—silently, perhaps, but none the less obstinately—'by men who have been trained in the worst traditions, who 'are honestly incapable of imagining any other, whose 'interests are bound up with the existing chaos, and to 'whom a system which is a matter of course on the Conti-'nent and in every big undertaking at home seems to spell 'revolution and ruin.' For instance, men who are profound believers in the claims of seniority are not likely to approve of the doctrine advocated in the following paragraph:—'Moltke was selected for the highest position in 'the Prussian army because the king believed him to be 'the ablest and best man for the place, and the English 'officer may rest assured that the day is not far distant 'when every high position in our army will be filled upon a 'similar principle.'* Moreover, not only does the old order

* Von Moltke. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B. 'United Service Magazine,' September, 1891, p. 445.

give place to new, but it is Lord Wolseley's duty to establish the new order on a firm basis, and to impress the principles of sound administration so deeply on every branch of the service that the recrudescence of the former evils shall be impossible. But if his task is heavy, his opportunity is great. Three famous armies have upheld the honour of England—the army of Cromwell, the army of Marlborough, and the army of Wellington. Each one of these armies was acknowledged by friend and foe as the finest in Europe. But the native vigour of each was suffered to decay. The army of Fontenoy was not the army of Blenheim and Oudenarde, nor the army of the Crimea, save only in the stubborn valour of the soldiers, the army of the Peninsula. Can Lord Wolseley give us an army 'fit to 'go anywhere and to do anything'? Can he give us an army like the Ironsides, which, 'from the time it was 'remodelled to the time when it was disbanded, never 'found, either in the British islands or on the Continent, an 'army who could stand its onset . . . which came to regard 'the day of battle as a day of certain triumph, and 'marched against the most renowned battalions of Europe 'with disdainful confidence'? Can he give us an army of permanent efficiency, capable of fulfilling all our needs, and held by other nations in the same respect as they hold the British navy? If he can do this, although it may never be his lot to lead his troops on a European battle-field, no name will stand higher on the roll of English soldiers than that of the great administrator.

We cannot conclude our review without a word of warning. Lord Wolseley's efforts will want something more than sympathy, they will need active support, and that support may best be rendered by the press. A strange lethargy is the normal attitude of Parliament towards the administration of the army. Over-centralisation is possibly an evil which is not confined to the War Office alone. Be this as it may, a glance at the history of the past fifty years reveals, as regards the navy as well as the army, a strange condition of affairs—long periods of careless security broken at intervals by seasons of wild panic, years of cheese-paring parsimony chequered by weeks of the grossest extravagance. The administration of the navy is admirably adapted to our national requirements. But the judicious constitution of the Board of Admiralty has placed not the slightest check on the vagaries of Parliament.

'In the early part of the century, at the close of the great war, England was in a strong position; but in 1830 a party came in

which set to work cutting down everything. In 1832 the navy estimates were cut down from 15,000,000*l.* to 3,000,000*l.* In 1840 we were nearly involved in war; there was a great fright, and it was reported that there were a number of ships with only half their crews. Fortunately the peace was not broken, and the Government proceeded to increase the navy. This was satisfactory till 1860, when it was found that another nation was building an ironclad fleet, while we were still constructing wooden ships. The Government took no notice of this, but at last the country stirred them into action, and they then built thirty ironclads in two years. In 1869 there was another outcry against expenditure on the navy, the estimates were reduced by 2,000,000*l.*, officers were retired wholesale, and the navy declined so much that it has taken years to bring it up again to anything like a proper state of efficiency.' *

And it may be added that the recent resurrection of our naval strength was due in no way to the initiative either of the Houses of Parliament or of the Board of Admiralty.

It is not conceivable, the Naval Lords of the Admiralty being carefully selected, that they should have either advised or approved the sweeping reductions which have proved such false economy. We may be certain that they protested. But their protests have never got further than the Cabinet, and Parliament has never had the opportunity, when the strength of the navy has been in question, of ascertaining the opinions of its professional advisers. It may be argued that the Naval Lords, if they find their judgement overruled, can always, as they threatened when Sir Vernon Harcourt was compelled to make his remarkable *volte-face*, appeal to the country by resigning. In the first place, however, such violent methods, in the interests of discipline, can only be resorted to in extreme cases; and in the second place, they can hardly be expected from men who are dependent on their position for their livelihood. As regards the army, matters have been no better. Like the sister service, it has suffered much from the consistent refusal of the successive governments to define the objects for which it is maintained, and from the fact that the official opinions of the military authorities have never been laid before the House of Commons. But from the indifference of Parliament it has suffered more. Early in 1890 the report of the Hartington Commission declared that the existing condition of affairs as regards national defence was

* Captain Eardley-Wilmot, R.N., Meeting of the Navy League, November 22, 1895.

'unsatisfactory and dangerous,' and whilst approving, in the main, the administration of the navy, it utterly condemned that of the army. Yet, despite this report, Parliament not only suppressed the whole of the evidence on which this condemnation was founded, but made no attempt whatever, until more than five years after the issue of the report, to deal with the crying evils which had been revealed. Nor, we are firmly convinced, would the attempt have been made then had it not been for the series of letters which we have so freely quoted in this article. It is not only that 'Vetus' is the exponent of the discontent with the old system which many zealous soldiers have imbibed; not only that an intimate acquaintance with the shortcomings of that system is betrayed on every page; not only for the terse eloquence of the diction, and the wide experience which prompts it, that his letters are remarkable; but for their far-reaching influence over public sentiment. A powerful pen has been seldom wielded to better effect; and it is by no means impossible that it may again find employment. The press has done much to pull down the old edifice. It must aid Lord Wolseley to construct a new one.

ART. IX.—*Histoire des Princes de Condé pendant les XVI^e^ et XVII^e^ Siècles.* Par M. le DUC D'AUMALE. Tome VII. et Index. Paris: 1896.

THE last volume of this most interesting work* ended with almost sensational abruptness just as the story was becoming specially important to English readers, and about to usher in the incident which Macaulay has painted in a manner too flattering to our insular prejudices to be easily forgotten. It was impossible not to feel some curiosity as to the manner in which a more accurate writer, approaching the subject from a different point, might describe this brilliant passage in our military history. The volume now before us resumes the story, and opening with a lively and detailed account of the siege of Dunkirk and the battle of the Dunes, to which Macaulay merely refers, it tells of the action of the 'Ironsides,' not, it may be, in such glowing terms as Macaulay's, but with a precision that, to the careful reader, is more satisfactory.

On May 29,† 1658, Turenne, in obedience to positive orders from Mazarin, had laid siege to Dunkirk. The task had been considered difficult; its accomplishment had been extolled as a masterpiece of genius when the Prince de Condé, then Duc d'Enghien, had taken it in 1646. During the troubles of the Fronde, and assisted, unintentionally but decisively, by Blake's seizure of the French relieving ships, the Spaniards had recaptured it in 1652. Since then the Spanish governor had devoted both industry and ingenuity to strengthening its defences, and, holding Gravelines, Bergues, and Furnes, rendered the approach to it extremely difficult. From a military point of view too the place was not, at the moment, of particular importance; and Turenne, supported by the adverse opinion of Clerville, the most celebrated engineer of the day, had represented to Mazarin the unadvisability of the step. But in spite of military and strategical objections political reasons compelled Mazarin to persist. His treaty with Cromwell left him no option; he was unaware of the extent or the futility of the negotiations which Cromwell had previously carried on with Spain, and was convinced that any backwardness on his part to fulfil the treaty obligations to capture Dunkirk would throw the English into the

* See 'Edinburgh Review,' October, 1892.

† The dates are given throughout in New Style, according to the French calendar.

arms of Spain, and risk the loss of Calais. He could conceive that to win back Calais, a place hallowed to the English by the proud memory of two hundred years' occupation, of whose loss, even after the expiration of a hundred years, they still felt the bitterness, Cromwell would be ready to venture much; and though the establishment of the English in a position so commanding as Dunkirk was most distasteful, the blow which its loss would be to Spain would be a more than compensating advantage. It might probably even put an end to the war.

Although it was against his judgement that Turenne undertook the task, when once it was resolved on he brought to it the full strength of his mighty genius and his minute attention to details. In these he had the liberal support of Mazarin and the Government. Money was to Mazarin as his heart's blood; but even money might be lavished if Dunkirk could be taken. The transport service was organised on a scale and with a care previously unknown. The army was reinforced till it numbered thirty thousand of the most splendid soldiers of the day.

'Amongst them were six thousand English, conspicuous by their red coats; fine, stout men, without experience in siege works, and intemperate in their appetite for green fruit, but inured to war, proud, confident in their strength, having the obstinate and indomitable courage of their race. Reynolds, who was to have led them, had been drowned in the passage from England, and Major-General Morgan took his place; but the chief command was vested in the ambassador accredited to the French Court, Lockhart, one of an old Scottish family and formerly an officer in the royal army, but who had afterwards joined the party of the Parliament, or rather of the Protector, whose niece he married.'

With Turenne were associated Clerville; Castelnau, distinguished for his valour no less than for his prompt decision, his ingenuity, his experience, and his unstained honour, not always in the seventeenth century a concomitant of the more purely military virtues; Créqui, at this time only thirty-four, comparatively little known, but destined to win, within ten years, the bâton of a marshal and a reputation as one of the greatest captains of the age; and Ligniville, the faithful follower of the Duke of Lorraine, who had refused the rank of marshal in the French army, and was now serving under Turenne rather as the enemy of Spain than as the servant of France. On the Spanish side, on the other hand, with every advantage of position, with an army which, but a few years before, had been the terror of Europe, and which,

notwithstanding its losses, had still a grand prestige, everything was spoiled by the ineptitude and obstinacy of the Viceroy, who assumed the functions of commander-in-chief.

Don Juan, a legitimatised son of the King of Spain, and at this time in his thirtieth year, is described as handsome, though too stout; clever, but shallow; excessively vain, ambitious, and fond of posing as a prince of the blood. By his father's favour he had held high command, had won distinction by the capture of Naples and of Barcelona, and had displayed remarkable courage in a conflict with some Barbary corsairs who attacked his galley on the passage from Barcelona to Genoa. If we may judge from his conduct of the war in Flanders, his former reputation was built on a vicarious foundation. It was already acknowledged that he was subject to prolonged fits of indolence, and in October 1657 Condé wrote of him, 'Don Juan is indolent and 'negligent to the last degree, scarcely moving from his 'bed. . . . He plumes himself on having come to the army; 'but he does so little, and that at the wrong time and with 'so much irresolution, that it will cause the failure of every-'thing'—a judgement that might fairly be termed prophetic. The captain-general of the Spanish army, the Marquis de Caracena, a capable man, though deficient in energy, was unable to make amends for the fatuity of the viceroy, from whom he received neither support nor direction; and the one man who might have led on the Spaniards once again to victory, even as fifteen years before he had broken down their prestige at Rocroy, Condé, still feeble from an almost fatal fever, was unable to stimulate Don Juan to action or to lead him to an appreciation of the position. Wrapped in self-complacency, Don Juan considered himself a better judge of the conditions of the campaign, and looked on the warnings of Condé, his criticisms on the miserably inefficient state of the army, and his urgent advice not to risk an engagement, as reflecting on himself and on his country.

In vain Condé pointed out that the principal strength of his army was in cavalry, and that the ground towards which he was moving was one on which cavalry could not act; that the French had a preponderating force of infantry, for which the ground was especially suitable. Some petty successes had swelled the Viceroy's vanity; the defeat and capture of the Maréchal d'Aumont in an attempt to seize Ostend had led him to despise the French arms; and the treason of the Maréchal d'Hocquincourt, who delivered up the fortress of Hesdin, had led him to contemn the French

honour. 'The enemy,' he said, 'will not dare to stand up 'before the army of the Catholic King,' and he gave a ready belief to those who told him that on the sandhills of Dunkirk, as on the beach of Ostend, he would have nothing to do but pick up the prisoners; that Hocquincourt had more than one friend among Turenne's lieutenants, and that there were many French officers who were only waiting for an opportunity to betray him: the falsehood of all which was manifested on the first encounter. On June 12, as Don Juan advanced to take up a position at Zuydcoote, two leagues from Dunkirk, Condé with a small body of horse pushed on to reconnoitre the enemy's lines. He presently met a French patrol party, which he wished to avoid; but Hocquincourt, possessed, it would seem, by the same fiction which had seized on Don Juan, rode forward to meet it, waving his hat to the French officers, who replied with a volley of musketry, which put an end to his life and treasons. Still Don Juan was undeceived, and refused to listen to Condé's repeated advice to retire. On the following day, June 13, he advanced to within a league of Dunkirk, forming his men in order of battle in a line whose right rested on the sea and the left on the canal from Furnes to Dunkirk. By those who know the locality, or the very similar country which extends from Liverpool to Southport, past Blundell Sands and Formby, the Duc d'Aumale's description of the ground now occupied by Don Juan will be at once understood—

'a confused mass of sandhills, their sides steep and bare, separated by winding and irregular hollows. Vegetation takes refuge on the summits; tufts of harsh grass or brushwood cover the flat tops of the hillocks. On these the infantry could establish itself, each hillock becoming a redoubt, and each of these small fortresses needing an assault, unless taken by a flank attack, for no ground could be better adapted to surprises and ambuscades. On the line chosen by Don Juan the sands did not reach to the canal, but were separated from it by three or four hundred mètres of marshy meadows intersected by ditches.'

There was thus, as Condé had warned Don Juan, no ground suitable for the cavalry, which formed more than half of his army: the infantry alone was terribly outnumbered, and there was no artillery. On one point we think that the Duc d'Aumale has misjudged Don Juan. He says: 'Tempted by the height and shape of a large hil-'lock, on which he posted the old *tercios*, he was too far

'from the sea; so that his right was left unprotected, not 'being able to extend to the water line when the tide 'ebbed.' The Duc d'Aumale seems to have lost sight of a very powerful influence which warned Don Juan not to bring his right wing as near the shore as he might have wished. This was the presence of a squadron of English ships of war, under the command of Vice-Admiral Goodson, formerly a West Indian merchant, but a zealous Puritan and a stout sailor, who looked on war with Spain as a thing at once profitable and righteous. In a contemporary print of the battle these ships are shown in position and actually firing; and Napoleon has left on record his opinion that Turenne had a great advantage in the English ships which anchored along the coast, cannonaded the right flank of the Spaniards, and swept the strand with the more effect as Don Juan had no guns to keep the English boats at a distance. It may, however, be doubted whether the ships did actually fire; the threat of their presence was enough to produce the effect.

Meantime the French army remained immovable in its lines: whatever Turenne may have discussed with his colleagues, no rumour of his intentions had reached the subordinate officers and the soldiers. It appeared as though he meant to receive the attack which Don Juan might be expected to make on the morrow. It was not till after nightfall that a French prisoner, escaped from the Spanish camp, brought him assurance that Don Juan had no guns, and that it was supposed the Spanish attack would be delayed till they came up. Turenne's decision was immediately formed; and in the early hours of the morning, leaving a detachment to guard the trenches, the French marched out slowly and silently, taking a position approximately parallel to that of the enemy, but extending to the sea, and thus outflanking the Spaniards, who, secure in their contempt of the French, were sleeping in fancied security. It was only at dawn on the 14th that, on different sides, the Duke of York, then serving with the Spaniards, and Condé, visiting the guard, discovered the movement of the French. The Duke of York immediately went to seek Don Juan, as also did Condé, after sending orders for the men to get under arms. Once more he urged on the viceroy the necessity of retiring. The ground was in every way unsuitable for them; they were far outnumbered by the French, and they had no artillery. 'There is still time,' he

said. 'Mask the retreat by a screen of horsemen; let the 'infantry take advantage of the bridges over the canal, and 'get across it as quickly as possible; your cavalry can retire 'along the seashore, whilst mine covers the infantry.' Don Juan somewhat scornfully rejected the advice, and Condé rode off to take command of the left wing. On his way he met the young Duke of Gloucester, who was serving with his brother the Duke of York. 'You have never seen a 'battle fought?' he said to him; 'within two hours you 'will have learnt how one is lost.' The French guns broke the silence of the morning, but caused more noise than damage.

'And presently a loud shout was heard. It was the hurrahs of the "redcoats," cheering Castelnau—the gallant, loved, and admired Castelnau—as he passed before them. It fell to them to begin the action: Lockhart and Morgan led them on to the assault of the great sandhill. The soldiers of the *tercios* bravely received the shock; but they had to deal with "furious beasts." Repulsed at the point of the pike, the English returned to the charge; they fell down, they mounted again; again and again the pikes were crossed, and still the Castilians stood firm. It was impossible to say which would conquer, when the French cavalry took the *tercios* on the flank.'

The blunder of Don Juan and his staff, according to the Duc d'Aumale, but in reality the threat of Goodson's guns had left a clear passage between the sea and the Spanish right. Along this Castelnau led his squadrons of light cavalry, and took the Spanish cavalry which covered their right wing on the flank; it broke and fled, carrying with it the Walloon infantry posted in support of the *tercios* on the hill. These were thus assailed on the flank at the very moment in which the 'Ironsides' again charged in front. The blow was decisive. It was the last stand of the *tercios*; they died there, or, being surrounded, were taken prisoners. The centre of the Spanish army was as completely broken as the right wing.

On the left Condé with the greater part of the cavalry, on ground cut into a maze of broad wet ditches, which stayed the advance of infantry as much as it prevented the manœuvring of cavalry, succeeded in rallying the fugitives of the right wing, disentangling his own men from the labyrinth in which Don Juan had placed them, and passing them across the canal by a bridge which he had himself constructed the day before. Then with a strong body of cavalry he made one last desperate effort, not to retrieve the fortune of the day—that was lost beyond remedy—but to

cut his way through the enemy's lines into the beleaguered city. It was the brigade of the guards, under the immediate command of Créqui, which he charged; but Créqui, refusing the onset and withdrawing his men behind a sandhill, poured into the passing cavalry a deadly volley of musketry at very short range. Every shot told; those who were not killed turned and fled. Condé himself was swept away among the fugitives, and barely escaped. Nine days afterwards Dunkirk surrendered.

It has frequently been said that the fall of Dunkirk brought the war to a close; that it was the fatal blow which brought the Spaniards to their knees. Although he traces the course of the war for nearly a year longer, the Duc d'Aumale seems to accept this opinion; and, indeed, it is apparent that the loss of Dunkirk, the seaport which was to a great extent the base of their operations, must have been severely felt by the Spaniards. This and the following campaign represent the interest of Condé in the events which led to the suspension of arms in May 1659; and it is with the fortunes of Condé that the Duc d'Aumale is primarily concerned. But to those who inquire further into the causes which led to the result it will appear that remote events brought a greater stress on the resources of Spain than any loss sustained in the Netherlands. To the unthinking Frenchman of the seventeenth century the assistance of the English was limited to the action of those splendid battalions of 'Ironsides' which stormed the great sandhill, to the admiration of friends and foes; and for this it is even now insinuated the price paid in the cession of Mardick and Dunkirk was extravagant. But Mazarin and those who, with him, were more fully instructed in the sequence of events were well aware that the visible action of the English battalions was but a small part of the assistance which England was really giving to the cause of the alliance; that the loss of Jamaica, the sack of Rio Hacha and other settlements on the Spanish main, threatening to break down the Spanish monopoly in America, struck a sharper terror to the heart of the Spanish statesmen than ever did the demonstration against Brussels; that the capture of the plate fleet off Cadiz, the destruction of shipping at Santa Cruz, the blockade of the Spanish coast, the prostration of Spanish trade were material losses far greater than even the loss of Dunkirk. It was these that were the chief factor in the determination of Spain to make peace with France. Against England single-handed she may have believed herself

able to contend, whilst realising that, under the Commonwealth, peace with England was only to be bought by commercial cessions of greater value than the territory she was compelled to yield to France. And so the negotiations went on. The Duc d'Aumale traces in detail that part of them which specially affected the Prince, whose interests had to be provided for, and whose susceptibilities as a son of France had to be tenderly spared, although, as a traitor to his king and his country, justice might have dealt out sterner measures. The Duc d'Aumale neatly and tersely summarises the general result to France, omitting, it will be noticed, all mention of the matrimonial alliance and the peculiarly important complications which were so carefully prepared.

'The Treaty of the Pyrenees is a finished masterpiece, and one of the noblest monuments which French diplomacy has left us. Smaller indeed and more concentrated than the Treaty of Münster, it was also more precise. It completed the peace of Westphalia, confirmed and developed the establishment of France in Alsace, assured her the possession of Roussillon with Perpignan, and Cerdagne, on the other side of the mountains; of Arras, with nearly all Artois, and some positions in Hainault and maritime Flanders. Everything was stated precisely and regulated with good sense and propriety. Nor were her allies forgotten; Lorraine and Savoy, the more important of the adjoining States, were specially provided for, skilfully placed under the protection of France, though the terms granted to the former were somewhat hard. As a whole it was noble and grand.'

It is, however, on the articles relating to the Prince that he lays most stress. The articles themselves are long and numerous. The preliminary is almost amusing. In it the high-born rebel is made to say

'that he is profoundly grieved that his conduct during some years should have been disagreeable to his Majesty; that he could wish to pay with the best part of his blood for the several hostilities he has committed in and out of France; that it was his misfortune rather than any evil intention against his Majesty's service which was the reason of them; and if his Majesty should have the generosity to extend to him his royal goodness, and, forgetting all the past, to restore him to the honour of his good favour, he would strive while he had life to acknowledge the benefit by an inviolable fidelity, and to repair the past by a perfect obedience to all his commands; and to show how fervently he desires to return to his Majesty's favour he renounces all the pretensions he might have in regard to this peace, leaving them to the free-will and goodness of the King his master and sovereign lord.'

We can conceive readers so blind to the brilliance of Condé's military prowess as to think that this pretended

humility has a strong savour of insolence; nor can we agree with the Duc d'Aumale in his opinion that, on the one side, it was impossible to bow with more nobility and to make an honourable submission in more dignified terms, or that, on the other, the authority of the Crown was maintained, even though we admit the delicacy with which the honour of the repentant prince was spared. We find it, on the contrary, difficult to avoid asking what would have been the course of events in this particular relation if Richelieu had had the direction of the negotiation instead of Mazarin, though, indeed, it is still more difficult to suppose that under Richelieu the subject of this extraordinary negotiation could have arisen. As to the conclusion of it under Mazarin, the Duc d'Aumale now says—

'In the articles which follow, the arrangement was so skilful, the names of the two kings and of the Prince were brought together with so much art, the equivalent of each concession was so happily adjusted, that appearances were saved, and the Very Christian King never seemed to be treating directly with his subject, whilst in reality the character of the whole was nothing less than a contract between the two crowns relative to Condé.'

Within eight weeks Condé was to deliver to the King the three places which he held, to disband his troops, and give a written acceptance of the agreement between the plenipotentiaries of the two crowns. In return, the King was to replace him in the full and free possession and enjoyment of all his estates, honours, dignities, and privileges as the first prince of the blood royal of France; in consideration of which the Most Catholic King was to cede to the Very Christian King the fortress of Avesnes, which he had intended to confer on Condé, whilst, on the other hand, the Very Christian King was to confer on the Prince the government of Burgundy and Bresse, of the Castle of Dijon, and of St. Jean de Losne, and on his son, the Duc d'Enghien, the office of Grand Master of France, with reversion to the Prince himself. And thus, says the Duc d'Aumale,

'Louis de Bourbon recovered some of his appointments and all his property, honours, and dignities, not by virtue of an amnesty or a royal grant, but by a treaty of peace, a mutual contract and agreement between two sovereigns. For the property, more especially, this diplomatic instrument became a title-deed of the greatest possible authority, and prevented any future dispute or counter-claim.'

To which it may be added that the estates so conferred on Condé have descended in his family, and are at this present

time held by the Duc d'Aumale, by virtue of these articles in the Treaty of the Pyrenees. With a pretence of dignity that might almost be called theatrical, Condé remained at Brussels till the treaty was concluded, and left it on December 29, 1659, escorted by the Viceroy and the principal seigneurs of the Court, amid salvos of artillery and a general display of respect and affection. It was understood that Mazarin was sorely annoyed by this attitude. Condé had written to the Pope, announcing 'the end of his misfor-'tune, by a happy return of the favour of the King, whose 'generosity caused him most sensible joy and filled him 'with gratitude.' In Spain, at least, it was openly said that Mazarin thought

'that the Prince, in expressing his gratitude, should have spoken less of the King and more of the Cardinal; above all, he should have abstained from any allusion to the part he himself had taken in the great event just perfected. When he learned the terms in which the Prince had announced to the Pope "the change in his fortunes" and the end of the war, Mazarin did not conceal his keen annoyance. He would seem even to have wished that Condé, eager to show his gratitude, should have set all rule and form at defiance, and, without passport or suite, should have set out at the first news of the peace, and passing through France incognito, have come to Toulouse, not to cast himself at the knees of the King his master, but to throw himself at the feet of the Minister who was reopening to him the gates of his country.'

There seems little doubt that Mazarin had expressed himself in some such terms; and we know certainly that he wrote to Turenne, 'I shall regulate my manner by that of 'the Prince;' and to Lionne, 'I will yield precedence to 'him in my own house, but elsewhere I shall claim it.' On January 27, 1660, Condé arrived at Aix, where the Court then was. His interview with Mazarin passed off without offence; the 'Gazette de France' announced that 'the Prince 'presented his respects to their Majesties the King and 'the Queen Mother,' and the next day that 'the Prince had 'dined with his Eminence the Cardinal.' A few days later the Court left for Toulon, and Condé went to Paris, where he met Turenne in friendly conversation. Notwithstanding, however, his expressions of good-will, repeated, as they were no doubt meant to be repeated, to Mazarin, the Cardinal retained an unconquerable suspicion, which he communicated to the young King. It was natural, it was necessary that it should be so; Condé's conduct towards Mazarin and the Crown during the Fronde and since had not been such as to inspire a more open-hearted man than the Cardinal with

confidence. In all that he now said the Cardinal saw merely the foundation of an intrigue for his own advantage, and wrote in so many words to Colbert, then still his secretary.

'If the actions of the Prince are conformable with the words by which he is now trying to persuade France that he sincerely wishes for my friendship, it will give me great pleasure, and will be the better for himself; but if he is merely seeking to gain a standing that will enable him to ask favours, which I do not believe the King ought to grant, this good understanding will not last long; and since he has so earnestly begged you to give him your opinion on certain matters which may affect his position, and maintain the present concord between him and me, I should be glad if you would take the opportunity to ascertain his sentiments in respect of the Parliament, which will assuredly make the peace serve as an occasion for interfering in a way which will clash with the royal authority. . . . I have learned from persons who were present that he loudly applauded those harangues in which it was said that the peace was due to him, and that it was well known that it was he who had arranged the marriage.'

The doubt and suspicion remained after Mazarin's death. In the reorganisation of the public service, in the intrigues of the Court, in the fall of Fouquet the Prince had no part; and though in December 1661 the blue ribbon of the Order of the Saint-Esprit was conferred on him, and even with some particular marks of the royal favour, it was made sufficiently clear that these were given to the prince of the blood, not to the pardoned rebel. It was thus not to be wondered at that Condé began to listen more eagerly to the overtures from Poland, which had been repeatedly made to him since the battle of the Dunes; and for the next six years he was much occupied with the intrigues commonly attending the nomination of a new king to that chosen home of anarchy and rebellion. The Duc d'Aumale seems to suggest that the election of the Duc d'Enghien or of Condé himself might have restored peace and order to the kingdom already rushing to its ruin; and for some time Louis XIV. favoured and even—in name, at least—supported his candidature. But such salvation as Condé could have brought it was not for Poland, and in the summer of 1667 he withdrew from all active interference in its affairs.

This was at the desire of the King, who, on the eve of plunging into the War of Devolution, had resolved to avail himself of Condé's military genius, and to give him a command for which his civil employment as governor of Burgundy peculiarly fitted him. Although the law of devolution, on which the Very Christian King based his

claim to the duchy of Brabant, had nothing to do with Franche-Comté, it was clear to its people that, once engaged in a war with Spain, Louis would avail himself of the opportunity to seize on the province which he had openly coveted; while, on the other hand, Louis was, or pretended to be, alarmed by the possibility of its being used by the Spaniards as a base of operations for the invasion of Burgundy. The Comtois, with absolutely no enthusiasm for the cause of Spain, formed the idea of joining their country to Switzerland as a fourteenth canton, and opened negotiations accordingly, their agent being the abbot of Baume, one of the oldest and most influential congregations of Benedictines of Cluny. This abbot was of a character more familiar to readers of romance than of history.

Of a noble family of Berne, which, remaining Catholic, had fled from the Reformed religion and settled in Franche-Comté, Jean de Watteville was the son of a general of cavalry in the service of Spain, and brother of that other Watteville whose name, as ambassador of Spain at the time of the Fronde, has frequently occurred in former volumes of this work. Jean's life was one of adventures and crimes. Colonel in the army, after killing his man in a duel he entered a Carthusian monastery; but, wearying of the seclusion, stabbed the prior in order to escape from it; went into Spain, and in another duel killed the son of an 'exalted 'personage.' He then took refuge in a convent, where he seduced a nun, whom he carried off to Smyrna. There he got rid of her, changed his religion, became Pacha of the Morea, and distinguished himself by the customary zeal of renegades, till, in a sudden fit of repentance, he sold the castles of which he was the governor to Venice. The senate of Venice procured him—how we are not told—the absolution of the Pope (probably *in foro externo*) and the rich abbey of Baume. 'He aspired to the archbishopric of 'Besançon, but the Pope judged that the abbot's mitre and 'crozier were sufficient reward for a life so noble.' Philip IV. had appointed him dean of the chapter of Besançon and chief master of requests to the parliament of Dôle, which made him one of the most considerable men in the province. He was now especially keen in pointing out the danger which threatened its liberties if the iron yoke of Louis should be substituted for the paternal and distant rule of the Viceroy of the Netherlands, and was appointed to negotiate with the Swiss. Armed with satisfactory powers from the Viceroy, he went to Soleure, where, however,

nothing was determined on except the pronounced opposition between Watteville and the French representative of France. And after some little time the parliament of Dôle was led to believe that the questions at issue could be better settled by direct negotiation with Condé as governor of Burgundy.

The history of the War of Devolution, properly so called, the war for the seizure of Flanders, is independent of the history of Condé, except that the Duc d'Enghien accompanied the King, who repeatedly wrote to the boy's father congratulating him on his gallant bearing. It may perhaps be thought that the Duc d'Aumale somewhat exaggerates the prowess of the French arms in their successes in Flanders during July and August 1667; for, in fact, though the French army was organised and disciplined with unusual care, and was led by Turenne, the opposition to be overcome was extremely feeble. In September Condé was summoned to the Court at St. Germain, and after a week, during which he had several conferences with the King, he was, on the 30th, appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Germany, a return to active service which delighted him and his friends. Letters of congratulation flowed in on him from all sides. The exact nature of his command was as yet not made public.

'A thousand rumours were circulated as to the destination of the hero, now restored to active life; but the one most accredited—the one spread by the ministers, and even by the Prince himself—was this: that, according to trustworthy information, the Emperor would assist the Low Countries; it would be for the Prince's army to oppose the imperial troops and assemble in Champagne or on the frontier of Luxembourg.'

This must not be considered as implying that Condé was himself ignorant of the destination of his army, but merely that the matter was kept a profound secret. 'No document,' says the Duc d'Aumale, 'has preserved any trace of what 'passed at the conferences with the King; but by the first 'letters after his return from Burgundy it appears that every-'thing had been settled before Condé left the Court in the 'beginning of December.' But even then nothing was made known. On January 6, 1668, Condé sent to the King a sheaf of papers which he had drawn up relative to the approaching campaign. Their titles run, 'Instructions for laying Siege 'to Besançon and Salins at the same Time;' 'Another 'Memoir on the Siege of Salins;' 'The Forces necessary for 'the Investment of Besançon;' 'Route for Besançon,' and

others. In these he explained in detail the several objects in view, but especially pointed out that

'he not only had to collect all that was wanted for the campaign, and to resolve on the different objectives, but had also to arrange everything beforehand, so that the several attacks should be sudden and simultaneous—beginning, proceeding, and ending together at the appointed time. The Comtois were not prepared; their character was sluggish; but they were tenaciously attached to their old customs; and if they were not, so to say, attacked on every side at once, their spirit of independence would be aroused and their resistance would become formidable.'

One remarkable omission the Duc d'Aumale makes: there is no mention of the secret Partition Treaty with the Emperor, concluded in January 1668, as though implying that it does not enter into the story of Condé's life. But, indeed, though as a Partition Treaty it never took effect—the postulated death of Charles II. not occurring till more than thirty years later, when the conflicting interests had assumed a new aspect—it is very certain that the absolute knowledge of the Emperor's neutrality was a very important factor in the conditions of the war, and permitted a strategy that would have been otherwise impossible.

During January an active correspondence was kept up with Louvois as to the effective strength of the army, the supply of guns, ammunition, tools, transport, &c. The preparations could not escape notice; but, though they excited some curiosity in Franche-Comté, they did not cause alarm. The season, it was said, was not suitable for war; the Prince was laid up with the gout; he was occupied in deciding questions of precedence; France had her hands full of other matters; the preparations must be purely defensive, a safeguard against any diversion attempted from Germany; and so, without fear or anxiety, the Comtois continued to discuss at Dôle, at Soleure, or at Dijon the neutrality of Franche-Comté or its union with Switzerland. Of preparations for war they made none; neither they, nor the Viceroy, nor the King of Spain had any suspicion of the pending attack till, on February 2, when the French army was collected on their frontier, the Comte de Chamilly, who had combined the duties of representing Condé in the negotiations and spying out for him the state of the country and the condition of the fortresses, suddenly declared that, as the powers of the Comtois were not signed by the Viceroy of the Netherlands, he could not treat with them.

The same day the French army crossed the frontier;

Salins fell without resistance on the 6th. On the 7th Condé in person summoned Besançon. It was practically undefended. A garrison of 250 Spanish soldiers, with some 1,700 militia hastily enrolled, and numbering in their ranks children of thirteen and old men of seventy, was powerless in the presence of a numerous, well-trained, well-equipped army, led by Condé. After a futile attempt to claim its privileges as a free city of the Empire, the town surrendered; the capitulation was signed the same evening; the next day Condé entered. The King received the news at Dijon, whither he had hastened, intending, we may believe, to see Besançon fall before his victorious presence, had not Condé on the one hand and the Spaniards on the other been too quick for him. The taking possession of the other fortresses had rather the appearance of a triumphal procession through the county. Joux, the most important by its strong position and its command of the route into Switzerland, seemed as if it might give more trouble. But Watteville, to whom variety in politics, as in religion, had an overpowering charm, to which was possibly added the seductive influence of French crowns, found means to convince the governor that in union with France lay the real hope of their country, and Joux yielded to the first summons. The whole of the mountain region followed its example. Dôle waited till ground was broken, and then opened its gates; on the evening of the 17th the King appeared before Gray; on the 18th Watteville came into the camp to treat for its surrender. On the 19th the King entered. The castle of Arlay surrendered on the 21st, Lons-le-Saulnier on the 22nd. Watteville tried to induce the Governor of Nozeroy, Guillaume de Montrichard, to surrender his charge. Montrichard replied that he would have no dealings with a perjurer; that he would sustain the attack, and that if the castle was taken he would wait till Watteville had entered, and then blow up castle and traitor together. Watteville, however, found means to stir up a mutiny in the garrison, to consign Montrichard to the dungeon, and to give up the fortress peaceably. On the 24th, having completed the conquest of Franche-Comté, Louis returned to St. Germain.

'In this rapid campaign there had been no signal feat of arms. What there is to admire is the silence, the perfection of the preparation, the extreme precision of the calculations, the boldness of the enterprise, undertaken in the depth of winter, the rigour of the season being even a condition of success. One detail omitted, and the whole scheme would have collapsed. The real action took place during the two

months which Condé passed in Burgundy, occupied in lulling the distrust of the Comtois, in collecting his forces, and in adjusting his plans with such exactness that the overwhelming conquest which resulted from it was its logical and foreseen conclusion. Franche-Comté was conquered before it was attacked. . . . The rapidity of the attack at once crushed all attempt at resistance; the Comtois, taken by surprise, were vanquished before they had time to collect their soldiers or militia, or to receive any succours. The first march divided the province in two; the two places which seemed best secured from attack were surprised and fell; the communications with Switzerland were cut; all defence was paralysed; panic set in, and treachery completed the overthrow.'

Condé was appointed governor of the conquered province, and, hastily turning it over to a deputy, followed the King, in order to concert the more extended operations which were contemplated. An army of 100,000 men—an unheard-of number—in three divisions, commanded by the King himself, with Turenne in the centre, Condé with the Duc de Luxembourg on the right, the Duc d'Orléans with Créqui on the left, was to sweep over Luxembourg, as the smaller armies had done over Flanders and Franche-Comté. Turenne, Condé, the whole army believed that the time was come to settle the question which had been at issue for the last two centuries—ever since the death of Charles the Bold; to annex the Low Countries, and carry the boundary of France to the Rhine and the Scheldt. They were, however, omitting the Grand Pensionary of Holland from their calculations. In the judgement of John de Witt it was essential to the security of Holland that the Spanish Netherlands should remain Spanish; equally so that the left bank of the Rhine should not become French. Although the name had not been invented, he was thoroughly sensible of the advantages, to a weak Power, of a 'buffer State' between it and a stronger one, and succeeded in forming the celebrated 'Triple Alliance' between England, Holland, and Sweden, which bound themselves to compel Spain to accept the terms offered by France, and to prevent Louis from putting forward any new conditions. The result was the peace concluded at Aix-la-Chapelle on May 2, 1668, by which France kept some of her recent conquests in the Low Countries, but restored Franche-Comté.

The soldiers about the King were thunderstruck when the cessation of arms was announced. It has been repeatedly stated that both Condé and Turenne urged the King to defy the Triple Alliance and pursue his intended course; that they argued that none of the treaty Powers were prepared for war, and were at the moment powerless; that France,

on the contrary, was ready for immediate action; that the order had only to be given and the desired end would be secured; from which post of vantage a defensive war could be successfully waged, if even the coalition thought fit to attempt the threatened compulsion, which—in view of the character of Charles II. of England, and of the instability of Dutch politics—was very problematical. In this there is nothing impossible, or indeed improbable; but the Duc d'Aumale, writing with a full knowledge of Condé's private papers, makes no mention of it. On the contrary, he says—

'When the King announced the definite conclusion Turenne appeared like a man who has received a stunning blow. He said that in twelve days, when Don Juan arrived, matters would be different; that nevertheless it was necessary to act together, which he repeated more than a dozen times, and even as he withdrew. In a few lines Le Tellier has described the scene: Turenne standing before the desk, his broad back bent over the maps, which he is refolding; behind him, near the door, the Prince listening to the unintelligible mutterings of his brother in arms, and jogging the minister with his elbow, while both are convulsed with laughter.'

It would almost seem that Condé had some secret intimation of the King's project; that he understood that Louis *reculait pour mieux sauter*, and that what had been done now could be done again at a more favourable time. He accordingly returned to Chantilly, happy in his restoration to public life, as also, shortly afterwards, in the improved condition of his private affairs. After keeping him for many years in a state of cruel embarrassment, these were now reduced to order by the intelligence and ability of an agent, M. de Gourville, who having been specially attached to Fouquet, and on his downfall prosecuted by Colbert and condemned to death for malversation, had escaped from France and had since been employed in confidential and important business, political and financial, in Germany, in Poland, in Holland, and in England. Notwithstanding the sentence still hanging over him, he had undertaken several commissions in Condé's service, had paid frequent visits to Chantilly, and in November 1669 was appointed the steward of his household—'intendant de ses maison et affaires.' Gourville's skilful action at Madrid obtained the payment of a large sum still due to the Prince from the Spanish Government; and by that and the reforms and economies which he introduced the creditors were satisfied, and Condé was freed from this most insufferable of evils.

His fortune now seemed at the flood. In 1670 the King

paid him a passing visit at Chantilly and took him in his train on a journey of inspection through the recent acquisitions in Flanders. In the following year the King, with the Queen and the whole Court, paid him a more formal visit, the details of which—the ceremonies, the amusements, the hunting and fishing parties, the fountains, the illuminations—were duly recorded in the 'Gazette.' Tradition has preserved the story, which the Duc d'Aumale repeats without vouching for its truth, that the King, struck by the wondrous beauty of the place, said, 'My cousin, you must let me have Chantilly.' 'Chantilly,' replied the Prince, 'is at the disposal of the King; I trust that your Majesty will nominate me as its keeper.' The visit lasted for two days, and again Condé accompanied the King on a tour of inspection in Flanders. The royal visit to Chantilly, says the Duc d'Aumale, was a public testimony that the past was forgotten. A more serious though private one was given shortly afterwards, when Condé was directed to draw up a memoir on the project which the King was then meditating, and which was, in fact, to occupy the remainder of his reign. This was the approaching war with Holland. It is, however, fairly certain that during the tour in Flanders, in company with Louvois and Turenne, the subject had been already discussed, and that what Condé was now called on to do was to reduce his opinion to writing.

The King was, in fact, bent on reversing the policy of his grandfather, and of his father, and of his father's great minister, and wreaking his vengeance on the Dutch for the insult which they had offered him in 1668. He might try to persuade himself and his counsellors that his quarrel with Holland was an affair of tariffs and commercial restrictions; or, again, that his real object was the conquest of the Spanish Netherlands; that 'the best way of achieving 'this was by abasing, by crushing the Dutch,' so as to prevent the possibility of their again interfering; but there can be little doubt that popular opinion was correct, and that a mere vulgar and unstatesmanlike thirst for revenge was the chief motive. Once resolved on, however—perhaps, indeed, before it was fully resolved on—every care was taken to ensure success. In the magnitude and exactness of the preparations, the war which followed was unprecedented.

The Duc d'Aumale believes that this was altogether due to the remarkable completeness of the success which had attended the invasion of Franche-Comté in 1668, the whole credit of which he assigns to Condé. There can be no

question that a great deal of it belonged to Condé, who alone had the practical experience of the necessities of war; but it would be unjust to the memory of another man, who, without the mighty genius of Condé, had that very important quality of genius 'the infinite capacity for taking pains,' not to recognise the great share which Louvois had not only in the preparations which preceded the campaign of 1668, but in those on a much larger scale which preceded that of 1672. This last, indeed, the Duc d'Aumale awards him, though perhaps a little grudgingly, as reaping the fruits of Condé's previous labours. The measures now directed by Louvois were, he says, inspired by Condé. In reality there were many working to the same end, among others Lionne and Turenne, no less than Condé; but so far as it is possible to award the credit of the result to one man, that one man is Louvois, who within his own province of administration was perhaps unequalled; it was when he stepped out of it, and grasped at executive power also, that his deficiencies became apparent. Of the nature as well as the extent of these preparations the Duc d'Aumale gives an admirable and detailed account.

Independent, of course, of the discipline and training of the army itself, which was largely the work of Turenne, they included the winning the Archbishop-Elector of Cologne, a Bavarian prince—and the Bishop of Münster—a Dutchman, if there is any virtue in the name of Van Galen—to the cause of France. When this was accomplished, and, under the pretence of supporting these princes against their rebellious subjects, French garrisons, with stores of provisions and munitions of war, were established in the various fortresses along the Rhine, access was opened to the United Provinces without trespassing on Spanish territory. Condé from the beginning doubted the policy of accepting the neutrality of Spain. He considered that it would necessarily be veiled hostility, and urged that it would be safer to tear off the veil and make short work of the business.

'If the war is prolonged—and it will be prolonged,' he wrote, 'the Catholic King will openly take part in it, and will draw with him the Emperor and the princes of the Empire. Then what will become of our frail alliances? Münster, a bandit; Cologne, inconceivably weak. And England, so eager now, will she continue so to the end? Will she be willing to raise the maritime power of France on the ruins of the Dutch fleet? We should do better by turning our thoughts to the Low Countries.'

We are indeed permitted to believe that Condé exaggerated

both the weakness of Spain and the power of Holland, which had grown out of its struggle with Spain; and, apparently alone among those admitted to express an opinion, he pointed out the facility with which the Dutch could repel an invasion by inundating their country. But his experience of the Low Countries had been gained in arms against the Very Christian King, and policy forbade him to refer to it in explicit terms. On March 24, 1672, war was formally declared, and on May 12 the army was put in motion. Eighty thousand men, under the King in person, with Turenne as his chief of the staff, marched from Charlerci towards the Meuse, and followed the course of the river on the left bank, whilst Condé, at the head of forty thousand, marched from Sedan, and followed the right bank of the same river. In outward appearance he held a quasi-independent command; in reality he was strictly subject to orders sent him in the King's name, but emanating presumably from Louvois. Condé had, in fact, no discretionary powers; the route, the halting-places, the subsistence of the troops, his conduct towards the several princes through whose territory he passed, all were minutely prescribed for him from head-quarters. On May 22 the two corps, on different sides of the Meuse, were abreast of each other near Maestricht. Condé was summoned to a council of war, and in it

'he urged the attacking of Maestricht, which he was confident they could take. The strategical advantages of such a conquest were incalculable; the occasion was favourable; it might possibly mean the end of the war. Turenne, on the other hand, wished to push on without delay; to advance at once on Holland; and this was also the opinion of the King.'

The deliberations before Maestricht have been very generally misunderstood; it has been commonly represented that Turenne and Condé were agreed as to the advisability of advancing without delay, and that the King, holding a contrary opinion, yielded to their advice. The Duc d'Aumale's statement, on the authority of Condé's autograph minutes, is conclusive as to the facts; though, unfortunately, nothing is said as to the reasons adduced by the Prince in support of his opinion, which appears to be at variance with his usual forward strategy. It was, however, resolved to mask Maestricht and to advance by the line of the Rhine, Condé crossing at Neuss and following the right bank. The fortresses nominally held for the Dutch surrendered without resistance. They were, in fact, incapable

of making any. De Witt, intent on the supremacy of his party—if we should not rather say faction—and apprehensive that a strong army or impregnable fortresses might be weapons against himself in the hands of the Prince of Orange, had neglected to secure the country from the danger of foreign aggression, and he now paid the penalty for his criminal neglect, though not till after his country was laid prostrate at the feet of the invader. It is unnecessary to follow the course of events, which are familiar to all students of military history; it is rather to their signification, as explained by the new material now before us, that our attention is directed.

The Duc d'Aumale, after describing the circumstances of Condé's being wounded in the passage of the Rhine, near Doornenburg, on June 12, rightly insists on the very great importance of the wound in the story of the campaign. It has been generally slurred over or omitted altogether. For, indeed, a pistol bullet in the left arm does not in itself appear any great thing. The wound, however, was more serious than might have been supposed, and, together with grief for the loss of his nephew, the young Duc de Longueville, who was slain at the same time, induced a fever, which, followed by a violent attack of gout, took the Prince away from the army at a very critical time. Though not commander-in-chief, Condé's opinion unquestionably made itself known, and carried weight at headquarters; but his absence caused not only the loss of that, as an impulsive force; it caused also the absence of Turenne from the King's side; and though the Duc d'Aumale does not estimate Turenne, even as a strategist, quite so highly as we do, he has no doubt that the removal of Turenne to command the division which Condé vacated was the immediate cause of the delays which followed, of the pottering over the petty fortresses on the Yssel, of the Dutch being allowed time to recover from their panic and to flood the country. Had Turenne and Condé continued to guide the King's counsels, it can scarcely be doubted that the result of that summer campaign would have been very different. As it was, time was gained; and, in such a case, time was everything. It meant the realisation by Germany of the Very Christian King's intentions; it meant the adhesion to the Dutch cause of Brandenburg and of the Empire; it meant the prolongation of the war, the active intervention of Spain, the falling away of England—the fulfilment, in fact, of the prophetic opinion previously expressed by Condé. The whole character of the

war was changed, and during the following autumn Turenne, with only 16,000 men—all that could be spared of the 120,000 mustered in May—was called on to defend the line of the Rhine from the threatened advance of 40,000, led by Montecuccoli, who, well known as the able general of the Imperial armies against the Swedes and the Turks, had not had till now, in his sixty-third year, an opportunity of proving his remarkable capacity as a strategist and a tactician.

In the end of October Condé, his wound scarcely healed, and still suffering from gout, was appointed to command an army of observation—to guard, in fact, the Rhine between Mainz and Strassburg against any attempt of the enemy to make a diversion in favour of the Prince of Orange by a sudden attack on France. On his arrival at Metz Condé found that his army consisted of not more than 6,000 men; that there were no superior officers on whom he could depend; that he had no instructions, and no news from Turenne. And so it continued during the winter. It may be that the name of Condé was in itself sufficient to impose on the Imperial generals, who might conclude, without too close investigation, that a man of Condé's rank and repute did not take the field without a competent number of troops at his disposal; but the principal result of the campaign—if it may be called one—was the bitter feeling which it engendered between Turenne and Condé. That it did so was entirely the fault of Louvois, not only for appointing two such men to commands in which one must appear as either the rival or the subordinate of the other, but also for aggravating in each the symptoms of discontent which he manifested. 'Nearly every day,' says the Duc d'Aumale, 'Louvois blew the fire, never losing an opportunity in his 'letters to the Prince of impeaching Turenne, and sending 'him copies of all strictures or censures addressed to the 'Marshal.' Is it not probable that he did something of the same kind in other letters to Turenne, which he did not show Condé? The Duc d'Aumale is at any rate convinced that 'Louvois dreaded to see anything like a perfect agree-'ment between the two captains, which might very well prove 'a check to his own power.' It may be pointed out that between the marshals of the Empire similar, though—as between men of lower social standing—more violent feuds were notorious, and were as carefully nurtured by Napoleon *

* See, for one extreme instance, 'Mémoires du Général de Marbot,' tom. ii. chap. xvii.

as that of which we are now speaking seems to have been by Louvois. The Minister's wish, however, was not fully successful; Condé fathomed his policy, and saw no occasion to gratify him by quarrelling with a man whom he admired, though he never, perhaps, counted him as a friend; and Turenne's bitterness died out when once satisfied that the Prince was not there to supersede him.

In February 1673 Condé was appointed to the command of the forces in Holland, and after two months in Paris he arrived at Utrecht towards the end of April, having first made the round of the several places which the French held. At Utrecht Condé established himself, the gout making travel painful, though fortunately confining itself to his feet or hands. Under these circumstances he appointed his son and the Duc de Luxembourg as his lieutenant-generals to attend to the more active part of the preparations. Luxembourg had been previously in chief command, but as a pupil of Condé's had no jealousy of his master. Between the two there was always a most friendly feeling, although we are permitted to suppose that Condé did not approve of the excessive severity, or rather brutality, which Luxembourg had shown during the winter in marching through the enemy's country. It was, however, done; it was when Luxembourg was independent, and it was not Condé's business to take official notice of it. For other cruelties, as deadly it may be as the others, and carried on by orders from the King, he conceived that he was in a measure responsible, and he exerted himself to put an end to them. On April 25, on his first arrival at Nimwegen, he wrote to Louvois—

'I am bound to tell you that I find the disposition of the people in this neighbourhood very different from what it was last year. They are all in despair on account of the intolerable taxes to which they are subjected every day. It seems to me that the profit got by these in excess of what might be got by gentler methods is but moderate, and is not worth the bitter hatred incurred by it. I doubt if it is the King's interest to continue it As to which you will let me know his wishes.'

The Prince's language was not much to the taste of Louvois, and he answered at once, on May 6—

'The King knows very well that the taxes which he has given repeated orders to levy on the people of Holland cannot have rendered them well-disposed, nor make them desire to remain under his rule; but his Majesty is of opinion that their money is worth more than their good-will, and that it will be even advantageous that all those indi-

viduals in Holland who lose their money should raise an outcry. He therefore desires that the conduct hitherto followed in this respect may be continued, and that your Highness will be as severe and pitiless to those who come to you to complain of the treatment they receive as you would be the opposite if you followed the promptings of your own nature.'

Condé was unwilling to give up the point without a struggle, and wrote again on May 19—

'After this once I will say no more on the subject of the taxes about which you write to me; but you must excuse me saying that the money collected in this way over and above that which might be collected without driving the people to despair is very inconsiderable; I would even venture to say that its value is far below their good-will, which is capable of causing a revolution more important than any which has yet happened. But I am going to assume a brow of iron, since so you wish it, and to be the most pitiless man in the world.'

He did not do so, however, but during his stay at Utrecht continued to alleviate the horrors of the system as much as lay in his power. But residence at Utrecht was extremely disagreeable to him. There was much misery; there was no society; and, as there was no sign of the inundation going down, no military operations could be attempted. 'The 'enemy,' he wrote to Louvois on June 6, 'have no post which 'is not supported by large and heavy-armed frigates, or, if 'the water is not deep enough for them, by boats carrying 'smaller guns;' and, whilst De Ruyter held the sea in spite of the combined Anglo-French fleet, the enemy's positions on the coast were equally unassailable. It was, therefore, a true relief to him to be ordered in July into Brabant; in October he was further ordered to evacuate Holland, and in the end of the month he quitted the command and returned to Paris. We do not propose to follow the course of the war, in which, with the exception of the battle of Seneff, on August 11, 1674—perhaps the most scientific and ingenious, though not the most brilliant, of all in which he was engaged—Condé's share was not particularly noteworthy. On the death of Turenne, on July 25, 1675, he was appointed to the command of the army of Germany; but, though he succeeded in bringing it safely out of the critical position in which he found it, the campaign came to an end in November without any action of importance. During these months he had been continually thwarted by Louvois, who thought he knew more about the strength of the army than Condé did, and roundly contradicted his reports of 'state and condi-'tion' by a reference to the numbers as shown by the pay lists. He went beyond this.

'Louvois,' says the Duc d'Aumale, 'was not contented with administrating and giving general instructions for the war. He desired to rule, and direct the operations in detail. Sometimes he seemed to reprimand Condé for his slowness and indecision. Here is an instance: Learning that Montecuccoli had begun the siege of Saverne, he at once sent orders to the Prince to relieve the place, implying some surprise that he had not already done it. His letter was inopportune. At the very moment of his writing it the siege was raised. But none the less the Prince was annoyed by it. It can be seen that in his answer he had difficulty in controlling himself. . . . "I cannot, without endangering everything," he wrote, "march till the troops sent from Lorraine have arrived. I have informed you of the true state of the army; trust to what I have informed you; anything else which you believe about it is pure illusion. . . . If I had judged it possible to advance without ruining the army, or obviously hazarding the King's service, I should not have found much pleasure in waiting; but the enemy, by raising the siege, have spared me that pain."'

Louvois had probably tried to take the same line with Turenne; but, so far as Louis was concerned, Turenne was a man of blameless antecedents, and refused to be dictated to; Condé's position was different, and he was allowed to see that his past might at any time be brought up against him. His health gave him a sufficient excuse, and when the army went into winter quarters he retired from the command; nor could he be prevailed on in the following year to take any further service. He withdrew to Chantilly, where, amid his family, his friends, his books and harmless gaiety, the time slipped easily away. Only once again does his name occur in connexion with the public service, and then in a manner which, however creditable, was not and was not desired to be prominent.

It was in 1685 that the celebrated revocation of the Edict of Nantes was promulgated. It had, however, been preparing for four years. It is unnecessary here to dwell on the political folly of the measure which drove out of France many thousands of her most able and most industrious sons; unnecessary also to discuss its motive, whether induced by the bigotry of the King or the promptings of Madame de Maintenon, as many writers have asserted on—it may be—insufficient evidence, or, as the Duc d'Aumale seems to believe, 'by an abstract conception of absolute power; by 'that passion for uniformity which, down to our own time, 'has been so often mistaken for unity,' and by the baleful influence of Louvois, 'that pitiless leveller,' who checked or destroyed many French industries, some of them for ever. Unquestionably the evil was very great, the 'dragonnades'

abominable, the persecution everywhere cruel and detestable; but when English writers speak in wondering tones of the loss so caused to France they ought to compare the policy of the French King with the not very dissimilar policy of the English Parliament in the seventeenth and during a great part of the eighteenth century, and to remember how many thousands of our own countrymen—English, Scots, or Irish —were driven across the seas: Puritans, to found the colony of Massachusetts in a spirit of bitterness and hostility, or Catholics, to swell the armies and man the fleets of France. The discussion, however, is beyond our present purpose.

'The revocation of the Edict of Nantes would hold no place in the story of Condé's life, if his name were not associated, by noble memories, with the history of the Reformers in France, and if, by a tradition which he himself renewed, Huguenots had not always been freely numbered among his friends, companions, and dependents.'

While still a mere lad Condé, then Duc d'Enghien, had roused his father's displeasure by the number of the heretics with whom he associated.

'The most brilliant of these young men had fallen in the wars; others had been lost sight of; some had changed their religion. A good many of humbler grade had kept their posts as equerries, gentlemen, doctors, apothecaries, or domestics, in the free and peaceable exercise of their religion, unmolested, unmolesting, living on a footing of perfect equality with the Catholics who held similar appointments. It was in this that the edict of revocation touched the Prince. How was he to reconcile his personal feelings, which were in a measure hereditary, with that submission to the King's will by which he desired to shape his conduct?'

The Duc d'Aumale answers the question by citing special instances, drawn from the original correspondence preserved in the archives of Chantilly. From these it appears that, while professing entire obedience to the Edict, Condé sheltered such fugitives as sought his protection, and supplied them with means to leave the kingdom. Among others the case of M. de Morin, a gentleman of Condé's household, deserves particular mention. Morin's brother, who held an official position in the parliament of Guyenne, was compelled to conform, in name at least. Morin himself refused to do so, and being unable to remain longer at Chantilly, went, with Condé's approval, into hiding in Paris. His wife, dying of an internal disease, was left at Chantilly, where the officers of the royal commission came to interrogate her as she lay in bed. She answered that her ancestors had lived in the Reformed religion and she intended to die in it. The

report was drawn up accordingly, and it was not without difficulty that Condé obtained a stay of proceedings against the dying woman. Morin hastened to Chantilly to bid a last farewell to his wife, and returned to Paris. He was discovered and his young son taken from him. The Edict forbade 'obstinate Huguenots' to have the charge of their children. Condé succeeded in obtaining permission for the boy to be placed under the care of a Catholic friend of his father's; and Morin, 'having lost all that was precious to him,' resolved to leave the country. By Condé's protection he was able to do so, and to find a refuge at Neufchâtel, where, again by Condé's recommendation to the authorities, he was well received. After a while he found life there wearisome and went into Holland, where he lived at the Hague till 1716, receiving from Condé's heirs a pension of 1,500 livres, equal to about 150*l.* of the money of the day.

'We must not forget,' says the Duc d'Aumale, 'that when Condé provided Morin and others with the means to pass the frontiers, and by his recommendations secured for them an asylum in foreign parts, as well as the means of subsistence, he was acting in a courageous and humane manner in infringing the orders of the King, notwithstanding his rule of respecting them most scrupulously; for the severest penalties were then in force against those Huguenots who should attempt to escape, and against any one who should help them to do so. Afterwards the King relaxed his severity on this point, and permitted the departure of many wretches for whom the kingdom had been transformed into a prison. Then began that fatal exodus which deprived the country of so many good citizens, and peopled other lands with irreconcilable enemies of France.'

Condé's efforts to mitigate the fury or severity of the persecutors were practically his last public service, and by a strange coincidence, after many years of devotion to the King, were in opposition to the King's will. Though not yet sixty-five, he was now an old and broken man. The social campaigns of his youth more than even the hardships of war had been followed by the torments with which outraged nature is wont to revenge itself. For many years he had been subject to paroxysms of gout and gravel, which advancing age rendered still more painful and more frequent. His later years were largely devoted to the interest he took in the education of his grandson, the Duc de Bourbon, who on the death of his father, in 1709, became Prince de Condé for a year, dying himself in 1710. Between the old Prince and his son, the Duc d'Enghien, there was a wide difference of opinion as to the boy's training. The Duke wished him

to be before everything a courtier; the Prince wished him to be a man. The Prince wanted him to limit his hunting to once a week; the Duke would have him hunt every day, so that he should be seen in the company of the Dauphin. A letter from Condé on the subject, dated September 16, 1685, is more especially interesting as written by one who was so pre-eminently a man of action.

'I cannot refrain from informing you that I hear on all sides that your son goes hunting daily. I am apprehensive that this violent exercise, and particularly wolf-hunting, which is the most violent, may make him ill. Take care of this; it prevents his studying. He will become a very good hunter, but ignorant of everything which it is most important he should know. It is your place to remedy this, and to think of his life, health, and good education. I pray you to see to it, and not to wait until the time to remedy it is passed.' And, a week later, 'The care of his health and education concerns you more immediately than it does me. You must form your own conclusion on the matter, and I shall not trouble myself to say anything further about it.'

The young Duke, born in October 1668, was at this time seventeen, and had been married in the previous July to a daughter of the King and Madame de Montespan, Mademoiselle de Nantes, then only twelve. The course of his life was almost Oriental, and the young husband continued his studies —when his father would permit him—under the direction of the celebrated Labruyère. The education of his nephews, sons of his brother Armand, Prince de Conti, who had died in 1666, had previously occupied much of Condé's thoughts; and when the boys joined the army for the campaigns of 1683 and 1684 he followed the events of the war with the closest interest. In January 1680 the elder, Louis Armand, Prince de Conti, had married Mademoiselle de Blois, the royal daughter of the Duchesse de la Vallière, and the King was pleased to demand from him the duty of a son to his father in addition to that of a subject to his king. When then, after the campaign of 1684, the Prince and his younger brother went on a madcap expedition to Hungary to fight the Turk—which they did in a very gallant manner—Louis was furious, and, instead of treating it as a frolic of hot-brained and adventurous youth, judged it as a case of *lèse-majesté*, if not of high treason. It was on the younger and more high-spirited of the two, François Louis, Prince de La Roche-sur-Yon, that the King's wrath chiefly fell; the elder, he thought, could not have conceived such a thing if François had not persuaded him to it. On their return to France, in

September 1685, they were very coldly received, and as La Roche-sur-Yon did not appear at all convinced of the enormity of his offence, the King attributed all the misfortunes of the family to his wickedness. That his brother's wife, the King's daughter, had a slight attack of small-pox was an aggravation of his crimes; and the death of his brother, who died of the same disease on November 8, was the coping-stone of it. The lad, now Prince de Conti, was banished from the Court, and during the following months lived at Chantilly with his uncle, listening with enthusiasm to his stories and treasuring his instructions.

'He frequently asked the old warrior to permit him to write down all these lessons, these examples, the recollection of which he faithfully preserved, and to submit the copy to him for correction. If he had been able to do this, we should have the genuine memoirs of Condé; but he, in simple and sincere modesty, always refused, saying it was not worth the trouble.'

It was this François, Prince de Conti, who afterwards distinguished himself on the hard-fought fields of Steinkirk and Landen. The anger of the King towards his favourite nephew was the great trouble of Condé's last days. His last interview with the King was at Fontainebleau, on November 12, 1686. The Duchesse de Bourbon, his grandson's wife, was indisposed: small-pox was spoken of. Condé, though himself extremely feeble, had hastened thither from Chantilly. On the 12th the King, having news of his daughter's illness, but not, it would appear, of the grave apprehensions concerning it, hurried also to Fontainebleau. As he mounted the staircase towards her apartment Condé collected his strength, took some paces forward, and cast himself across the doorway to bar the passage and save the King from the risk of infection. Louis, deeply moved by this unexpected resistance on the part of the old Prince, stopped, and ended by withdrawing. On his return to Versailles he wrote to his cousin, expressing his gratitude in terms guarded indeed, but affectionate.

The Duchess's illness, fortunately, took a favourable turn, and at the end of fifteen days she was pronounced out of danger. Condé then wished to return to Chantilly, but his weakness was extreme; and, while arrangements were being made for his journey, he became so much worse that it was impossible to move him. On December 10 he noticed the anxiety of his physicians. 'Is there danger?' he asked. 'Do not hide anything from me.' 'Monseigneur,' replied the physicians, it is time to think of the sacraments.' 'That's the way to

speak,' said Condé, and desired the priest to be sent for. He wished to write to the King, but his failing hand refused the service. He was compelled to dictate, and, as a dying man, begged the King to pardon his nephew. Early the next morning his son, the Duc d'Enghien, arrived from the Court, and brought the news that Conti had been pardoned. The letter which the Prince had dictated the day before had not been despatched, and it was opened for the addition of a postscript expressing his gratitude. 'I am very happy,' it concluded, 'in that I have still sufficient life remaining to 'return my humble thanks to your Majesty. I die con-'tented if you will do me the justice to believe that there is 'no one who has had for you sentiments so full of respect, 'devotion, and, if I may say it, of affection.'

A little after this he was joined by Conti, who had received timely intimation of his pardon, and by his old schoolfellow and friend, Père de Champs, whose ministry had led him, in his old age, back to the Christianity of his childhood. In their society, and that of his son Enghien and Enghien's wife, the day passed away. At half-past seven in the evening, December 11, 1686, he died, gently, almost unexpectedly; a man who, with many faults, had many virtues and a rare genius; a man whom his own and after ages have agreed to honour as 'le grand Condé;' a man to whose glorious memory the Duc d'Aumale has now raised this noble monument, which will remain when brass or marble has crumbled into dust.

The writing is worthy of its subject; and as we gaze on the several portraits which enrich the volumes, we seem better able to realise and to understand the character of this extraordinary man; to appreciate its strength in the massive brow, the fierce eye, the vulturine nose, all telling of power, decision, impetuosity; but also its weakness in the chin, receding to such a degree that, to any one first looking at it, it is perhaps the most noticeable feature. It is, of course, easy to over-estimate the value of a portrait as a gauge of character; but, unless painters, sculptors, and the death mask all agreed to represent Condé's features as something different from what they really were, the marked agreement as to essentials between these portraits must be considered as conclusive, and the more so as it seems so satisfactorily to explain, and be explained by, the story now brought to an end.

ART. X.—1. *Autour du Tonkin.* Par HENRI-PH. D'ORLÉANS. Paris: 1894.

2. *The Trade of India*, 1894–95. By J. E. O'CONNOR (Statistical Bureau, Government of India).

3. *The Law of Civilisation and Decay: an Essay of History.* By BROOKS ADAMS. London: 1895.

4. *Diplomatic and Consular Reports on Trade and Finance in* 1895 (*China and Japan*).

MR. BROOKS ADAMS, whose book stands on the list at the head of this article, is possessed by the modern spirit of scientific analysis, which reduces complex phenomena to their simplest and most elementary forms. 'Thought,' he tells us, 'is one of the manifestations of 'human energy, and among the earlier phases of thought 'two stand conspicuous, Fear and Greed. Fear, which 'stimulates the imagination and developes supernatural 'beliefs; and Greed, which dissipates energy in war and 'trade.' He proceeds to show how, in the process of the consolidation of societies, fear yields to greed, as military ardour is superseded by economic emulation, and religious enthusiasm tends to lose its influence over human action. With the storing of great wealth begins the reign of the capitalist; but Mr. Adams considers that the despotism of all-powerful capital is in the long run detrimental to the productive energies, and that the intensity of industrial competition is self-destructive. 'By their inventive genius 'the Western races have attained a velocity of movement so 'unprecedented that, for more than a century, they have 'defied the cheap labour of the East, but . . . the inventive 'faculty brings with it the seeds of its own decay; for, as 'by means of electricity and steam all peoples are welded 'into a compact mass, competition brings all down to a 'common level.' And now, as the nineteenth century draws to its end, when East and West are being fused into one economic whole, unrestricted competition must work out its result, as it did when the seat of empire passed from the Tiber to the Bosphorus. The ultimate result of competition worked up to high pressure by insatiable capitalists is a loss of energy, manifesting itself in a gradual dissipation of capital, which at last ends in disintegration.

After this manner does Mr. Brooks Adams survey rapidly the chief economic revolutions in the world's history, touching upon their origin and connexion, and observing the signs

that portend a decline of England's wealth and power. In a chapter on 'Spain and India' he draws from the commercial history of England in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries illustrations of his theory that the influx of bullion into the country at these two periods stimulated the foreign exchanges, and multiplied the velocity of trading operations. The result, he infers, was to drive all the country's energies into the channels of foreign adventure and Oriental conquest, while it also caused great social and political changes at home. 'When the buccaneers had been scuttling treasure galleons 'for a generation, they found themselves possessed of enough 'specie to set them dreaming of India, and thus piracy laid 'the foundations of the British empire in Asia.' Mr. Adams proceeds to relate how their 'predatory temperament' drove the English abroad over land and sea; how, being indomitably unscrupulous in their pursuit of wealth, they preyed on the Spanish convoys of precious metal, plundered the towns of the Spanish Main, destroyed the French colonies, and finally laid their grasp upon India. His account of our transactions in India is highly coloured and inaccurate. 'Upon the plundering of India,' he writes, 'there can be no 'better authority than Macaulay;' and he extracts from the famous essays on Clive and Hastings two passages that contain even more rhetoric and less history than usual. He observes also that our dealings in African slavery conduced greatly to the early prosperity of our colonisation; and that, in short, the expansion of England has been accomplished by a somewhat arbitrary appropriation of other folk's capital and services.

We do not now propose to examine closely the series of brilliant generalisations with which the author illuminates this wide-ranging historical survey. We may readily accept the proposition that bold and adroit use of capital and labour, especially in the hands of powerful chartered companies, lay at the root of national enterprises that finally triumphed by skilful administration and the good fortune that attends daring in war. We make no objection to the general drift of his remarks upon the ideas and motives, imaginative and economic, that govern progressive societies —upon the happiness and misery, the striving and trampling, that are inseparable from the keen and relentless struggle for superiority among rival nations. The following quotation is a fair sample of the book's style and method:—

'In proportion as movement accelerates societies consolidate, and as societies consolidate they pass through a profound intellectual change.

Energy ceases to find vent through the imagination, and takes the form of capital; hence as civilisations advance the imaginative temperament tends to disappear, while the economic instinct is fostered, and thus substantially new races of men come to possess the world.

'Nothing so portentous overhangs humanity as this mysterious and relentless acceleration of movement which changes methods of competition and alters paths of trade, for by it countless millions of men and women are foredoomed to happiness or misery as certainly as the beasts and trees which have flourished in the wilderness are destined to vanish when the soil is subdued by man.'

Here we have the dark side of modern progress (as it is called) lighted up by a flash of imaginative expression. If the ideas are not altogether original, the present state of the world in no way diminishes their force or their practical application.

That a sharpening of the acquisitive faculties is apt to damp the fervour with which men have pursued spiritual ideals, that speculation is a word which rapidly takes a very earthly meaning, that great possessions bar the gate of heaven, are tendencies of human nature long ago verified. Whether the modern European suffers more acutely from the *auri sacra fames* than did the Phœnician, or the Greek, or the Roman, may fairly be questioned; but there is no doubt that its effects are now to be witnessed on a much greater scale; for the accumulation and movement of capital spur on the migration of men. Nor has the imaginative motive (to use Mr. Brooks Adams's phrase) by any means disappeared; for while the merchants demand open markets for their commodities, the missionaries insist on State protection and support in the diffusion of religious doctrines among non-Christian peoples; and at this moment the oppression of Christianity in Asia Minor has roused all Europe. We can do no more than indicate, on this occasion, the broad outline of 'the Law of Civilisation and Decay;' but we may commend the book to all who desire to see how the expansion of England is handled by a somewhat censorious American philosopher. There is much in it that bears directly on large economic problems that are now troubling Western nations, especially upon the very complex subject of the commercial and political interaction between Europe and Asia.

In the economic history of the world during the second half of the nineteenth century, one dominant characteristic has been an immense accumulation of wealth in Western Europe and in America. But wealth does not bring con-

tentment to nations; nor have they shown any disposition to settle down quietly, like prosperous individuals, upon their gains. The national family multiplies in most countries still faster than its riches; and a great commercial people is so far from being able to limit or relinquish business that it must, on the contrary, be maintained and continually extended at the peril of internal disorder. To provide outlets for a superabundant and restless population must always be a matter of primary concern to modern statesmen; and while emigration eases the difficulties of government at home, on the other hand the best-governed nations are most successful abroad. For in a highly organised community the rise of morality, the larger consideration shown for all classes, the equalisation of rights and burdens, all contribute towards the strength and unity of a nation; they temper and moderate interior discords, and thus they give full scope to the force and intelligence that arm an energetic people for competition upon the arena of commerce or colonisation.

But while the activity of the West redoubles and expands under these powerful stimulants, the kingdoms of the East present at this moment a very different appearance. Between European and Asiatic States the contrast in war power, administrative organisation, and scientific capacity was never at any previous period so wide; and while the former are eagerly advancing in all branches of skill and knowledge, the latter are stationary or even decadent. At the same time Europe is acquiring a much clearer and closer acquaintance than heretofore with Asia; and the effect is to provoke comparisons that are always damaging and often unfair to the backward rulerships. Among a civilised people accustomed to live under a logical and systematic administration, supervised by journalism and animated by popular representation, the spectacle of slow-moving, blundering despotisms, with their low vitality and habitual recklessness, excites anger and intolerance. Very little trouble is taken to study their methods or to understand their difficulties; so that indignation is stirred up and heated by the outcry of the press and the platform against an inarticulate Oriental ruler, until it becomes a plain moral duty to set his house in order for him. Now interference of this kind is not only praiseworthy, it is also for the most part easy and profitable; for whatever may be the latent resources, intellectual or material, of Oriental races (and we are by no means disposed to under-

rate them), they are usually dormant or misused. Some of the richest countries of Asia have already fallen, with very little resistance, under European dominion; while others, equally productive, are now lying open and virtually defenceless. When we turn from this scene to look at the fleets and armies of Europe, its wealth and population, and when we observe that all communications by sea and land are everywhere in the hands of the white races, we can readily see why the independence and integrity of Asiatic rulerships are in growing peril from the needs and rivalries of the West.

The grave complications that have arisen within the past year, both in Turkey and China, are the latest symptoms of their constitutional debility. It would seem as if the only historic sovereignties that have hitherto maintained strength and independence in Asia—the immemorial mother of mighty empires—are succumbing to the fatal malady that is engendered by contact with Europe. Misrule and financial dilapidation are chronic among Oriental governments; yet so long as they can ward off foreign invasion and are left to themselves, they have a fair chance of curing intestine troubles. The Osmanli Sultan, like the Chinese Emperor, represents a dynasty with high imperial traditions that has held its ground under many severe vicissitudes; but in both cases the interference of Europe is likely to be the sharpest trial of all, for it dislocates their rough administrative machinery and aggravates internal confusion. In Asia Minor the Christian sects are renouncing the Sultan's authority; in Yemen the Arabs are attacking the Turkish garrisons, and any general insurrection against the Sultan's authority in the Holy Land of Islam would ruin his pretensions to the Caliphate. As the Arabs are taking advantage of troubles at Stamboul, so the unruly tribes of north-east Asia are availing themselves of confusion at Pekin. Far away in the Mongolian provinces of the Chinese empire, the Tungânis represent a community of fanatic and fighting Mahomedans who migrated eastward from Turkistan about three centuries ago, and who have suffered heavily in the last fifty years from the cupidity and oppression of Pekin officials. Thirty years ago the Taeping rebellion gave them an opportunity; and their outbreak was crushed after a bloody and protracted struggle. Having recently obtained arms on the pretext of enlisting against the Japanese, they have again mustered under the standard of Islam for a fierce onslaught upon the Chinese generals and governors. These

are the intractable half-tamed tribes which every Oriental ruler finds the hardest to manage; and if it is true that both the Arabs and the Tungânis are well supplied with rifles, the revolt will not be easily suppressed.

It is possible, and in our opinion it is much to be hoped, that these disorders may be quieted before they become irremediable; for if England can really afford to look on with unconcern at the disruption of the Osmanli and the Chinese empires, her settled policy for some time past must have been wrong. During more than a century we have been propping up Turkey as a bulwark against Russia's designs upon the Danubian provinces, Asia Minor, and the Mediterranean littoral; and for the last twenty years we have treated China as a huge conglomerate block that is very useful in resisting the pressure of Russia upon our northern frontier in India, and generally upon north-eastern Asia. To join in the subjection or partition of Turkey out of sympathy with the oppressed Armenian would be a lame and impotent conclusion to a traditional system of maintaining the Sultan's independence; and to stand by with indifference while China is thrown into confusion will be little less than political fatuity. Yet it would seem as if in Turkey we were undoing the work of our own hands. Misrule has provoked foreign interference, and interference has exasperated misrule. Then follow diplomatic pressure, menaces of armed coercion, jealousies among the interposing Powers, paralysis of the Oriental government under European dictation, demands for impossible reforms, protectorates, and the inevitable financier. No Eastern rulership ever throve under European patronage, or shook off the deadly incubus of European debt. At Constantinople and Cairo the revenues are largely mortgaged to the Western capitalist; at Pekin the golden bait has only just been swallowed, yet the floundering of the Government shows that it already feels the hook. At each of the two opposite extremities of Asia a great dominion is shaken by internal commotions, worried by the peremptory, and often conflicting, demands of foreign ambassadors, and alarmed by combinations formed in the name of public order, which nevertheless bode ill to the world's peace.

In the foregoing pages we have glanced briefly at the general resemblance of the situation in Turkey to that which prevails in China, and at a certain coincidence in the present complication of affairs in the two empires. We

need hardly add that in all other particulars, historical, economical, and geographical, the new Chinese problem differs essentially from the old Turkish question; and it is to the political outlook upon the far side of Asia, to the shifting of old landmarks, the unlocking of gates hitherto closed, the redistribution of weights in the balance of power, and all the contending influences at work throughout this vast region, that we propose to invite the special attention of our readers.

It will be for the historian of the nineteenth century to measure and record the overflow of European dominion into Asia, and to investigate the predisposing causes that have determined a widespread displacement of moral and material conditions, of wealth and power, throughout the two continents. We can only touch lightly and superficially upon such a boundless field of inquiry, by way of preface to certain points of immediate and practical interest. It may be observed, in the first place, that commerce seems to be rapidly superseding colonisation as the mainspring of national activities in Western Europe. The occupation of all the productive lands within the temperate zone must soon close the era of agricultural emigration; and the settlements in Australasia have already become flourishing mercantile communities. Half the world is deeply in debt to England, with the result that the interest on her immense investment of capital in backward countries is returned to her in the shape of cheap produce that undersells Englishmen in their own markets, and competes everywhere with some of her most important manufactures. The struggle for commercial advantage is thus becoming sharper, until the foreign exchanges, the balance of trade upon a mass of complicated transactions, are now more than ever matters of vital moment to the most energetic races. 'From the dawn of European history 'to the rise of modern London,' writes Mr. Brooks Adams, 'the Eastern trade has enriched every community where it 'has been centred;' and the remark, though by no means original, may be quoted here to explain the keen interest taken by the foremost maritime nations in the destinies of the Far East.

Now the prize for which these nations formerly contended was the seaborne traffic between Europe and Asia; they were merely traders and carriers. For many centuries after the fall of the Roman empire the white Western races had no foothold in Asia, and indeed were hardly able to beat back the irruptions of Eastern hordes into their own con-

tinent. But since the sixteenth century, when the tide of territorial conquest again turned outward from Europe, the European has been rapidly acquiring a scattered dominion in every quarter of the world. He has not only founded colonies and set up kingdoms in temperate climates; he has also planted himself in islands or maritime tracts which he cannot himself cultivate, although the cultivation is exceedingly profitable. This spread of European dominion into tropical and subtropical countries introduced, side by side with the demand for Asiatic produce, a demand for Asiatic labour, and the supply of the demand has become a matter of prime necessity. For two centuries it was met, as we know, by negro slavery; and since slavery has ceased the planters have been falling back upon free Asiatic labour, especially upon coolie immigration. Now the south-eastern regions of Asia form an immense reservoir of superfluous population, which presses so hard upon the means of subsistence that cheap labour is always available for export abroad. So, while the produce of the East goes to flood the great Western markets, the labourer is transported by organised emigration to the lands which the white man has cleared and occupied, but is unable to cultivate. It has thus come to pass that, whereas in the old colonies of North America, Australasia, and the Cape, the European working-man insists on excluding the Asiatic, in the tropical settlements the Asiatic labourer has become the object of eager and extending competition.

In these circumstances the command of the Asiatic labour market is a great economical revenue, and a material advantage to the country that possesses it. And, so far as our present experience goes (for Asiatic emigration depends on facility of transport), the colonising races of Asia are the Indians and the Chinese. From time immemorial the Chinese have boldly crossed the seas in search of employment; and now a carefully organised Emigration Department is distributing the superabundant cultivators of India into many lands, from the coast of South America to the archipelago of the Western Pacific. The fact that the Uganda Railway will be laid by skilled artisans from India is but a precursory sign of the drain of labour from Asiatic sources which is sure to set in with the opening up of Africa from its eastern seaboard. In fact, the exercise by the Indian Government of its power of opening or closing at will the channels of coolie emigration is already exciting remon-

strance and formal complaints from such remote foreign settlements as Surinam, French Guiana, and Réunion.

But one indispensable condition of industrial enterprise is security, and the bulk of the troops and the police in Asiatic possessions must always be Asiatic. No considerable dependency upon that continent can be held by Europeans without a native army; but as yet the only rulers who have raised such forces on an effective scale have been the English in India. The Indian soldier has hitherto lent himself to discipline more readily than any other race of Eastern Asia; and the Sikhs are in high request for police from the Chinese seaports to the new settlements in Nyassaland, where the simple African tribes regard them with profound admiration. It must be manifest that the government which controls the most abundant supply of efficient labour and service must be very advantageously situated for the consolidation and developement of Asiatic dominion; and at the present time this superiority of industrial resources belongs to the rulers of India and China.

Fresh markets, then, in the first place, and secondly a supply of free labour, are the two requisitions which Europe is making upon Asia. But Asia on its western side is neither rich nor populous; and from Persia to China all the South-eastern countries, except the tottering kingdom of Siam, are European possessions or protectorates. It is therefore no wonder if the attention of the European Powers is becoming concentrated upon that great and productive region of Eastern Asia that still remains comparatively unexplored and undeveloped, secluded from foreign entry or intercourse by a government that is at last beginning reluctantly to unbar the frontiers. To many Englishmen it may seem that the Far Eastern question has this year assumed an abrupt and unforeseen prominence; they had only heard distant rumours of disputes with France in South-west China, of Russian pressure upon the remote Mongolian frontier, and of Anglo-Indian quarrels over opium at the seaports. Yet the political clouds that now overhang all the borders of the Celestial Empire had long been gathering, and China's defeat by Japan has merely quickened the coming of events that had been plainly foreshadowed. For as soon as the easy victories of the Japanese had shown that the Pekin government was incapable of defending itself against foreign attacks, each European Power began to reckon hurriedly the consequences of a new and unexpected situation, and to consider what step might be urgently needed for the maintenance of

its own interests. As the complete defeat of the Austrians at Sadowa took all Europe by surprise, so the sudden triumph of Japan disconcerted for the moment all political calculations in Eastern Asia.

It is to be understood that the Far Eastern question affects the whole of that immense territory which has been, at one period or another, under the dominion or the dominant influence of China. The numerous provinces still consolidated under her direct administration are, or have been, encircled by countries over which the Emperor's suzerainty has been more or less acknowledged up to the present time. His authority is still recognised from the Pacific coast, westward and north-westward, up to Russian Turkistan and the easternmost Pamir valleys; his jurisdiction stretches south-westward to Burmah and Siam, and southward to the possessions that are ruled by the French from Saigon and Hanoi. It is not very long since Siam and Annam were vassal States; and even Burmah and Nepal once paid allegiance to his throne. Although there are now large rents in this fringe of dependencies, yet all the Indo-Chinese races and all the Mongolian tribes have a certain homogeneity; and throughout this whole region the mighty dynasties of North China have been for ages formidable. It is clear that any serious blow at the centre of so vast a system must be felt at great distances, and that a failure of power at the heart must weaken the whole body of the empire. We do not yet know precisely the state of things in the interior; but no political second-sight is needed to predict that recent events will accelerate the movement towards important changes, and that, although China may revive and strengthen itself by reforms or revolutions, she must nevertheless alter her attitude towards Europe, must abandon exclusion, and must face the risks of opening her empire to European commerce. Upon what terms, and in what manner, European enterprise is to penetrate into Eastern Asia, will depend much upon the influence that is henceforward to predominate at Pekin, and much also upon the capacity of rival nations to avail themselves of their opportunities. The war of tariffs, which has always embittered commercial rivalry, will probably be carried into fresh fields; for ever since the flag of Free-trade has been borne into all lands and seas by the English merchants, the protectionist countries of Europe have been leagued against it, so that any new territory that they may acquire is at once fenced off by hostile duties. But the essential elements

of successful competition are skill, enterprise, and a fair start in the race; and from this point of view it may be interesting to take a rapid survey of the position and prospects of those European nations that are directly interested in the Far Eastern situation.

Our survey, to be complete, ought to include the United States of America, for whom the trade and communications across the Pacific must always be a matter of material concern. But, while the crowding of the old European countries is driving abroad their wealth and their population, the Americans have still vacant spaces to fill up at home. Of the European maritime nations, Holland is amply occupied in Netherlands India, where a costly and protracted war with adjacent native powers has been straining her military strength; and her dominion shows a tendency to become stationary. The Germans, who are displaying very great commercial activity, have no settlements in or near the Asiatic continent; they take a leading part in the seaborne trade; but the general drift of their territorial expansion is towards Africa. Three first-class Powers, however, have each large territories abutting upon the Chinese frontier, and running along the whole borderline of that empire from sea to sea. Except upon a very short section where its extreme south-western province still touches the mutilated kingdom of Siam, China is entirely cut off from other Asiatic States, and is surrounded by a mass of territory governed or protected from Petersburg, London, or Paris. There can be no doubt that all these three Powers have of late shown an ominous disposition to set forward their landmarks and to press eastward, by fair means or forcible, upon the loosely dependent outlying districts of their unwieldy neighbour. Russia is keeping open a gate for a possible descent upon Kashgar from the north-west; and from the north-east, along the Pacific seaboard, England and France are jostling each other in the debateable lands on the Upper Mekong River. Up to very recent times these two maritime nations have been content to make their advances, for trade or for war, upon China by the ocean waterways; and all commercial contests have been waged over the great eastern seaports that are the emporia of her foreign traffic; but within the last twenty years they have actively pushed onward their approaches by land. To fill up this rough tracing of the situation, we may add that the three Powers differ widely in institutions, national character, and resources. Russia, with little capital and a

sparse population, is directed by a despotic military government that frames extensive plans, fixes its eye upon distant objects, and follows a settled policy with formidable perseverance. In France a decreasing population and an increasing debt are conditions adverse to the energetic pursuit of adventures beyond sea; yet her leaders are sparing neither men nor money in their ardent desire to build up somewhere in Asia a new dominion. The marvellous growth of the Anglo-Indian empire has naturally revived recollections of early national rivalries: and France seems to be resolved that this time, at any rate, her government shall not err on the side of apathy. In England a superfluity of wealth and labour at home is producing a vast overflow of capital into foreign channels; and a floodtide of enterprise is turning more rapidly than ever the mighty wheel of her Asiatic fortunes.

We have been very little disposed to share the alarm, still less to join in the noisy outcry, that was raised in England by the rumour of a secret convention between Russia and China. There may possibly be some ground for the belief that Russia intends to press for an arrangement that will give her squadrons a naval station at Port Arthur, for her railway from Europe across Asia will not end at an icebound seaport. A vast landlocked empire with only two issues to the open sea, upon waters that are for many months frozen, may be pardoned for vigorous, if not violent, efforts to break through her barriers. Nor can we doubt that a policy of endeavouring to keep in this confinement an energetic people of immense military strength, insisting on Russia's perpetual hibernation, is full of chronic danger to the peace of Europe. Her attempts to find an opening southward upon the Mediterranean have already caused a series of wars: her demonstrations towards Persia keep that country in perpetual alarm, and stir up English susceptibilities on the northern frontier of India. We hear of a projected railway to connect the Caspian with Teheran, which is to pour Russian goods into north-western Persia; and Khorasan on the east lies open to an advance from Transcaspia. That the Russians will pierce a road through Persia to the sea is very doubtful; that they will seriously threaten India, except in the course of some general European war, is most unlikely. But this makes it only more certain that they will follow the line of least resistance, and will do their utmost to establish themselves upon the temperate waters of the Pacific. A premature outburst of indignation at the bare suspicion of such

a thing comes with little profit or dignity from the English, who do not stand on much ceremony when their own vital interests are at stake. If we, who have twice stopped Russia on her road to the Bosphorus, now again cross her path towards the Pacific, she will undoubtedly fall back again on the device of troubling our Indian borders, and a collision between the two powers would throw all Asia into confusion.

The main object to be kept steadily in view is some permanent understanding between Russia and England. The prospect now before us may not be encouraging; since it is undoubtedly possible, and some may think it probable, that Russia's establishment at a naval station in Chinese waters might be the prelude to an attempt at excluding other maritime nations from the trade of northern China. She might use the diplomatic influence which she is now obtaining by co-operating with France, and by her proximity to the Chinese frontier, to introduce adverse tariffs, and to thwart in other directions the measures of England for the improvement of commercial intercourse. And it must be admitted that, whereas up to the beginning of the Japanese war England was much inclined to connect herself more closely with Pekin, the opportunity, if it ever existed, is now lost; for China has passed over to the other side. That this turn of affairs is against us, we readily admit. On the other hand, it goes far towards exposing the fallacy of building our system of Asiatic policy upon the corner-stone of a formal alliance with China.

Among English politicians there is no one whose judgement on colonial and Asiatic questions is better founded on careful study and ample information than Sir Charles Dilke. In his book on the 'Problems of Greater Britain' (1890), he surveyed the whole political field of Eastern Asia, with direct reference to the external relations of India. An alliance between England and China he then held to be a natural result of the existing situation.

'Russia and China,' he said, 'have 4,000 miles of common frontier, and England and China desire to maintain the *status quo*, and are able to strike powerful blows for its maintenance. China will have for some years to come a considerable superiority over Russia at certain points of the frontier, and could take offensive action more easily than either Great Britain or Afghanistan. If China were inclined to join an Asiatic league for the maintenance of the *status quo*, she would have more temporary power even than England of enforcing the decisions of the alliance.'

We do not intend any disparagement of Sir Charles Dilke's

considerable political capacity when we observe that unforeseen events have since disproved the soundness of these calculations. If the Japanese war has in some respects strengthened other European Powers at our expense, it has, at any rate, opened our eyes to the risks and embarrassments in which England would have been entangled by a defensive alliance with China. It is now plain enough that the military strength of the Manchu dynasty had been so greatly overestimated that any public obligation to side with her in a serious quarrel must have burdened us with the responsibility of adjusting her disputes with Japan, which we could hardly have discharged without an awkward strain upon all our foreign relations. The true lesson to be drawn from recent events is that treaty-making with Oriental States is always hazardous, because their real forces are never accurately known, and are sure to be found ill organised on an emergency; while their rulers can never be trusted for either the will or the power to act effectively upon international engagements. Japan ranks far above all other Asiatic governments in consistency of policy and definite comprehension of the usages of civilised nations; yet we should hold an alliance with the Japanese to be a step only justifiable in some extraordinary and extreme predicament. As a matter of deliberate policy, and of general experience, we believe that any project of confederation with an Oriental State would be a rash and highly dangerous measure, unless indeed the State's action and resources were entirely subordinated to English control. And it would have been weaksighted statesmanship to make a league with China, at the risk of forfeiting all chances of an eventual understanding with Russia for the political settlement of the Asiatic continent from Stamboul to Pekin.

Nevertheless it may be said, with some reason, that, although England may have been right in avoiding treaty obligations, she was wrong in allowing China to drift into disaster, because Chinese interests are to so large an extent bound up with our own. There was no lack of trustworthy information regarding the empire's military inefficiency; its armies were known to be contemptible, and the arsenals to be empty; its warships were unprepared for contest with the navies of the present day. If the English government had been vigilantly watching the course of the dispute between China and Japan, and had set herself to reckon the probable results of a collision, she might have realised the urgent importance of interposing, for her own sake, to restrain the

Pekin Ministry from the fatal mistake of a rupture with Japan over the Korean question. No very marvellous gift of calculation was required to forecast China's discomfiture; and the further inference that it would be necessarily to the disadvantage of England was abundantly clear, although the actual consequences might not have been so easily anticipated. We are not disposed to pass any censure upon the refusal of Lord Rosebery's Government to join with the other European Powers in restraining the Japanese from following up their victories; for by that time the question had assumed a very different aspect, and diplomatic combinations among the representatives of discordant aims and interests are apt to breed more complications than they unravel. But undoubtedly the result of our holding aloof from the beginning of these troubles has been that the Chinese Foreign Office has now submitted to the joint dictation of the two European governments which are at this particular moment our foremost rivals in Asia. Within that continent, whatever may be the case in Europe, the Franco-Russian understanding may be expected to work smoothly enough; for in the Far East their respective spheres are sufficiently distant to prevent friction, and yet near enough to permit combined action upon two sides of that great area that is comprised by the Chinese empire. In this association the predominant partner is manifestly Russia, whose outposts range along the long, ill-defended frontier of Mongolia, up to a measurable distance of the Chinese capital; but the larger immediate benefit accrues to France, whose position on the south, inadequately garrisoned and connected with its base by a long open sea-line, is as weak and unstable as Russia's northern position is strong, wide-fronted, and naturally unassailable.

If this combination lasts, we cannot shut our eyes to the prospect that, in whatsoever part of Eastern Asia France or Russia becomes politically supreme, the system of monopolising commerce for the exclusive profit of the controlling Power will at any rate be tried. It is significant that the negotiation of the last Chinese loan has been retained by the two governments strictly in their own hands; and for a sample of the fiscal policy that is popular in France we may look to Madagascar, where a determined attempt has been made to convert into annexation the protectorate imposed by the French general, with the sole object of cancelling anterior treaties with other foreign nations, and shutting out their trade. On the other hand, her com-

mand of the sea leaves England in chief possession of the foreign commerce; nor need we be startled into a panic even by the vision of Russia at Port Arthur. We have to consider, in the first place, that the trade of Europe by sea with the northernmost ports of China is comparatively small, and that the main outlets are from the southern provinces, which will not be directly superintended by a naval station of Russia in the Pecheli Gulf. The project of drawing a fiscal cordon round the sea coasts of China, or any large section of them, must prove in practice to be chimerical. And, in any case, serious combination for the purpose of diverting the seaborne commerce of China into channels under the exclusive control of one or two foreign nations, would most certainly be met by the most obstinate resistance. There is no kind of doubt that England would exert all her strength in defence of her vital interests on the Chinese seaboard; and her strategical position in the East, with a splendid base in India that is held by the best of all Asiatic armies, with strong outworks and points of communication at Singapore and Hong Kong, and an immense reserve of marine force in her mercantile shipping, must render her a most formidable adversary to all Asiatic rivals by sea or land.

It may be conjectured, moreover, that in any such general turmoil as would inevitably follow a serious interruption of the open trade with China, Japan would be much more likely to rank as the supporter than as the opponent of England. Already there is among the Japanese a growing party which declares that the effect of the late war has been to let in Europe upon Eastern Asia, and that the true policy of the future lies in a reconciliation and an adjustment of common interests with China. This misgiving that they have been breaking up China for the benefit of others will grow stronger if Russia eventually discovers, as is not unlikely, that Port Arthur offers too small a harbourage, so that a manifest destiny compels her to occupy Korea. The Japanese will then be left to their tardy reflections upon the irreparable mistake of upsetting King Log in order to bring in King Stork. Russia, with France as her satellite, is in the place of honour and pre-eminence at Pekin; the Japanese must content themselves with military glory and Formosa Island, while all the commercial and industrial facilities that have been extorted from China by the treaty of peace must be shared by the powerful and pushing European. The seaports and avenues into the interior are now open for

the exchange and transport of commodities to all who claim under the most-favoured-nation clause of treaties, and foreigners are now even permitted to set up manufactories in the open cities. If Japan finds that the balance of influences in China is turning more and more against her, she can only look for sympathy and effective succour to England.

So long, therefore, as the Chinese can hold open a fair field and no favour to all comers, the English have more to gain than to lose by the enfranchisement of commerce and industry. It is true that Japanese manufactures are supplying markets that have hitherto been principally England's customers, and that in certain branches of production this competition is growing year by year more acute. But the total volume of our Eastern trade has as yet shown no diminution; for the demand for our commodities increases with the wealth and refinement of these rising societies, in whom civilisation breeds new wants as well as new industries. We must indeed be prepared to contend in Asia, for the first time in our commercial annals, with a native community whose energy and ingenuity bid fair to equal our own, whose base of operations is close to markets that are separated by half the world from our own manufacturing centres, and whose affinity of race and manners with the neighbouring peoples must give the Japanese trader some advantage over the European. On the other hand, we may expect to find him on our side in contending against exclusive commercial regulations generally on the neighbouring continent; where the force of similar circumstances and of interests in many ways identical is likely to unite the two maritime nations in withstanding the protective tariffs of China and Russia. As insular sovereignties on the flank of two great continents, as the earliest and the latest representatives of parliamentary institutions, as free traders, and as naval Powers intimately concerned in keeping clear the coasts and waterways of the world, England and Japan have manifold reasons for agreement in the first principles of their external and mercantile policy.

Our conclusion, on the whole, is that although the trend of recent events has been adverse to English ascendency in North China, has diminished our weight in the political scales, and has augmented the counteracting pressure, yet the advantages of England's secure position in Asia are so great, and her resources so varied, that she may still retain her commercial superiority in the Far East. It is of the first importance, however, to detect and oppose any diplomatic arrangements that may seem to contemplate the

acquisition by a foreign Power of effective control over the military or the revenue establishments of the Chinese empire. We have heard of Chinese officers being sent to Russian military schools; and we know that when dividends are irregular the foreign bondholder is apt to demand control of the revenue. As the army and the treasury are the two vital organs of every State, so it is here that weakness is most dangerous, and the government that allows these departments to slip out of its hands is on the high road towards exchanging independence for a foreign protectorate.

Let us admit, however, the probability that along the whole seaboard of Eastern Asia, from the French settlements in Cochin China northward to Vladivostok, the commercial ascendency of England will be sharply challenged. It is then all the more necessary to look round for supplementary ways of strengthening our position, and to remember that in Asia the English power is continental. Three European dominions march with China's immense frontier, and they are all striving to link up communication with the trade routes that lead into the empire's interior provinces. The physical geography of Western China is as yet so little known, and the rough borderlands that fringe this side of the empire are so imperfectly explored, that the whole situation is still in an early stage of development. But the views and aspirations of the sanguine colonial party in France are fairly represented in the book published last year by the Duc d'Orléans, 'Autour du 'Tonkin;' where the author undertakes to demonstrate, from the map, that the shortest line of penetration into Southern China is by the Red River, which is navigable for a long distance from its mouth, and flows through a basin that is in French hands from the hills on the Chinese frontier to the sea. According to the report of French engineers, a railway could be constructed along the Red River without any difficulty; it would draw a large volume of trade to a seaport much less distant from Europe than Shanghai and the emporia in the Far East, and it would thus provide a much shorter and more direct route than any which the English could open out from Burmah. France and England, says the Duke, are racing for the markets of South-east China; it is a trial of speed between the two nations, and the French have all the advantage of a better starting point and a clearer course. At Lao Kai, on their northern Tonkin frontier, they hold the point nearest to the

centres of trade in Yunnan; the river steamer and railway will do the rest; and the exploitation of the mineral riches of the country by competent French engineers will greatly enhance the trade value of all this region. The main route which enters into competition against this outlet into Tonkin is the river way by the Yang Tse Kiang to the eastern ports —an ancient high road that at present carries all the traffic bound for Europe. There is also a westward line, which is yet to be settled and developed, that must cross some unknown and difficult country into Burmah. In regard to the former route, the opinion of British consular officers has been that it is so firmly established by long use and the facilities of river carriage as to be for a long time henceforward beyond rivalry; but the Duc d'Orléans believes that cheapness and rapidity of transit by railway must attract the merchants inevitably to Tonkin. And he is convinced that, if the French will only make vigorous use of their position on the Red River, not all the energy and capital of the English will enable them to surmount the physical obstacles that bar the passage of trade in any considerable volume across the western Indo-Chinese countries into the Bay of Bengal.

The information collected by the Duc d'Orléans tallies to some extent with the reports of English travellers, who have told us that the trade of central Yunnan is already gravitating down the Red River to Haiphong; and other evidence indicates that the currents of inland trade, where they are not artificially interrupted, tend naturally, like the river-courses which they follow, towards the nearest channel leading to the sea. Accordingly the French Government seems already to have acted, with unusual promptitude, upon the lines laid down in the Duke's book. Two Franco-Chinese conventions have been published, one of which lays down the boundary between the French protectorate of Annan and Yunnan, the south-western province of China; allotting to France, among other cessions, the tract on the upper Mekong which the Pekin Government had promised, on receiving it from England, not to give up without England's consent. The other convention accords to France material privileges in regard to the trade passing the frontier between Annan and Yunnan along the basin of the Red River, with facilities for the construction of railways and working of mines in Chinese territory under French direction, and with consular posts inside the Chinese border. It is plain that the influence of the Franco-Russian com-

bination has been powerfully exerted against the inveterate reluctance of the mandarins to admit strangers within their gates, and that this flank of China may now be pierced by French enterprise, if capital be forthcoming, and if a sustained effort is made by capable men. That most of the seaborne traffic would travel to and from the Annamite ports in English and German ships must be regarded as no more than a partial compensation for the diversion, if it were accomplished, of a considerable stream of the central Chinese trade into a channel that is completely under French control, and will be subject to French tariffs. For it is certain that the flag of France, once set up on Chinese soil, will not long remain where it was first planted, nor is it likely to be displayed only over consular jurisdictions. That commercial privileges lead to political protectorates, and so by an easy road into possessions, is a lesson repeated by all successive experiences of such dealings between Eastern and Western nations; nor are we so unreasonable as to be surprised if France makes trial of methods that we ourselves have occasionally practised.

Throughout the whole of the nineteenth century the superiority of England along the entire seaboard of Asia has been virtually uncontested; but the other nations have been carefully observing her progress, and in France the colonial party, which is studying every branch of the English system, is now determined to act in close imitation of our example. The secret of Asiatic weakness, in modern days, lies mainly in the defenceless condition of the coasts. From the days of Xerxes to our own time the maritime kingdoms of Asia have never been able to fight Europeans at sea, or even to protect their shores from armed intruders; for the Osmanli empire at its zenith was semi-European, and its fleets were principally manned by Greeks. It was only yesterday that Japan at last displayed to an astonished world the unique and entirely original phenomenon of a purely Asiatic sea power. In this unprotected condition of the harbours and roadsteads, it was a natural consequence that foreign adventure should make a lodgement in the low-lying deltas of great rivers, which are always the arteries of a country's trade, which offer every access inland, and which are usually inhabited by an industrious and unwarlike population. The French have fixed themselves at the *débouchure* of the Mekong and the Red River, as we settled in Bengal along the Ganges; and just as the dissolution of the Moghul empire in India opened our road to vast dominion, so

they foresee their opportunity in the distress of the Manchu sovereignty. In all this the English need find no cause for wonder or complaint; they have still great and manifest advantages of position; but they are no longer supreme in Asiatic waters, and from the south-east as well as the north-west of our Indian dominion two not very friendly European Powers are closing in upon the British frontiers. On a third side China can no longer be relied upon as an impenetrable barrier. The upshot of the situation is that England must accustom herself to the unwonted risks and responsibilities of a continental kingdom surrounded by formidable and not very trustworthy Powers of equal magnitude; and that, whereas hitherto sea power and maritime commerce have been her chief concern, she has now to give vigilant attention to the question of defence and communications by land.

But China, like almost all the great Asiatic kingdoms, has a strong natural frontier, especially on the west. Political lines of demarcation were unknown in Asia up to very recent times, when they have been introduced under European supervision; for the old dynasties and ruling races conquered and spread up to some distinct barrier, such as a range of mountains or a belt of difficult unproductive country. Now it is obvious that physical obstacles of this sort, which serve to keep out armies, are also great interruptions to commerce; and these are the difficulties which confront any project of opening out free communication with China from the side of Burmah. The Irrawaddy basin is separated from the Salween river by a broad tract of semi-independent highlands. Beyond the Salween the territory is Chinese; and although the country eastward is as yet very imperfectly explored, its general character has been described as consisting of successive mountain ranges trending north and south, and divided from each other by rivers, of which the largest is the Mekong. These rivers run for the most part in narrow courses among the hills; and although the valleys frequently broaden out into cultivated and well-inhabited plains, it seems probable that the fertile and populous country which is the true objective of our trading enterprise, lies at some distance beyond, on the eastern side of Yunnan. But the natural outflow of this easterly region is either by the Yangtze River to Shanghai, or along the streams which flow towards the sea through Tonkin. In short, the drainage of Western China turns away from the rugged region that

separates it from Burmah, and the commerce follows the ways that have been laid out for it by the water. We may conclude that the Anglo-Indian empire in its easterly expansion beyond Upper Burmah has at last struck against one of those mighty barricades that mark off the great political systems of Asia, profoundly affect the differentiation of races, and govern the distribution of wealth.

It does not follow that the plans framed for operating on the western flank of China should be discouraged. On the contrary, it is certainly not long since traffic between Upper Burmah and Western Yunnan used to find its way over this country; and the most practicable openings are to be found not far above the latitude of Mandalay. Upon this line of penetration the Yunnan border can be touched at a point where it marches with British territory, and all the trade of the region around and beyond that point can be drawn towards the open head of a railway running down to an excellent seaport at Rangoon. For this purpose a branch line from Mandalay to Kunlong on the Salween River, a distance of 270 miles, has been surveyed by the Indian engineers; and there is good reason for believing that it will so develope the resources of the country to be traversed within our own border as to yield a fair return from local traffic alone. The administrative and political benefits of a road which strengthens our command over outlying districts, and brings us within easy touch of Western China, need not be enlarged upon; and engineering calculations are, so far as they have gone, favourable. The question of the line's future prolongation into China depends obviously upon so many and diverse considerations, political and financial, that for the present it can only be regarded as an obscure eventuality.

In the meantime the prompt revision of our agreement with China in regard to commerce upon her land frontier is a matter of urgency. By the convention of March 1894 it was agreed that 'pending the negotiation of a more complete 'arrangement, and until the developement of trade shall 'justify the establishment of other frontier customs-stations, 'goods imported and exported shall be permitted to cross by 'Manwein and by Sansi.' But these two places are inconsiderable points on the upper roads leading across the Chinese frontier from Bhamo, and while later information suggests much doubt whether they were originally well chosen, it is certain that we can be no longer content with an arrangement that confines our land trade with China to

such exceedingly narrow passages. Since that convention was signed, the exclusive system behind which China entrenched herself has been attacked and overthrown by Japan on the Pacific seaboard, and by the wide breach that the French have now made in it from Tonquin. Our clear and imperative duty is now to insist on acquiring every facility that is needed for the liberty of commerce along our own frontier, and on removing every obstacle against its passage to the interior markets; and fortunately we have at this moment in our hands the necessary leverage. When China transferred to France a tract on the Mekong which she had pledged herself not to cede without our concurrence, our engagements with the Pekin Government, having been proved ineffective, became inevitably void; and we are free to follow the French example of remodelling them by diplomatic pressure. It is not to be supposed that our Foreign Office will have neglected such an opportunity of strengthening the position of England upon every section of the Chinese border, of securing rights of way, and of clearing the approaches on either side from arbitrary fiscal impediments. For it must be remembered that the projected line to the Kunlong ferry on the Salween can only be regarded as a pioneering experiment, as the first attempt to break through a country that has only just fallen within the range of civilised enterprise. The problem now set before England is to find the best lines for a system of railways that shall penetrate into China through Burmah from the Bay of Bengal; and it stands to reason that several ways must exist potentially, if not at this moment practically, while we know that more than one line has been warmly advocated. If we could settle railway communications in this unexplored and unsettled region of South Asia, politically confused and partially masterless, by tracing on a large-scale map the most promising lines, there would undoubtedly be much in favour of trying the scheme that has been frequently laid before the public at the Chambers of Commerce by Mr. Holt Hallett and other persons whose interest in the question gives them a right to full hearing upon it. Their proposal, briefly stated, is that a railway starting from Moulmein, a port on the Tenasserim coast of the Bay of Bengal, should cross a narrow strip of British territory into Siam, and should be pushed northward for many hundred miles through Siam by the trading town of Chiang-mai up to those districts on the Mekong River which have been, and still are, in dispute between England and France. They

desire that this line should eventually find its way across the Mekong to Sumao, with a possible extension still further northward to Talifu.

It is with no intention of thwarting or discouraging the patriotic aspirations of men who are determined that England shall win her way into Western China, that we feel bound to point out some of the difficulties which at the present moment encompass this project. Of the country to be traversed by the upper sections of the line nothing is as yet known accurately, although the slight information that is available warns us of serious engineering difficulties. But it must be plain that, as matters now stand, the primary obstacles to running a line through Siam to the Mekong are rather political than physical. The condition of the Siamese State—mutilated, enfeebled, and under perpetual menace of further aggression—can only be described as precarious; nor is it reasonable to expect that British money, public or private, can be invested in Siamese territory until our relations with that government shall have given us a much better right to assure ourselves of protection for the investment and security for its object. Moreover, even if the Siamese Government could guarantee the free construction and undisturbed working of such a railway, it could not reach the Mekong River and pass into Western China without striking against districts which are either occupied or under the influence of the French, who are not likely to welcome English engineers or to expedite their progress. If the line were blocked at that point, it would be left in the air, like a broken viaduct, having missed its mark and fallen short of its main ends. In short, the primary condition of successful railway-making in Asia is that the territory to be traversed must be possessed or protected by the nation that is interested in the undertaking; and on no other terms will either public or private money be forthcoming. But as all railways in Asiatic States are financed and constructed by Europeans, and as railways are potent propagators of political influence, it follows that no system of communication can be extended beyond the sphere of each European State's political authority.

We must not be understood to affirm that, because a project of reaching Yunnan through Siam appears in existing circumstances to be almost impracticable, therefore any scheme for connecting Burmah and Siam by a railway should be abandoned. Our opinion, on the contrary, is that

no pains should be spared to remove the political obstacles and uncertainties that serve to discourage or delay the extension in that direction of the British railway system. The essential importance of preserving the integrity of the Siamese kingdom westward of the Mekong is only just beginning to dawn upon the comprehension of the English public. That its territory covers a long section of unguarded Burmese frontier and excludes other Powers from access to the Bay of Bengal is, of course, a consideration of the weightiest moment. We have also to bear steadily in mind that Bangkok, the Siamese capital, guards the outlets of the Menam River, and is a central depôt for the whole trade of the rich inland country to the northward. No one who examines a map can fail to perceive that the main currents of Indo-Chinese commerce must and will always follow the streams of the principal rivers, and will find their easiest passages by the level alluvial tracts towards the emporia which have been established near the estuaries. Four great rivers drain South Asia and discharge their waters by many mouths into the sea that washes the long line of coast between India and China—the Irrawaddy, the Menam, the Mekong, and the Red River. Of these the Irrawaddy is British, and the Menam is Siamese. In Tonquin the French already control the entire basin of the Red River, while at Saigon they hold the mouths of the Mekong; and at a period when colonial ambition is high-reaching and ardent, they are not likely to stand on much ceremony if another still more valuable prize falls in their way. But French ascendency in the Menam delta would enable them to seal up all the great arteries of commerce from Rangoon eastward round the coast to the Chinese frontier, and thus to monopolise the foreign exchanges of produce throughout an immense and wealthy region. All the trade routes between Siam and our lower Burmese districts would be controlled by France, the Malay peninsula would be isolated and threatened, and French outposts might be pushed up to within a few miles of the Bay of Bengal. It is no exaggeration to say that to acquiesce in such a consummation would be tantamount to abandoning all hope of commercial expansion beyond the Burmese border, which would itself need vigilant observation; and that we might find ourselves looking on with small complacency at the building up in South-eastern Asia of a great Indo-Chinese dominion in undesirable proximity to our own.

On the whole, we are obliged to conclude that the political

condition of Asia at the present conjuncture is full of perplexities, and of the prognostications that go before change. The composite character of first-class Oriental kingdoms renders them unstable, for the type which they ordinarily represent is that of a ruling tribe or dynasty holding in subjection a large territory peopled by groups of various races and religions. They accordingly lack the basis and the bond of nationality, of all those common feelings and traditions which have welded together and marked off from each other the civilised populations of the West. As with the nation its union is strength, so with these kingdoms their miscellaneous composition is an inherent weakness; and whenever the two systems fall into collision the stronger one is sure to prevail. Lord Salisbury's declaration that 'Asia has room for us all' was meant to be pacific; but to Eastern kings it may signify that the heavily armed European nationalities are proposing to fight out some of their quarrels on the Asiatic arena; and his words must have an ominous reverberation in their halls and market-places, where uninvited guests who demand accommodation can hardly expect to be welcome. And if the newcomers quarrel among themselves, more than one Asiatic throne will be overturned in the scuffle.

Nor is it precisely the business of England to issue this kind of general invitation to the rest of Europe. Times have changed since in the eighteenth century England set the example of striking at European enemies in Asia, at a period when the other nations were preoccupied with long and wasting wars at home. Now, at the end of this nineteenth century, England is so far from having retained a free hand in the East, that she is confronted by jealous and formidable rivals, who are rapidly learning from study of English practice the secrets of administrative and commercial success in the East. The *régime* of protectorates, for example, was invented in modern times by England; and it is now becoming everywhere a recognised species of undeveloped or disguised sovereignty which the international jurist finds very hard to classify in all its varieties. The French have lost no time in adopting it as an excellent device for pegging out claims, warning off intruders, and subduing countries without formally annexing them, in Tunis, Annam, and Madagascar. Again, what has been styled the system of Buffers, or *états tampons*, is very little more than the application to Asia of the old Barrier policy so well known formerly in Europe; but as the party interested in maintaining a barrier

is also pledged virtually to guard it, the Asiatic buffer is a rudimentary form of the protectorate. These temporary expedients serve well enough to preserve the independence of unprofitable highland tracts like Afghanistan, or Nepal, or Bokhara; but in the case of rich countries upon commercial high-roads, the mere suspicion that one Power meditates placing them under a benevolent protection irritates all rivals, and is apt to precipitate the crisis that it was intended to postpone. For protection inevitably implies ascendency, and ascendency brings with it all the privileges of priority in exploitation.

It is, indeed, because there is little elbow room for the great European powers in Asia that the case of Siam is just now exciting considerable diplomatic anxiety and public concern. The kingdom stands interposed and caught as in a vice between two masses of English and of French territory, which are slowly gravitating towards each other from the west and from the east. All the Siamese possessions east of the Mekong River have already been torn away by France, who required them in order to connect her Annamese protectorate on the north with French Cochin China on the south, and who has also planted her foot across the river by insisting upon the cession of a zone of twenty-five kilomètres along the western bank. To the north the French frontier sweeps round Siam until it meets the English outposts in the Shan chiefships dependent on Burmah; so that this kingdom is now surrounded and isolated, like China, by European jurisdictions, with a single free outlet towards the sea. Such an insecure situation checks the developement of a country, and disheartens its rulers; while neither of the two European neighbours will admit the other's right to assist or intervene; and in their present temper a joint protectorate will be impracticable, for it would mean giving Siam two masters. The problem of Siam's future is one that we cannot undertake to solve, though a solution is urgently required, if the knot is to be untied before it is suddenly cut. One point, at any rate, ought to be fixed in the understanding of England—that the subjection of Siam to France would be very seriously detrimental to our commercial interests in Indo-China, and would lead to a grave augmentation of our responsibilities for the defence of India.

But the Siamese difficulty is no more than an exemplification of the predicament to which an old-fashioned Oriental State is inevitably reduced when it lies in the

path of European expansion. In this situation a bad administration is likely to become worse; for the more a ruler is lectured on the necessity of reforms, the less capable he is made of effecting them; his people believe that the sceptre is departing from his house, his power of self-defence diminishes, and his country drops to the condition of a prize to be scrambled for by strangers, not without much international friction and some peril of war. From the whole history of European intervention no other lesson can be drawn by an Asiatic sovereign than a warning against civilised neighbours who ask him to open his doors and find room for them. As Egypt holds up the mirror to Turkey, wherein the Sultan may dimly discern a similitude of his probable position in a reformed and solvent empire, so Siam may suggest to China some premonitory reflections on the possible outcome of her financial and political relations with France and Russia. The Afghan Amirs have striven hard to preserve their independence by playing upon the mutual distrust of two great governments that are watching each other from the Oxus and the Indus; and so long as they have no commerce, no credit in the loan market, and do not block any important high-road, they may survive. But the only Asiatic State that has realised, by an extraordinary political instinct, the absolute necessity of opposing Europe by an array of European methods, institutions, and weapons, is Japan.

We do not anticipate, however, that the complications and rivalries to which we have alluded will result in any rupture of the peaceful relations among the Powers in Asia. In the vigorous play which the diplomatists are making at Constantinople one may discern a veiled intention to slacken demands that could not be enforced without throwing Asia Minor into a confusion that might compel Europe to undertake the execution of its own orders. An attempt to carry matters much further in this direction would break up the concord of the European Powers, and might lead to the dissolution of the Turkish empire. If the Turkish troubles, which are emergent, can be adjusted, the Chinese question, being in a much less acute stage, ought to be settled for the present by a certain degree of forbearance and fair dealing among the nations concerned. For whereas in Turkey the strain is chiefly caused by efforts to pacify inveterate religious animosities—by interfering in the internal affairs of a country against the will of its ruler and the majority of his people—in China the European Powers have direct interests,

commercial and political; they are jostling each other for access to the trading Eldorado of the East, and disputing over unsettled frontiers. If matters of this sort cannot be arranged upon some basis of reasonable compromise, we shall be disposed to lose faith in civilised diplomacy.

To conclude. It is our opinion that no durable settlement of the two prominent Asiatic questions can be accomplished without some general understanding between England and Russia. At both ends of the continent Russia's influence is naturally and necessarily predominant. The other Powers can only back up their demands on the Sublime Porte by naval demonstrations in the Dardanelles or along the Levantine seaboard; and it has been well observed that ships of war either do too little or too much. They may attempt to overawe a capital; they may even try the effect of a blockade; but if these expedients fail, there is nothing left except bombardment, which does infinite mischief, produces great exasperation, and usually settles nothing. Russia, on the other hand, has a considerable army encamped, so to speak, on the very borders of Armenia; she could pronounce her decrees and superintend their execution; and it is for this obvious reason that the Sultan listens readily to the advice of her ambassador at Constantinople. As regards China, the Russian position is similar, though not so strong because it is as yet incomplete. Her territory marches for some thousand miles with the northern Chinese frontier, in the vicinity of the provinces over which the control of the Manchu Emperor is weakest; and it is certain that in a few years her Siberian railway will enable Russia to threaten Pekin. As on the borders of Asia Minor she has a Christian army of like faith with the Armenians, so in central Asia her Turkistani tribes are in full sympathy with the Mahomedans of Mongolia, their brethren by faith and descent. The English fleets sweep the coast of Asia from Aden to Singapore; but so long as India is not menaced, we may be cautious about challenging the prepotence on land of so mighty an empire. The right policy is to see that our paths do not cross, and to shape our views towards some concerted action for the solution of the many problems that lie in the front of both empires in the East. The demarcation by joint commissioners of the frontiers of Asiatic States is one great remedy for territorial disputes; and throughout all the continent westward of China and Siam this may be said to be already in course of accomplishment. Commercial treaties, which may be taken to be the next step towards pacification, are perhaps

more difficult to arrange; but the old barriers are breaking down, and it is not likely that the Chinese or Japanese merchants, who do all the business of the Far East, will agree willingly to any permanent restrictions of the open trade. And whenever the uncertainty that at this moment overshadows these countries shall have been so far dissipated that European capital can be freely invested in great railway lines of intercommunication, there may be then some prospect of having reached a stage at which we may look with some hopefulness towards the prospect of a general political settlement in Asia.

It must, however, always be remembered that the interests of England, both in the Near and the Far East, are too important to be made entirely dependent upon the good faith or the good will of rival nations, or upon their strict observance of understandings and treaties. The sanctity of a treaty or of a frontier line, however clearly marked upon the map, is largely in proportion to the penalty likely to follow its violation. Were a Russian force within striking distance of Pekin, or a Russian naval arsenal about to be established at Port Arthur, it would be incumbent upon our statesmen to consider whether some material guarantee was not required for the maintenance of British maritime influence in the seas of North China. We cannot afford to regard everything that lies to the north and east of Hong Kong as outside our maritime sphere of influence. There is every reason, as we have already shown, why Great Britain and Russia should endeavour to act in accord in solving the problems of the Further East; yet it would be a dangerous mistake to allow any diplomatic arrangements to weaken our sense of the necessity of maintaining there and elsewhere our own power; for it is upon this, in the last resort, that the position of England in Asia must depend.

XI.—*Henry Reeve, C.B., F.S.A., D.C.L.*

ALTHOUGH it has never been the custom of this Review to withdraw the veil of anonymity from its writers and its administration, it would be mere affectation to suffer this number to appear before the public without some allusion to the great Editor whom we have just lost, and who for forty years has watched with indefatigable care over our pages.

The career of Mr. Henry Reeve is perhaps the most striking illustration in our time of how little in English life influence is measured by notoriety. To the outer world his name was but little known. He is remembered as the translator of Tocqueville, as the editor of the 'Greville Memoirs,' as the author of a not quite forgotten book on Royal and Republican France, showing much knowledge of French literature and politics; as the holder during fifty years of the respectable, but not very prominent, post of Registrar of the Privy Council. To those who have a more intimate knowledge of the political and literary life of England, it is well known that during nearly the whole of his long life he was a powerful and living force in English literature; that few men of his time have filled a larger place in some of the most select circles of English social life; and that he exercised during many years a political influence such as rarely falls to the lot of any Englishman outside Parliament, or even outside the Cabinet.

He was born at Norwich in 1813, and brought up in a highly cultivated, and even brilliant, literary circle. His father, Dr. Reeve, was one of the earliest contributors to this Review. The Austins, the Opies, the Taylors, and the Aldersons were closely related to him, and he is said to have been indebted to his gifted aunt, Sarah Austin, for his appointment in the Privy Council. The family income was not large, and a great part of Mr. Reeve's education took place on the Continent, chiefly at Geneva and Munich. He went with excellent introductions, and the years he spent abroad were abundantly fruitful. He learned German so well that he was at one time a contributor to a German periodical. He was one of the rare Englishmen who spoke French almost like a Frenchman, and at a very early age he formed friendships with several eminent French writers. His translation of the 'Democracy in America,' by Tocqueville, which appeared in 1835, strengthened his hold on

French society. Two years later he obtained the appointment in the Privy Council, which he held until 1887. It was in this office that he became the colleague and fast friend of Charles Greville, who on his death-bed entrusted him with the publication of his 'Memoirs.'

Mr. Reeve had now obtained an assured income and a steady occupation, but it was far from satisfying his desire for work. He became a contributor, and very soon a leading contributor, to the 'Times,' while his close and confidential intercourse with Mr. Delane gave him a considerable voice in its management. The penny newspaper was still unborn, and the 'Times' at this period was the undisputed monarch of the press, and exercised an influence over public opinion, both in England and on the Continent, such as no existing paper can be said to possess. It is, we believe, no exaggeration to say that for the space of fifteen years nearly every article that appeared in its columns on foreign politics was written by Mr. Reeve, and the period during which he wrote for it included the year 1848, when foreign politics had the most transcendent importance.

The great political influence which he at this time exercised naturally drew him into close connexion with many of the chief statesmen of his time. With Lord Clarendon especially his friendship was close and confidential, and he received from that statesman almost weekly letters during his Viceroyalty in Ireland and during others of the more critical periods of his career. In France Mr. Reeve's connexions were scarcely less numerous than in England. Guizot, Thiers, Cousin, Tocqueville, Villemain, Circourt—in fact, nearly all the leading figures in French literature and politics during the reign of Louis Philippe were among his friends or correspondents. He was at all times singularly international in his sympathies and friendships, and he appears to have been more than once made the channel of confidential communications between English and French statesmen.

It was a task for which he was eminently suited. The qualities which most impressed all who came into close communication with him were the strength, swiftness, and soundness of his judgement, and his unfailing tact and discretion in dealing with delicate questions. He was eminently a man of the world, and had quite as much knowledge of men as of books. Probably few men of his time have been so frequently and so variously consulted. He always spoke with confidence and authority, and his clear, keen-cut,

decisive sentences, a certain stateliness of manner which did not so much claim as assume ascendency, and a somewhat elaborate formality of courtesy which was very efficacious in repelling intruders, sometimes concealed from strangers the softer side of his character. But those who knew him well soon learnt to recognise the genuine kindliness of his nature, his remarkable skill in avoiding friction, and the rare steadiness of his friendships.

One great source of his influence was the just belief in his complete independence and disinterestedness. For a very able man his ambition was singularly moderate. As he once said, he had made it his object throughout life only to aim at things which were well within his power. He had very little respect for the judgement of the multitude, and he cared nothing for notoriety and not much for dignities. A moderate competence, congenial work, a sphere of wide and genuine influence, a close and intimate friendship with a large proportion of the guiding spirits of his time, were the things he really valued, and all these he fully attained. He had great conversational powers, which never degenerated into monologue, a singularly equable, happy, and sanguine temperament, and a keen delight in cultivated society. He might be seen to special advantage in two small and very select dining clubs which have included most of the more distinguished English statesmen and men of letters of the century. He became a member of the Literary Society in 1857 and of Dr. Johnson's Club in 1861, and it is a remarkable evidence of the appreciation of his social tact that both bodies speedily selected him as their treasurer. He held that position in 'The Club' from 1868 till within a year of his death, when failing health and absence from London obliged him to relinquish it. The French Institute elected him 'Correspondant' in 1863 and Associated Member in 1888, in which latter dignity he succeeded Sir Henry Maine. In 1869 the University of Oxford conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L.

It was in 1855, on the death of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, that he assumed the editorship of this Review, which he retained till the day of his death. Both on the political and the literary side he was in full harmony with its traditions. His rare and minute knowledge of recent English and foreign political history; his vast fund of political anecdote; his personal acquaintance with so many of the chief actors on the political scene, both in England and France, gave a great weight and authority to his

judgements, and his mind was essentially of the Whig cast. He was a genuine Liberal of the school of Russell, Palmerston, Clarendon, and Cornewall Lewis. It was a sober and tolerant Liberalism, rooted in the traditions of the past, and deeply attached to the historical elements in the Constitution. The dislike and distrust with which he had always viewed the progress of democracy deepened with age, and it was his firm conviction that it could never become the permanent basis of good government. Like most men of his type of thought and character, he was strongly repelled by the later career of Mr. Gladstone, and the Home Rule policy at last severed him definitely from the bulk of the Liberal party. From this time the present Duke of Devonshire was the leader of his party.

His literary judgements had much analogy to his political ones. His leanings were all towards the old standards of thought and style. He had been formed in the school of Macaulay and Milman, and of the great French writers under Louis Philippe. Sober thought, clear reasoning, solid scholarship, a transparent, vivid, and restrained style were the literary qualities he most appreciated. He was a great purist, inexorably hostile to a new word. In philosophy he was a devoted disciple of Kant, and his decided orthodoxy in religious belief affected many of his judgements. He could not appreciate Carlyle; he looked with much distrust on Darwinism and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, and he had very little patience with some of the moral and intellectual extravagances of modern literature. But, according to his own standards and in the wide range of his own subjects, his literary judgement was eminently sound, and he was quick and generous in recognising rising eminence. In at least one case the first considerable recognition of a prominent historian was an article in this Review from his pen.

He had a strong sense of the responsibility of an editor, and especially of the editor of a Review of unsigned articles. No article appeared which he did not carefully consider. His powerful individuality was deeply stamped upon the Review, and he carefully maintained its unity and consistency of sentiments. It was one of the chief occupations and pleasures of his closing days, and the very last letter he dictated referred to it.

Time, as might be expected, had greatly thinned the circle of his friends. Of the France which he knew so well scarcely anything remained, but his old friend and senior,

Barthélemy St.-Hilaire, visited him at Christ Church, and he kept up to the end a warm friendship with the Duc d'Aumale. He spent his 80th birthday at Chantilly, and until the very last year of his life he was never absent when the Duke dined at 'The Club.' In Lord Derby he lost the statesman with whom in his later years he was most closely connected by private friendship and political sympathy, while the death of Lady Stanley of Alderley deprived him of an attached and lifelong friend.

Growing infirmities prevented him in his latter days from mixing much in general society in London, but his life was brightened by all that loving companionship could give; his mental powers were unfaded, and he could still enjoy the society of younger friends. He looked forward to the end with a perfect and a most characteristic calm, without fear and without regret. It was the placid close of a long, dignified, and useful life.

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